The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT, HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors

THE OUTLOOK.

WE are glad to see that the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Iowa confirm our view of the value of the service which Mr. Arthur has rendered to the community as a peacemaker by his wise counsels in preventing the Burlington strike from extending beyond that road. The attempt to boycott the Burlington road by sympathetic strikes on other connecting roads seems to have been abandoned. As we go to press there are indications that the switchmen, and perhaps the brakemen, on the Burlington road will strike, on the alleged ground that their lives are endangered by incompetent engineers. As a result the freight traffic on that road has again come to a standstill. Judge Dundy is reported to have decided in Nebraska that, since it is a violation of the Inter-State Commerce Act for the Union Pacific to refuse to haul Burlington cars, it would be a conspiracy indictable under the Act for the engineers employed on that road to refuse to haul them. The right to strike is not denied, but the right to discriminate against the cars of a particular road is denied. The Boston "Post" editorially suggests as a remedy for railroad strikes that no engineer should be allowed to take out a railroad train unless he has a Government license, as have pilots, and that he should be forbidden to abandon his occupation without, say, thirty days' notice. We do not believe that railroad engineers would object to such a law, provided the obligation were made mutual, and railroad corporations were not allowed to discharge an engineer except on similar notice. We should ourselves, however, doubt the wisdom of giving to the railroad engineers so much power as such a law would confer upon them. It is morally certain that all the certificated engineers would before long belong to the Brotherhood, and then the Brotherhood would practically control the railroad traffic of the United States. We have great faith in the generally conservative instincts of that body, and are, as our readers know, a warm friend of labor organization, but we should doubt the advisability of conferring so vast powers over the commercial interests of the community upon any body which represents merely a class.

The Bell telephone has been sustained in the Supreme Court of the United States by a majority of 4 to 3. The Court sweeps away the charge of fraud as not only not proven but as so baseless that "not a shadow of suspicion can rest on any one." Upon the question whether the principle involved in the Bell telephone had been invented and put in operation in Pennsylvania some time prior to Bell's patent the Court was nearly evenly divided. But upon the great question of principle involved in the case the Judges were unanimous. This was: whether a man may patent, not merely the method by which a newly discovered principle is made of practical advantage, but also the newly discovered principle itself. The decision of the Court on this point is of so far-reaching importance that we quote in the words of the Court:

"Bell discovered that speech could be transmitted by gradually changing the intensity of a continuous electric current, so as to make it correspond exactly to the changes in the density of the air caused by the sound of the voice. This was his art. He then devised a way in which these changes of intensity could be made and speech actually transmitted. Thus his art was put in a condition for practical use. In doing this both discovery and invention in the popular sense of those terms were involved—discovery in finding the art and invention in devising the means of making it useful. For such discoveries and such inventions the law has given the discoverer and the inventor the right to patent as discoverer for the useful art, process, method or doing a thing he has found, and as inventor for the means he has devised to make his discovery one of actual value. What Bell claims is the art of creating changes of intensity in a continuous current of electricity, exactly corresponding to the changes of density in the air caused by the vibrations which accompany vocal or other sounds, and of using that electrical condition thus created for sending and receiving articulate speech telegraphically. For that, among other things, his patent of 1876 was issued, and as such a patent it must, in the opinion of the Court, be sustained."

We do not in the least question either the judicial or the ethical soundness of this principle. If it is right to reward invention by giving to the inventor the profits of a new method, it is equally right to reward discovery by giving to the discoverer the profits of a new principle. But we are of the opinion that this decision will render necessary a modification of our patent laws. If every discoverer is given the absolute control of all applications of the principle which he has brought to light, there is an absolute end to free competition, and the discoverer has a monopoly of something which may be absolutely essential to the well being of the community. The evils of such a monopoly have been very seriously felt in some communities in extortionate charges and very unsatisfactory service in the case of the telephone. But our patent and our copyright laws, by limiting the period of the author's ownership, recognize the fact that the author's and inventor's rights depend upon and may be limited by legislation; and it will be entirely legitimate for Congress, recognizing this fundamental truth, to make such modifications in the patent law as will prevent practical monopoly. It might, for instance, provide that Government may take any patented invention by paying for the right to do so a sum to be fixed by some impartial tribunal, exactly as it takes private lands, not without compensation, yet not leaving the owner to fix the amount of compensation. And we do not see why it might not still further extend the principle, and allow any one to take advantage, on similar conditions, of any principle discovered, if not of any method of its application invented. Such a provision would give the inventor or discoverer a reasonable compensation, and would at the same time prevent the possibility of monopoly.

The death of Chief Justice Waite, after an illness so brief that the country had barely heard of it, has been followed by an expression of sorrow so genuine and widespread as to indicate a very strong feeling of popular regret. Judge Waite was descended from a New England family whose members had more than once brought the name into great prominence. He was born at Lyme, Conn., in 1816, graduated from Yale College in 1831 in a class which included among its members Mr. Evarts, Mr. Pierrepont, Professor Silliman, and other noted men. After leaving college he removed to Ohio, and was admitted to the bar in Maumee City in 1839. Eleven years later he again removed to Toledo, where the greater part of his professional life was spent. Judge Waite early in his life took an active interest in public affairs, joining the Whig party, and, later, the Republican party. He represented the United States before the Arbitration Tribunal at Geneva in 1871, and the skill and force of his presentation of the case for this country attracted wide attention. On the death of Chief Justice Chase in 1873, General Grant, after several singular and unsuccessful appointments, named Judge Waite for the great position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. His nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate, and his course in office amply justified the confidence felt in his integrity and ability. Although neither an original nor a brilliant man, he had a fine judicial temper, sound knowledge of the law, a character above reproach, and a nature which drew out the affection of all with whom he came in contact. During his term of office the Supreme Court has been called upon to pass upon a number of grave constitutional questions, and the Chief Justice was conspicuously fair-minded, dispassionate, and sound in his positions on almost all these questions. It will be difficult to secure a successor who shall command in the same degree the respect of the profession and the confidence of the people at large.

A decree has been signed by the Emperor of Germany authorizing the Crown Prince William to transact official business in case the Emperor's illness shall at any time prevent him from acting in person. The Emperor expresses the wish that the Crown Prince will make himself thoroughly conversant with all the affairs of State by immediately taking part therein. This proclamation has given rise to renewed anxieties concerning the Emperor's condition. It is interpreted as indicating that the Emperor, in his zeal to discharge the duties devolved upon him by the death of his father, has overtaxed his strength, and that in all probability another of the recurring

crises of his disease is at hand. The physicians have believed that the Emperor's absorption in affairs might be beneficial by diverting his attention from his condition, and it is possible that this may have been the effect of his recent activity. This rescript seems, however, to point in another direction. It is practicably impossible for any one outside the immediate circle to ascertain the truth about the Emperor's condition. The Germans are hoping, but with faint hearts.

The new Emperor of Germany has taken an early opportunity to define his position in the matter of the anti-Jewish agitation in Germany. Few persons outside of that country have any comprehension of the intensity of the animosity felt toward the Jews by a section of German society. It is made up in equal parts of jealousy and intolerance, and has expressed itself in the most offensive and unchristian forms. There have been times when it has seemed as if Germany were about to embark in an anti-Jewish crusade. The attitude of the Crown Prince has been extremely honorable and liberal, and a sentence from his letter to Prince Bismarck, now that he has become Emperor, is of the greatest significance. He says, "The bases of religious toleration, which for centuries past were held sacred by my house, shall continue to be extended to all my subjects, of whatever religious community or creed; every one of them stands equally near my heart, for all have shown equally complete devotion in times of danger." No words could be more emphatic than these in separating the Emperor from the disgraceful anti-Semitic agitation in which persons high in authority at the German court, and representatives of all classes of society, have had a part during the last few years. The Emperor has practically applied the principle laid down in this letter by decorating the Minister of Justice, who is a Jew by birth, if not by religion.

It is now definitely known that on the fifth of this month the Sultan, in opposition to the advice of his Ministers, sent a message to Sofia formally notifying the Bulgarian Government that Turkey holds the presence of Prince Ferdinand to be a breach of the Treaty of Berlin. The Bulgarian Prime Minister answered this demand in a diplomatic message, which was in effect a simple acknowledgment of Turkey's demand, with the intimation that it will make no difference whatever in Bulgarian policy. The fact that the Sultan acted on his own responsibility in the matter, and in the face of his Ministry, excites considerable attention in Europe, and suggests speculations as to the interior history of the movement. The Russian agents, who are just now strongly in favor at Constantinople, made their appeal to the Sultan in person, and for once succeeded in inducing that hereditary procrastinator to act, and even to use the telegraph—a celerity so unusual as to be almost revolutionary in the history of Turkish diplomacy. These facts indicate the growing pressure which Russia is bringing to bear, and indicate also, in all probability, some decided action toward Bulgaria in the near future. If it be true that Germany goes so far with Russia, Ferdinand may be put in a very embarrassing situation. He will be forced eventually either to retire or to declare himself an independent sovereign by election of the people. In the latter case he will stand outside diplomatic relations with the Great Powers, a fact which will bear upon him mainly in the direction of finance. If his Government should need a loan, he would find it difficult to get it. But, as has been said before, the hope of Bulgaria lies in the jealousies of the Great Powers and in the possibility of their falling apart before any decisive step could be taken by agreement.

The impression is so widespread that America would be helped by a European war that it becomes worth while to note how we have been injured during the past year by the mere prospect of such an event. The "Saturday Review," which is the very opposite of a Quaker organ, supplies the facts. A year ago, owing to Bismarck's bellicose speech in the German Parliament, the belief became almost universal that war was immediately impending. The consequence of this was that a great many foreign investors refused to invest their new accumulations. They knew that in the event of a war there would be a vast demand for new loans at high rates. They therefore preferred to let their new capital lie idle awaiting this expected issue. The amount of new capital saved every year is prodigious. Mr. Robert Giffen calculated that in England between 1865 and 1875 it amounted to 1,200 million dollars a year. In the United States in the decade between 1870 and 1880 it averaged 1,609 millions. In France and Germany it is likewise large, though not so great as in the Anglo-Saxon countries. So long as the war scare lasted, the owners of these accumulations who could not profitably employ them in their own business did not care to invest in railroad or other securities which would pay but three or four per cent. Such securities might sell at par when the market rate of money was but three or four per cent., but they must immediately sink in value when the war raised the market rate to five or six per cent. Recently the feeling that war would be indefinitely postponed has gained the ascendency, and has resulted in unlocking these enormous accumulations of unemployed capital. The demand for investment securities has been unprecedented, and American bonds and stocks have met with unusual favor. Hitherto American railway securities have been regarded with suspicion in England, but now the most conservative English investors are buying largely high-class American bonds. This has resulted in raising the price of such bonds, hitherto depressed, and in setting free a vast amount of American capital to engage in railway extension and carry out other enterprises which have been postponed for the lack of available funds. The "Saturday Review" predicts that as long as peace continues in Europe America will have at its command the requisite capital to develop all kinds of industrial undertakings which promise even moderate success.

The daily papers filled many columns last week with statements and counterstatements in regard to the matters now in litigation between General Adam Badeau and the family of General Grant. We cannot undertake to reproduce even in synopsis the long-drawn-out accusations and replies, but the salient facts are these: General Badeau assisted Grant in preparing part of the latter's Memoirs for the press; he does not claim to have *written* any part of the work; in a letter dated March 4, 1885, he disclaims right, desire, or intention to claim authorship or composition, his assistance having been in "suggestion, revision, and verification;" but he now says that he worked over General Grant's "rough material," suggesting method of treatment, transferring matter, changing, correcting, revising, breaking up sentences, etc., etc., as he saw fit. When the work was begun General Grant in writing promised Badeau $5,000 out of the first $20,000 received from the book, and $5,000 from the next $10,000 realized; it was then expected that the book might bring in perhaps $40,000; by subsequent arrangements, as is well known, the book was made to realize several hundred thousand dollars to the family. When it became evident that the work was to be very profitable, Badeau asked for a new bargain, demanding $1,000 a month till the work was finished, and ten per cent. of eventual profits. In reply to this General Grant wrote a scathing letter (the body in his son's writing, but with every internal evidence of having been dictated by the father to the son, as the latter declares) in which he repudiates Badeau's claim that the latter's own life-work has been made of no avail by the Memoirs, refers to Badeau's personal faults and quarrels with others, and says: "To be frank, I do not believe the work would ever be done by you in case of my death while $1,000 per month was coming in. . . . You ask for a contract, and demand $1,000 per month in advance until the work is completed, and ten per cent. of the entire profits arising from the sale of the work after it is put upon the market. This would make you a partner with my family as long as the book found a sale. This is preposterous." Such a letter naturally made a total rupture in the friendly relations of the two men. After General Grant's death, and the first large payments to the family on account of the Memoirs, Badeau asked for payment in accordance with the written agreement we have described; it was refused on the ground that he had not fulfilled his part of the contract, but had refused to do the work unless a new bargain was made. Suit was then brought, and is now pending in court. Colonel Fred Grant, after this suit was begun, published some of the letters in the case; General Badeau responded with a very full account of his claims, and Colonel Grant has rejoined in an equally long and equally bitter letter. Such disputes are always unfortunate, and this affair illustrates anew the singular infelicity of many of General Grant's selections of friends. As has happened in every case of this sort that has come to the knowledge of the public, General Grant's personal record comes out perfectly clean and clear.

Two indications of the power and growth of moral sentiment on the subject of temperance are afforded by political action last week: one in the New York Legislature, the other in the United States Senate. In the New York Legislature the so-called Personal Liberty bills, introduced in the interest of the liquor traffic, and providing for the opening of saloons on Sunday, were reported on adversely, and voted down by overwhelming majorities—about two-thirds. This is probably the end of this attempt for this session, and public gratitude is due to the ministers who took the lead in a movement to arouse the moral sentiment of the State against these bills. In the United States Senate a measure which has been some time pending was finally carried, providing for the appointment of a commission, to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, consisting of five commissioners, to investigate very fully and from all sides, economical, political, and moral, the traffic in alcoholic liquors. The bill wisely provides that not all of the commissioners shall be either advocates of prohibitory legislation or of total abstinence. The value of the investigation will depend entirely upon the character of the commissioners. The President will have difficulty in securing five suitable men; that is, five men who are at once sufficiently interested in the evils which flow from the abuse of liquors to make a thorough investigation, and at the same time sufficiently scientific and judicial in temperament to make an investigation that shall be impartial and trustworthy.

Two significant facts, illustrating the growing sense of responsibility on the part of the well-to-do classes toward those less favorably circumstanced, are reported from London. Our readers are already familiar with the work of the Oxford House in that city, which provides accommodations for four workingmen's clubs, and furnishes a center of useful work of various kinds in the East of the great city. A hall has now been opened in the rear of the University Club, which is to be known as Oxford Hall and to be devoted to the poorer classes of London for social purposes and for healthful recreation. At Easter a valuable loan collection of pictures is to be put on exhibition in Whitechapel, open to the inspection of the people of that section, the purpose being to bring from the homes of the rich to the homes of the poor those treasures of art which have heretofore been the special and exclusive possession of the wealthy classes. So far as we know, this is the first endeavor of the kind which has been made. What is to be done in London could easily be repeated in New York. Will not our wealthy picture owners and art lovers take a hint from this extremely generous action in London? In no other way could brotherly feeling be better expressed or developed than by this recognition on the part of the favored of kindred tastes and aspirations among those whom circumstances have debarred from like advantages.

As we go to press, the International Council of Women is gathering at Washington. It is to last a week, ending April 1, and began on Sunday, March 25, with a religious service conducted wholly by women preachers, except that—a curious exception—the music was led by a stentorian male voice. The subjects announced on the programme cover the whole range of the modern so-called woman's movement, including suffrage, temperance, charity, industries, missionary labors, higher education, and so on. We have arranged for a full report of the convention from the pen of a correspondent on the ground, and reserve any comment upon the meeting until we learn what is its course and its spirit.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—Representative Kerr, of Iowa, has introduced a bill forbidding a railroad to bring into a State articles which the roads within the same State are not permitted to transport. This, of course, is to prevent the importation of liquor into Prohibition States.——The same gentleman has introduced another bill to establish a permanent Board of Arbitration between the United States, Great Britain, and France.——Fiat money is dead, but the advocates of a credit currency are still active. Senator Plumb has offered an amendment to the bond-purchase bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury, whenever the circulation of a national bank is surrendered, to issue Treasury notes to an equal amount. The amendment was at first laid on the

table by a vote of 23 to 22, but when Mr. Plumb modified it in regard to the legal tender quality of the proposed Treasury notes, a second motion to lay on the table was defeated, the vote standing 24 to 24.——The bill to establish a Department of Labor provoked an animated discussion in the House last week, protectionists and free traders offering numerous amendments directing the proposed department to investigate certain statistics which would throw light on the tariff question.——The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has authorized a favorable report of the McCreary bill providing for a congress of American nations to assemble in Washington April 1, 1889. Among the questions to be considered are international arbitration and free trade between all the nations of America.——During the past eight months there were 256,000 immigrants, against 221,000 during the corresponding months of last year.——Senator Blair has introduced a curious bill giving the preference for civil service appointments to wounded Confederate soldiers over other men who have been disloyal. Senator Vance denied that there were many wounded Confederates in Southern almshouses. Those who were utterly helpless, he said, were pensioned by the States.——The dome of the Capitol was struck by lightning on Wednesday last. The shock created a great sensation in both Houses of Congress. One gentleman remarked that it had no connection with Presidential lightning.

GENERAL NEWS.—The Paris Court of Appeal has, on an appeal from the lower court, reversed the decision in the case of M. Wilson which found him guilty of complicity in the decoration scandal. The Court of Appeal entirely acquits M. Wilson of the charges against him.——The French Chamber of Deputies has agreed, by a vote of 290 to 170, to consider a proposal to authorize a Panama Canal loan. ——The Stewart and Tilden will cases have been before the courts the past week, and both threaten to be long as well as leading cases.——Mr. Jay Gould has returned to this country, and declares that the efforts to indict him and Russell Sage for larceny of trust securities were caused by "a newspaper, a cable company, and a woman;" his friends explain that the newspaper is the "Herald," the cable company the Commercial Cable Company, and the woman one whose efforts to procure a divorce Mr. Gould or his friends have, it is alleged, assisted in frustrating. Mr. Gould affirms that there has been a direct attempt to blackmail him in the matter.—— The cases brought by Anthony Comstock against Mr. Knoedler, the art dealer, for selling obscene pictures have been decided by Justice Kilbreth, who holds that only two of the thirty five pictures seized come within the meaning of the law. Mr. Knoedler paid a small fine and was discharged.——By a fire in a theater in Oporto, Portugal, on March 22, about 125 persons were burned to death.

THE CHURCH AND THE THEATER.

WE publish on another page interviews with some leading actors and theatrical managers on the subject of the relation of the church to the theater. It is scarcely necessary to say to our readers that we do not agree with all that they say; this would, indeed, be impossible, since they do not agree with each other. But most discussions of this topic have been wholly one-sided. The theatrical papers have presented one side, the religious papers the other; and neither class of readers has known what the other class thought. We are desirous to give church readers an opportunity of hearing for themselves what some leading members of the theatrical profession have to say for their own calling. We should be glad to record any illustration of equal catholicity on the part of any dramatic journal, in giving to its readers what such a critic as Dr. Buckley or Dr. Herrick Johnson has to say in condemnation of the modern stage.

We frankly avow that we heartily sympathize with the efforts which we believe such managers as Mr. Palmer and such actresses as Mme. Modjeska are making, to present to the public pure and healthful dramatic entertainments. We believe that the drama is a legitimate art—as legitimate as painting, music, or fiction; and that our children will live to see it as fully redeemed both from meretricious influences and from public opprobrium. That some progress has been made in that direction during the last quarter-century is evident from some of the facts testified to by Mr. Barnum and Mr. Fiske. Without criticising in detail the opinions of our guests—for we are not accustomed to invite contributions to our columns in order to criticise them—we take the occasion to interview ourselves on this subject, and report here the result of this interview.

Whatever can be made to promote the moral well-being of the community, the church should encourage and improve; whatever cannot be made to do so, it should endeavor to destroy. The saloon, for example, cannot be made a benefit; it should therefore be destroyed. The theater can be made a benefit; it should therefore be improved. The difficulty in either case is no reason for not making the effort. Christian faith is good for nothing if it balks at any useful enterprise. We do not, indeed, believe that the ministry can accomplish any good by going to the theater and telling their hearers what are good and what are bad plays. They can no more be censors of particular dramas than of particular books. To denounce either a play or a book from the pulpit is only to advertise it. But they can teach their people, if they know themselves, what are those general principles according to which the drama, as other art, is to be measured. And they can recognize the drama as legitimate art, to be subjected, like any other one, to moral as well as to æsthetic judgment; to be approved and applauded when good, to be condemned and tabooed when bad. If the ministry will do this, they will find that the theater is as amenable to the influence of an enlightened and catholic moral sense as the press or even the pulpit. But it is not amenable to ignorant, intolerant, and wholesale denunciation; and it ought not to be.

It is not the function of the drama to teach moral lessons. It may do so incidentally, or even directly; but this is not its function, any more than it is the function of painting, music, or fiction. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a novel with a moral lesson, and "Ivanhoe" is a novel without a moral lesson; and both are good novels. A moral lesson neither makes nor mars either novel or drama. "The Drunkard" taught a moral lesson directly, and was a good drama; "Othello" teaches a moral lesson indirectly, and is a good drama; "Much Ado About Nothing" teaches no lesson, either directly or indirectly, and is a good drama. Preaching is the highest of all arts; but it is not the only one. And the actor is no more bound to be a preacher than the preacher is to be an actor. But neither is it merely the function of the drama to amuse. If this were all it could do for humanity, we should hardly think it worth the saving. Amusement, if it is only that and nothing else, quickly degenerates. Americans need amusement; but that is the best which does something else than merely amuse; which, like billiards, incites skill, or, like lawn tennis, affords exercise, or, like croquet, disciplines patience. Like any other true art, the drama should be, not merely not immoral, it should be not unmoral. But it need not teach a moral lesson. A picture like Church's "Heart of the Andes," a piece of music like Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," teaches no moral lesson. But, rightly appreciated, it develops the moral nature. We are better for seeing the picture or hearing the symphony. In other words, we are elevated, not merely by truths which reach us through the understanding, but by influences which reach us through the sensibilities, the emotions, the sympathies. It is thus that fiction and thus that the drama affects us.

It is true that we may have a story like "The Lady, or the Tiger?" or a drama like "The Mikado," that has no moral character, that is simply amusing; for an occasional frolic is always legitimate. But nothing deserves the name of art which has not in it something more serious than mere amusement. The real function of the drama is like that of the novel—not to amuse, not to excite; but to portray life, and so to minister to it. And as virtue and vice, goodness and evil, are the great fundamental facts of life, they must, in either serious story or serious play, be portrayed. If they are so portrayed that the vice is alluring and the virtue repugnant, the play or story is immoral; if so portrayed that the vice is repellent and the virtue alluring, the play or the story is moral. The moral quality of the play or story does not depend on the result—in vice being punished and virtue rewarded. Vice is not always punished nor virtue always rewarded in actual life. In God's school neither rewards of merit nor a switching follow promptly at the end of the recitation. What is essential is such a representation of character that, regardless of rewards or penalties, our admiration is aroused for the virtuous and our abhorrence for the vicious act. "As You Like It" is not made moral by the fact that the usurping duke is converted and the exiled duke comes to his own at the end of the play. No reward conferred upon Iago could save his character from detestation; nor do we hate treachery and cowardice any the more or love nobility of soul any the less because Macbeth in one play and Brutus in the other die tragic and untimely deaths.

The church has no occasion to ask the theater to preach; though if it does preach we have a right to demand that its ethical doctrines be pure and high. But we have a right to demand that in its pictures of life it so portray vice as to make it abhorrent, and so portray virtue as to make it attractive. If it fail in this, no final outcome of rewards and punishments, conventionally administered at the end, and no pruning the drama of profanity or coarseness, will save it. If it conform to this fundamental moral law of the dramatic art, if it be so constituted as to develop by sympathy the nobler impulses and affections, it may still have vicious elements in it—in vulgarity and profanity of phraseology, or in a licentious setting, or in excessive sensationalism; which last we take to be the most serious defect in the modern drama. But, however unobjectionable it may be in these respects, unless it does actually send its auditors away with souls purified and ennobled, as we go from a noble picture or a great symphony, it fails of its true purpose and deserves condemnation. We approve of the best dramas, not because they teach great moral lessons, but because it is our deliberate judgment that the drama can exercise a moral power over the majority of men and women greater than either music, statuary, painting, or literature; greater than any art which is not directly and formally didactic. How far the modern drama does actually exercise this power we are not prepared to say; for though we advocate a discriminating use of the drama, we are not sufficiently familiar with actual plays to express a just general judgment on this point. But we are sure that there are some plays, and we believe that there are many, which conform to this, which is the moral law of all true art. And we think that the church makes as great a mistake in attempting to day to deny to its members the theater as it did a century ago in attempting to deny to them the novel, or two centuries ago in attempting to deny to them pictures and statuary.

ANOTHER ADVANCE OF ENGLISH DEMOCRACY.

THE latest move of the Conservative Ministry in England is one of those curiosities in politics to which outsiders never become quite accustomed. While the Conservative party are making a desperate struggle against granting the management of their own domestic matters to the Irish, they have introduced into the House of Commons a bill for local government in England far more radical than the Liberals themselves have dreamed of at the present time. The necessity for some measure of this kind has been recognized by men of both parties; but the present county organization has so long been in Tory hands and represented Tory strength that it was expected that the Conservatives would deal gently with it, and, in making necessary modifications, retain as much as possible the old order. Beaconsfield taught the Tories in his time to outbid the Liberals for popular support, but it was hardly expected that so stanch a Conservative as Lord Salisbury would follow his predecessor in this direction. It had apparently fallen to Randolph Churchill to continue the traditions of the Tory Democracy, but Lord Salisbury has now given a lesson to his junior, and his Ministry have drawn a bill which delights the Liberals even more than the Conservatives.

The meager abstracts which have been sent by cable have been insufficient to convey a full and adequate idea of the details of the measure, although they indicate in a general way its scope. The changes which it proposes in the local government of London and the counties throughout England are manifold, and go to the root of things. Readers of The Christian Union are familiar with the curiously antiquated system which cares in a vague and inadequate fashion for the 4,000,000 of human beings who now constitute the population of the English metropolis. It is proposed hereafter that London shall become a county, governed by a Lord Lieuten-

ant, with the present Metropolitan Board of Works as a Council. The city proper, which is a very small part of the large territory covered by London, is to lose its administrative functions, and the police are to remain under the charge of the Home Office. A similar plan will change a number of the largest cities in England, including Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Bristol, into counties; the government of the counties is hereafter to be vested in Councils, who will have all administrative powers respecting county taxes and financial business, and who are to be elected either by taxpayers or by popular suffrage. One of the curious features of this Tory measure is its recognition of woman's suffrage, all women who pay taxes being allowed to vote for the members of the county councils. To these councils will be intrusted the powers now exercised by the local authorities over gas and water works, artisans' dwellings, the sale of food and drugs, sanitary conditions, and they will be authorized to make advances in aid of emigration in all cases where there is good ground for the belief that such advance will be repaid. To these councils also will be intrusted the oversight of lunatic asylums, workhouses, reformatories, and industrial schools, and the power of granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

This looks very like a thoroughly democratic measure, which will shift the local government of England from the hands of the few to the hands of the many, and it was so received by both parties during the explanation of the bill by Mr. Ritchie, President of the Local Government Board. The Conservative cheers steadily diminished in frequency and volume, while the cheers from the Liberals' benches steadily increased. There is a good deal of discontent among the Conservatives, as there is a corresponding satisfaction among the Liberals. But Lord Salisbury will undoubtedly bring his party into line, and there seems now to be a prospect that the Liberals will support the measure, regarding its introduction as a Liberal triumph, although under Tory auspices. The Liberals are not slow to perceive, either, that the application of the principles of local government to England will make it impossible to resist the application of the same principle to Wales and Scotland, and eventually to Ireland. It will be practically a recognition of the principle for which the Irish are contending, although the measure differs essentially from the plan for home rule which Mr. Gladstone brought forward. As a piece of political strategy the introduction of the Local Government bill will confirm and strengthen the position of the Conservatives. It will not be the first time that they have successfully outbid their opponents for popular support. At the same time it makes more clear than ever that the Conservatives are not contending for a principle, but for political position; that they do not hope to stay the advance of the democracy to power, but that they purpose, so far as possible, to keep the leadership of the movement in their own hands. Of the wisdom of this policy there can be no doubt. Among the Conservatives there are still many who believe in an unyielding adherence to the traditions of the past, but the great mass of Conservative leaders are not blind to the obvious movement of things around them, and do not mean to make a hopeless struggle against the inevitable. From another point of view the movement is an extremely dextrous one. Lord Salisbury has succeeded in diverting to a certain extent the attention of Parliament from the overshadowing Irish question and in introducing other measures which make new centers of political discussion and interest. The change in the rules of procedure in the House of Commons was recognized as a necessity, and was carried against very feeble opposition, and this change has greatly diminished the opportunities of obstruction, if it has not wholly removed them. The credit of this important measure belongs to Lord Salisbury. Equally important is the plan matured by Mr. Goschen for the reduction of the interest on the national debt, a measure of great and immediate importance and profit, which has been successfully introduced into the House, indorsed by so eminent a financier as Mr Gladstone, and will undoubtedly be adopted. To these two measures must now be added the Local Government bill, which is likely to pass with as little opposition as the other bills have so far met. The reform of the local government of England will also make it possible for the Conservatives in a logical way to offer a solution for the Irish question, which, while it may not be adequate, will be recognized as an attempt to do something definite and positive. Altogether Lord Salisbury has proved himself a political leader of great practical sagacity.

FACTS VERSUS TRUTH.

EVERYBODY has observed that in a discussion, if both sides argue by means of similes, the argument may continue indefinitely without either side being worsted. What is true of the use of rhetorical figures is almost equally true of the use of mathematical figures. Let each advocate carefully select his own statistics, and he apparently sweeps the field of all possible opponents. Yet when the opponent's turn comes, we find his intrenchments equally strong and his batteries equally commanding. The result of it all is a kind of sham battle, in which there is much marshaling of forces, much skill, and much tumult, yet no one wounded.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the current temperance discussion. The advocates of high license have one set of figures always at command; the advocates of prohibition have another set; and the average reader, when he has heard both sides, feels like the old Dutch judge, who, in his first case, was so thoroughly confused by the convincing arguments of the opposing attorneys that he resolved henceforth to decide all cases without listening to evidence.

Yet there is a remedy for all this. Whenever facts appear to contradict each other, it will pay to give them a searching re-examination. If one but takes the pains to find out the truths which underlie the facts, the contradiction ends.

An interesting example of this has just occurred in our investigations of high license. A little over a week since, we found in one of our exchanges the statement that the Hon. H. G. Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, had published in the "Tribune" of that city official statistics showing that during the first six months of high license the *arrests for disorderly conduct had increased forty-eight per cent.* and *the arrests for drunkenness had increased sixty-four per cent.!* The character of the writer and the fact that the statistics were official made it impossible to rule out the evidence. The astounding nature of the conclusion made it impossible to accept it. Further examination was the only course. We therefore wrote to a Minneapolis correspondent, in whose judgment we have the most implicit confidence, asking two questions: 1st. Are the statistics accurate? 2d. Has there been any change in the enforcement of the laws? The reply is an interesting document. After speaking highly of the character of Mr. Harrison, and taking for granted the accuracy of his figures, the writer continues as follows:

I wish that I might in few words give you anything like a fair idea of the transformation that has been brought about by the new Police Commission, created by legislative amendment of the Minneapolis charter. Under the former administration the police service was abominable. Gambling-houses were running wide open without interference, street-walkers thronged the principal thoroughfares and made their solicitations in the most open and shameless fashion without molestation, "blind pigs" (unlicensed whisky stands) did business under protection, for which they paid various sums as bribes, and the police system was in a state of extreme demoralization. The same Legislature that enacted the $1,000 license law gave Minneapolis a Police Commission, and took control of the department out of the hands of the Democratic mayor and his "gang." The Police Commission took the reins about April 1, 1887, changed the principal officers, prescribed new rules for the department, and completely renovated the service. When the new high license law came into effect, July 1, the reformed police administration had gotten under way, with marked results. The six months of 1886 were under the old rotten administration. Those of 1887 (as cited by Mr. Harrison) were under the Police Commission.

There were probably twenty times as many arrests for fast driving during the second period cited by Mr. Harrison as during the first. But it does not follow that every carriage horse had been transformed into a lightning trotter, and that every teamster had become a furious Jehu. We had simply entered upon a most novel and gratifying period of law-enforcement. Arrests for drunkenness in 1886 were only haphazard. In 1887 they were systematic, regular, and businesslike. The change in the order of the streets at night has been very marked.

The high license laws have done much in indirect ways for the public order. The men who pay $1,000 license cooperate with the police in breaking up the unlicensed places. Moreover, they have a wholesome respect for the pains and penalties prescribed in the new legislation, and they are unwontedly particular in guarding against disorder. I believe that at least twice as high a percentage of all cases of drunkenness occurring in the city have attention from the police and the Municipal Court under the present *régime* as under the less stringent laws and the demoralized police service of 1886.

Accompanying this letter our correspondent sent us the editorial comment of "The Tribune" upon Mr. Harrison's figures. The pith of it was as follows:

"There were at least two hundred less drinking-places in 1887 than there were in 1886. Yet, if these figures be correct, the number of arrests for drunkenness increased more than sixty-four per cent. . . . If, then, they increased sixty-four per cent. during an actual extinction of fifty per cent. of the drinking-places, does it not follow that these arrests would increase 128 per cent. if the whole saloon interest were wiped out?"

This humorous comment of "The Tribune" is entirely just. The liquor law of Minneapolis, more than that of almost any other city of which we know, is worthy of hearty approbation. Under it definite "patrol limits" are fixed, beyond which no saloon is licensed. Within the patrol limits but one-twelfth of the city's area is included, so that eleven-twelfths, including almost the entire residence portion, is saloon-free. When Prohibitionists assert that one fine high-license saloon on a given block will produce as many drunkards as three dilapidated low-license doggeries, we question the assertion. And when they assert that the moral sentiment accomplishes nothing which reduces the number of saloons to one in five hundred of the population, and banishes them entirely from the region of the city's homes, then we can only reply that, if such legislation is worthless, it is folly to demand more.

A MISTAKEN VOICE.

THE "Voice" does not believe in applying the American plan in determining upon a method of attack on the Saloon which will unite all its opponents. It says: "And why not apply this same brilliant 'American plan' to some other important affairs, Dr. Abbott? For instance, let the majority of those who are opposed to the domination of Satan determine whether the New Theology is the method by which to proceed, and then let the minority accede to that decision as final. How does that strike you, Doctor?"

Why, bless you! dear "Voice," that is just what for the last two years we have been trying to bring the American Board to do. It is now ruled by a little coterie in Boston, and the churches who support it have not a word to say as to the principles on which it shall carry on its work. And we have grown tired ourselves, and wearied our readers, with reiterations of the demand that the American Board shall become a representative institution of the churches which support it, that the majority may determine whether New Theology shall be tolerated or no in its missionaries. And now that Dr. Storrs has seconded this demand, we have turned our attention to other issues, in a serene confidence that the American Board will adopt, at an early date, the "American plan," and suffer itself to be ruled in its administration by the majority. Majorities cannot determine what *opinions* are right; but in co-operative work they can and ought to determine what *methods* should be employed.

THE FULL TIDE.

ONE of Browning's greatest services to his generation in the way of moral impulse is the clearness with which he has presented the aim of life as the development of the individual soul. Life to him means, above all things, intense and continuous activity: the outflow of the emotions, the grappling of thought with the most difficult questions, the answer of action to opportunity, and the irresistible impetus which a great affection or a great passion gives to the whole movement of one's nature. It seems to be the theory of many people that the aim of life is to keep out of things, to hold care at a distance, to shun responsibility, to get away from work, to shield themselves from all painful and trying experiences, and to spend their days on some quiet island in the great stream of human action. Those who hold and act upon such a creed defeat the very ends of their life. They hold that harbor-bound which was meant for the seas; they keep that in the seed which was meant to come to flower and fruit; they imprison in the vase the fragrance that was meant for the free air. Life is to be sought, not to be shunned; and the things by which it is developed—work, responsibility, care, great burdens—are to be accepted joyfully, not to be sedulously avoided. He is the most happy servant in whom the greatest trust is reposed, upon whose shoulders the weightiest responsibilities are placed; and he ought to be the most unhappy servant to whom is given, for lack of capacity, the smallest place and the lightest duty. That which

more than anything else marks great souls is passion for life: an intense and irresistible desire to drink the cup to the bottom, to find out all that life has to teach, to receive all that life has to give, and to pour out in exchange all that there is locked up in one's own soul. The greatest lives have been those which have been most completely developed, whose growth has gone on without hasting and without resting to the very end; and this is the only life worthy of those who were born for eternity.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AGAIN a young lady in the Annex of Harvard University has distinguished herself, this time by outwriting her male competitors, taking, on the merit of her composition, "The Roman Senate under the Empire," the first Bowdoin prize, which is $100; but as the prize is offered only to students of the University, she was technically deprived of the award. This episode is not without its ludicrous side. Two years ago a friend of the young ladies offered a prize for the best dissertation on precisely the same subjects, to be awarded by the same judges. It chanced this year, by accident or otherwise, that the two sets were sent to the judges without distinguishing marks as to the sources whence they came. After designating the piece for the prize, the judges opened the sealed envelope and read the name E B. Pearson, but the rule which required the class and department of the University to be named had not been complied with. This was a surprise, but greater was the surprise, after searching the catalogue, that the name given could not there be found. At last it was ascertained that the name was a lady's, and, astonishing to relate, that one of the judges who has stoutly opposed the Annex project, with his associate, had actually adjudged the award to a woman! Of course the discovery necessitated a reconsideration, by which process the young lady was ruled out as not a competitor, and the prize of $75 was awarded to a young man who came next in the order of merit, while Miss Pearson received $30, the maximum of the Annex prize. No doubt the $70 would be convenient to the young lady; but perhaps she will take more than this worth of satisfaction in knocking $25 from the prize of the young gentleman, at the same time "taking down" the notion of the adjudging professors as to the possibility of women. We can imagine there was high carnival at the Annex when Miss Pearson read her paper, in the presence of her associate students, to the Governing Committee of ladies.

The growing tendency in the unritualistic churches to make more of worship in the service is illustrated by the new departure at the Central Church, Dr. Duryea's, in music and in the vespers each Sunday afternoon. Professor Finney, of the New England Conservatory of Music, recently from England, is the leader, who was a choir boy in Westminster Abbey until his voice changed, then the leading bass singer in St. Paul's Cathedral, under the celebrated Dr. Stainer, the organist. Mr. Whitney is a master who has great efficiency in choir work. The choir numbers twenty-five, all trained voices, studying vocalization, theory, and harmony with competent masters. The music sung is from the scores used in the cathedral, no sensational music being allowed, none of the compositions of flash writers, none of the lively melodies of the ditty composers The congregation sing three hymns; the choir sing anthems and a few simple responses. The afternoon worship is a vesper service, according to Dr. Duryea's book of vespers recently published, following the revised version of Scriptures; a service dignified, devout, purely devotional—no mere sentimentalism in it. It is claimed that the choir of the Church of the Advent is the only one in Boston capable to do the work of the Central choir.

Boston people are getting tariff ideas poured upon them in showers. There are two clubs, "Home Market" and "Tariff Reform," each sending out speakers and scattering literature. Some time since the Tariff Reform Club challenged the Home Market Club to a public discussion, which challenge was reluctantly accepted. Last Saturday evening, in Tremont Temple, a large and enthusiastic and intelligent audience gathered to listen to the two imported disputants for the occasion, the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, Congressman from Ohio, appearing for the Home Market Club, and the Hon. Everett B Wheeler, of New York, for the Tariff Reform Club, Governor Ames presiding. The form of the question was: "Is the wage-earner benefited by the protective policy as embodied in the present tariff?" Mr. Wheeler leading off in the negative for three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Butterworth following by a reply of equal length, the negative then replying for fifteen minutes, the affirmative closing. Mr. Wheeler, without affecting oratory, gave facts compactly put, while Mr. Butterworth was oratorical and magnetic. The audience, which was packed with thinking men, felt at liberty to interrupt the speakers by asking questions and by expressions of disapproval, keeping within the limits of propriety and decorum. "State that as it is," "That is not so," "Give the facts," "That is not fair"—in substance, questions like these were "popped in" plentifully, which embarrassed Mr. Butterworth considerably, although they did not "rattle" him. Each side, doubtless, will claim the victory of debate, but many people were there not as partisans, and those whose expressions were heard as they left the hall were largely with Mr. Wheeler. I often hear gentlemen going to and from their business in the horse-cars in earnest and pleasant conversation canvassing the whole question, going into the concrete, taking illustrations from their trade—clothes, furniture, paints, various materials, and imported articles, including spectacle shells from France which cost the dealer in Boston $30 a dozen, forty-five per cent. being tariff revenue. There is every prospect that the revenue question will get the ablest handling that the intelligence in Massachusetts is capable of in the next eight months. The discussion cannot but be healthful and educating.

We have a new organization, with Edward Everett Hale as President, and such men as E B. Haskell, Edward Atkinson, Professor N. S. Shaler, of Cambridge, and others as Vice-Presidents, known as "The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship." This Society claims to be non-partisan, its object being to disseminate knowledge of the principles of good citizenship. Commenting upon the Society, the "Herald" draws a distinction between principles and rights, showing that it is time to talk about duties, wielding heavy blows at the present railroad strike, taking Herod as an illustration, who, though cruel to the innocents, did not do the wicked thing of wantonly conceiving the idea of playing sick, thus cutting off all the milk trains on a great railroad system till, through a wholesale slaughter of the children, he had extorted his imaginary personal rights.

At Andover Theological Seminary the students are anticipating with much interest a course of ten lectures on Asiatic missions by the Rev. E A. Lawrence, to be begun on Thursday, March 29, the lecturer having gathered his material by personal observation, inspection, and study of the subject on the field.

The morning after the death of Chief Justice Waite several of the Boston papers, the "Journal" (Republican) among them, suggested the name of Minister Phelps as a most worthy successor to the vacant seat, all speaking of him in high terms of commendation.

The historic old church edifice on Revere Street was the scene of an interesting service on Sunday afternoon, it being the occasion of the rededication of the structure in which, for several years, the Revere Street Methodist Episcopal Society has been worshiping, and which has recently undergone extensive alteration and improvement. The meeting was conducted by the Rev. William Ingraham Haven, the pastor in charge, assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. W. Lindsay, presiding elder of the Boston district; the Rev. Dr. Cradbourne, presiding elder of the North Boston district; the Rev. Mr. Cubbington, associate pastor of the church, and the Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Somerville, who preached the dedicatory sermon. The text was Luke iv., 18, 19: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." OBSERVER

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT OF CHURCHES.

BY PETER ROSS

FOR several years I have had the honor, and an honor I esteem it, of being a member of the Board of Trustees of the church in which I worship. I have given the duties of the position as much attention as my other business would permit—fully as much as the average trustee. I have become tolerably acquainted with church finance, and with the different notions which prevail as to the practical part of the proper "carrying on of the work." I write, therefore, on the secular division of church affairs with the benefit of experience and in its light. I write as a trustee, and from a trustee's standpoint. Whether my reasoning be absolutely correct or not is a matter on which I would not care to dogmatize. The subject is too far-reaching and important for any one man to presume to harmonize all its details. But it deserves more thought and attention than it generally receives, and if this paper should awaken an interest in it, its purpose will be fully accomplished.

It is a common complaint among business men that churches are too expensive. It is asserted that they are conducted in a hard and loose fashion which is both tantalizing and disappointing; that some new expense is perpetually being incurred, and that the commonest business principles do not seem to be understood by those with whom their management chiefly lies. In all this there is a good deal of truth. A business man, all men, in fact, who wish to keep square accounts, desire to know the cost of any article or any scheme before they buy or enter upon it. In a church, however, the first great aim is to bring a man in, and then get out of him as much as possible. Before joining a church (I speak of family churches, not sensational ones, if I may be allowed to suggest such a distinction) the business man makes inquiry as to the amount of pew-rent he will have to pay, and shapes his course accordingly. It it plain to him that that should be the source from which the revenue of the church is derived, and as a general rule he pays this charge freely and willingly.

Certainly, if the elements of business entered into the management of the church, the receipts from pew-rent would cover its running expenses, or, rather, its running expenses would be regulated by the amount received from this source. Of course, this pew-rent need not be collected in the exact form of stated rents. Some churches receive it as weekly offerings and under divers other names. But, whatever be its designation, this regular income should be sufficient to carry the people through all their liabilities of salaries, rent, interest, repairs, heating, and so forth. Otherwise the church is not on a sound business basis. The supplementary fund, that which is derived from the collection basket at each service, should amount to sufficient to supply the deacons with funds and to defray the usual congregational donation to the home and foreign missions and other schemes of the denomination. If not enough for all these, some should be ignored. Were these rules in finance to be carried through, churches would not be so often a drag upon a few and a drain upon many as at present, and even the poorest, contributing their share to the general burden, could worship in them without losing one iota of their independence or self respect. There might be times when some real, urgent case of charity would impel a minister to ask for a special contribution, and when to do so would be both just and proper. Such calls are made upon kindly disposed people very often. No one in a church would grumble at a demand of this sort being made, especially when an appeal for money is not a regular part of the pastor' pulpit exercises, as is so often the case at present.

As things go now, however, especially in large cities, a very different state of matters is found. The real management of churches is left to the minister, and he seems to look upon the male members of the congregation as being fair sport. "Collection!" "collection!" "collection!" is dinned into their ears Sabbath after Sabbath, and contributions are demanded for all sorts of schemes. Then, after the minister gets his ideas carried through for a time, the good ladies take a hand. They get up a fair, a concert, or a bazar. They form the idea of presenting the pastor with a watch, a house, a ticket for Europe, a purse, or something else. They think the church needs a new carpet, the pews require new cushions or a fresh supply of fans, or that the Sabbath-school is badly off for hymn-books. With these ladies to think is to act, and each act requires a special effort and contribution. Then, again, some churches have a mission chapel attached to them, and woe be to the man who belongs to such a congregation, for his hand is never from his pocket. The chapel is always wanting something. It is insatiable. It is daily crying aloud, "Give! give!" and the more it gets the more it seems to crave.

I have said that ministers are not business men. They, however, think they are. Some of them even rank themselves as experts. I have often heard a clergyman, in the midst of his discourse, stop and address a few words to the commercial men before him, in a style which he believed to be the same as that used by one business man when speaking to another. I have heard business illustrations given in the pulpit and commercial qualities described. I have noticed, too, the air of self satisfaction with which speakers, after doing this, have closed their argument as if it was irrefutable. But, at the same time, I have seen a derisive smile steal up into the faces of the very auditors to whom the business theories were most particularly addressed. Why? Because the speakers talked like office-boys. Clergymen should leave purely business details alone Their calling does not fit them for it. They are not money-makers. It takes a man many years of hard, practical experience before he presumes to consider himself a real expert in business; but a clergyman who has never spent an hour in an office except as a visitor, or been ten minutes behind a counter, imagines himself an adept. It is, of course, a little bit of vanity, and probably arises from the same mental combination which leads nearly all men of ordinary education to consider themselves first-class editors of newspapers.

I have before me a little handbook issued by the minister of an old and popular Presbyterian church in this city. It is printed with the view of showing all interested what a live, working church it is, and doubt-

less also with the purpose of reminding the members of how many branches issue from the parent stem. I fear, however, that the male members, especially those unfortunates who are classed as "heads of families," do not regard the extent of the field of labor with the same complacency as does the minister. In addition to the Mission Chapel there are connected with this church two Sabbath-schools, a "Benevolent Society," a "Ladies' City Mission Society," a "Bible Society," a "Ladies' Sewing Society," a "Social and Benevolent Association," a "Silver Link Society," and a concern called "The Pansy," which seems to be a union of little ladies between four and ten years of age.

Now, there can be no doubt that these societies each do good. The ladies and the kindly young gentlemen who are interested in them would become enthusiastically eloquent on their behalf were even a doubt expressed on the subject. But these societies cost money, and that money comes mainly out of the pockets of the aforesaid "heads of families." The representatives of one or other of these societies are constantly on the move—I had almost said on the warpath—for a donation. They haunt the poor man, in season and out of season, buttonhole him, cajole him, browbeat him, look sour at him, or smile their very sweetest, until he is forced to dive into the recesses of his pocket and hand over his contribution, as much for the sake of being relieved of their presence as anything else. Such persecutions are of frequent occurrence, and the aggregate amount which is extorted from each victim is greater at the year's end than the amount of his pewrent, the amount which he agreed to pay to give him full rank among the members of the congregation.

But we are told that this is a working church, and all these schemes of well doing must be maintained if the congregation is to maintain its honorable position in the denomination. At the same time this particular church is gradually drifting into debt. Its income each year does not pay its own running expenses. Can business men wonder at this? Would it not be better to lop off some of these branches, so as to save any unnecessary drain on the stem? Would not the money which is spent on these little societies do more good were it expended on the direct service of the church itself? Business instincts make me believe it were. A gentleman belonging to that church recently told me that he paid sixty dollars a year for his pew, and his contributions to these little cliques—so he styled them—came to just sixty dollars more. I asked him if he would not pay double his present pew-rent if he were not asked to subscribe to these side arrangements, and he replied that he would, gladly and willingly, so it were all over.

These little societies, however, form but a few of the schemes by which money is wrung from the male members of this congregation, which is, after all, only a fair example of all popular city churches. As has been said, the regular income does not meet the necessary expenses, so at the close of each fiscal year an appeal is made for "generous contributions" to make the accounts balance. Then there are periodical special collections for all sorts of things, without the slightest forethought as to the wishes of those who, in the long run, have to provide the money.

In all his schemes for drawing money from the pockets of the male members the minister finds his most effective allies among the ladies of the congregation. This is singular when we think of it, for the women folks are generally shrewd and prudent about money matters except when their own dress or personal adornment are concerned. But so soon as anything comes up in connection with the church, their usual instincts are thrown to the winds, and they blindly follow the minister's lead. Such money as is devoted to church purposes, they say, is well spent, and that ends it. Forethought, prudence, and management are laid on their little shelves, and blind enthusiasm is substituted in their room. It is a poor change in the long run.

What is the result of the present system of business management, or rather no-management? Simply that most of the churches are half empty. The non-churchgoers of New York vastly outnumber those who do attend at divine worship with any degree of regularity. We may build handsome or roomy or comfortable structures as often as we please; we may originate "seasons of blessing" without number; we may go out into the highways and byways as frequently as we find it convenient; but the majority of our churches will continue to remain in a half-filled condition, as at present, until they are managed with some degree of business tact. A church ably managed, with its expenditure regulated each year by the income, and its income in its turn regulated on some fixed principle, would command the respect and the attention of all business men. It would be a success in every way, and be much more entitled to the name of a working church than any I know of at present, under the slipshod style of management which unfortunately prevails.

OUR EASTERTIDE.

By George Klingle.

He giveth first sweet sleep;
Silence, His own to keep,
After the troubled way
Of life, and then—transcendent day.
He giveth first death's silence, lost in dreams
Of fair, far things, then—gleams
Of new, sweet morning, mystified
In all perfected harmonies of glorified
Fair day; awakening supreme
In immortality's bewildering dream
Of life perfected.
He giveth first to look on sin, and choose
The colors which the hand would use
Along life's ways
In touching time's fair pageantry; and days
To read His name
In every tint of gold or flame,
Or transient glory, born from hour to hour,
On cloud or flower,
And then—to look far past
Time's dim prismatic hues upon the light at last.
He giveth one sweet Eastertide
To every spirit glorified,
After death's sleep;
Surprise of rapture, waking from the deep
Sad night of time, far, far away,
To a perfected day.
Life conquered when the Crucified
Death's hand defied,
And put aside mortality, to rise
Victorious to His native skies,
That we who sleep,
And midst immortal longing fall asleep,
May start exultant from the dream of death,
Victorious, ransomed; time's hot breath
Lost in the tide of life He gives
Who died upon the cross, yet lives.

ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D.

By the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D.

It is not without embarrassment that one can speak of a man who is still at work. In the present instance this arises from the reluctance to express in print the regard and affection which are cherished for him whose name has just been written, while the writer is permitted to enjoy a neighborly intercourse with him. But the publication, not long ago, of Dr. Peabody's work on Moral Philosophy, as well as the fact that on the day on which this article is dated Dr. Peabody attains the age of seventy-seven, furnishes occasion for a friendly and informal account of the author, who has added to his numerous writings this valuable contribution to the science of practical ethics. To those who know him it is interesting to see his marked characteristics appearing in this treatise. It is almost a photograph of the man, or a history of his life. These are the principles which he believes and the rules by which he lives.

Dr. Peabody has been fortunate in his circumstances. His years have moved on calmly, and with no interruption or serious change. This continuity has been of advantage to him and to his work. It has helped to give him the position and influence which his labors have earned.

He graduated in 1826, and, after a course of theological study, held a college tutorship for a single year, when he entered upon his only pastorate. In the refined, intelligent society of Portsmouth he served for twenty-seven years as a parish minister, when he passed by an easy and natural transition to the University, where for twenty-one years he was the Preacher and the Professor of Christian Morals, and where he now holds the office of an Overseer. It is readily seen that his study and teaching have been on the same lines from the beginning. The lines have been broad, but they have been long and straight. His life has been large. His extra professional duties have been abundant. As an author, editor, and lecturer he has widened his career and enlarged its impressiveness. In his own happy phrase, he has had his vocation and his avocation. But, with all this breadth, his thoughts have moved in one direction. They began in moral and religious philosophy, and in those deep and deepening channels they have run their course.

He has had the further advantage of an excellent disposition. His equanimity has kept his mind in health. Not readily disturbed, easily contented with the conditions of his life, able to enjoy the prosperity of others without covetousness, skilful in taking the good of things and casting the bad away, generous in sharing his acquisitions with all who have had need of them, he has kept himself in that mood of mind and heart which is favorable to sound thinking and to the preservation of the mental and spiritual vigor. Serenity fosters good judgment, and goes very far toward assuring it.

To this should be added his excellent physical health, with which his equanimity has had something to do, both as cause and effect. He has been able to make long days and full years. Working easily and cheerfully, the results have been large. Now and then he has prudently turned aside, and found in the West, or beyond the seas, not recreation merely, but material and force for new thought and work. He must have had fewer unproductive hours than most men.

It is evident that such a man as has been described will have a large and constant influence. His learning and his use of it will make him felt wherever he may live. His personal character will multiply this result, extending it on every side. Dr. Peabody has had the further advantage of a long connection with the University. No men are quicker than students in recognizing the power of a superior man and in yielding their homage to it. They discern and abhor the thin and the false; but to the solid and genuine they pay more respect than some of them would be willing to confess. What they receive is taken into a growing life and is carried abroad. It means a great deal, therefore, that Dr. Peabody has had the entire confidence of the thousands of young men who passed through Harvard University while he was the Preacher. They have believed in him. The belief has been transmitted from class to class. College traditions are not always generous, but they are probably as accurate as any of the tales which preserve the reputation of public men. Not all the students came under his direct influence; not all elected the courses in which he taught. But they have all revered him. No one is greeted with more lusty cheers on those occasions when cheering is the witness to popularity. If there are any who could not give, on the instant, a complete explanation of this, there are none who do not feel that it is the proper thing to do. They like the man and his name and his bearing, and, as one expressed it, they "like to see him around the yard." This is honest testimony, and would be prized by any one who was worthy to receive it.

While there are evident reasons for Dr. Peabody's influence, there are certain indefinable qualities which attract and hold men. He is wise and strong, generous and genuine, but he is more. To talk with him is not only to have a large respect for him, but to have more self-respect. He leaves one whom he meets happier than he found him. There are some persons who are not unkind or uncivil, who yet have an unhappy way of stirring up feelings which you do not like. Something in the subjects which they introduce, or their comments, or their tone and spirit, irritates and annoys. You come to have a dread of them. You know you never do your best, or say your wisest thing, when you are with them. You do not doubt their kindness and virtue, but your amiability is disturbed, and to no good purpose. We have a vulgar saying which suggestively describes these good people—they rub you the wrong way.

Dr. Peabody never does this. You leave him feeling that a wise man has thought you worth talking with; has thought your opinions worth hearing, your plans worth considering, your success worth recognition. In a world where most men meet much more discouragement than they need, and the air is sharp with criticism and cavil, and the ground rough with conflict and conceit, the presence of such a man is a benediction. Nor does he accomplish this by flattery—that is far from him; nor by undiscriminating praise. He knows chaff from wheat as well as any man; and he does not let one who has filled his arms with tares have his warranty for considering them grain. He expresses adverse judgment in very decided language. But he does this in a way to help more than to hurt. His use of English is remarkably vigorous, and he uses it without fear. When he preached before the Legislature of Massachusetts he took as his text, Thou shalt not steal. This illustrates the sincerity and directness of his speech, whether in public or private. It gives force to his words, while the goodness of the man makes one willing to hear them and ready to profit by them. The designed instruction and incentive are received, while the listener has a wiser judgment of himself, with an augmented courage and an enlarged purpose. This is the result which one who has to deal with young men must always keep in view.

Dr. Peabody can be severe when he will. His sarcasm is keen. He does not flinch when he draws his sharp blade against bigotry and hypocrisy. His cutting words have the greater force that they come from a man of so large charity, whose ordinary manner is gentle and amiable. It is refreshing to see him excited against some wrong, and to listen to his sentences of invective. It is good to see how much strength of this kind such a man possesses and how efficiently it can be used. He has a fondness for running words back to their origin. Etymology is his pastime. When he gets hold

of the essential thought in a word he sends it to its mark with precision. His use of words is felicitous. His translations from the Latin are admirable. But even more to be admired is the end to which he turns his words and phrases. He has published so much that any one can readily mark his purpose and method.

Dr. Peabody's helpfulness is by no means limited. With all his cares, his time seems to be at the disposal of any one who seeks it. He is seldom too weary to receive any one who solicits his counsel. In a large friendliness he will become the advocate of the student in whom he believes or the cause which he approves. No college asks an oration in vain, no anniversary an address. His pen and his voice and time are devoted to the public welfare. His benevolence is large and is practical. He is aware that money is made for use, and he uses it. This is not from any easy good nature, but from principle. He gives more than his gift. Hear him: "Beneficence is a part of justice. . . . But it is not mere alms that constitute beneficence. . . . Public alms have always a depressing and debasing influence. It is commonly said that the poor are ungrateful for what is by a strange misnomer called public charity. I have no doubt that they are so; if not, they ought to be; for there is no heart in such enforced gifts, grudged as they are by the givers. It is only kindness, that is, a recognition of one's kind, a manifestation of kindred, that wins gratitude, and only the charity with which the heart goes, and in which the heart shows itself, that can be of any enduring value." There is the man. Is it any wonder that men bless him as he walks the streets?

If Dr. Peabody must be set in a class as a theologian and minister, it would naturally be with the denomination which with reason claims him. But if such affiliation is in any wise restrictive, he would disown it. There is no sect large enough to hold him. He moves freely among them all, while no one would be willing to renounce its claim upon him. His religious thinking is definite, but it is wide. Words and forms of words might place him here or there. But his spirit would refuse to be bound to any place. Many who would differ from his dogmatic statements, if there was occasion to make them, would find themselves in more accord with the man than with many to whose formulas they give a more complete assent. With men of a spiritual temper, in whose religion there is a good measure of heart, who find in Love the summing up of the Law and the Gospel, he is in sympathy, and such men delight to talk with him and to worship with him. They would be glad of his sympathy in their trouble, and would leave the world more hopefully if his prayer at the bedside had commended the soul to God. It has been already suggested that Dr. Peabody's recent work is a presentation of the man. The results of wide reading and protracted study are in it. Other men's thoughts are illumined by his comments. There is seen, also, one who has lived in the world, has marked its ways, has walked with men, examined their motives and methods, looked into their difficulties, found out their opportunities, and has now set together what he has been many years in gathering. The style is so simple that the careless reader may think he knew before what is now offered to him. If he lays the precepts of the book by the side of his own living, he will find himself mistaken. The book is bright and sprightly. The author's rare wit flashes from its pages. One turns its leaves with an interest which increases to the end. It is a good book to study It is a good book to have on the table, to be opened at random in a spare moment. It is a good book to have where the boy will take it up to catch its helpful inspiration. The book means all the more to one who knows the man who wrote it. Dr. Peabody's latest book, "Harvard Reminiscences," presents his recollections of those who were officers in the College while he was a student and tutor; and, while it is a most interesting account of those men, it is also a good picture of himself. He reveals himself as he describes others, and thus enlarges the value of his excellent book.

This sketch cannot be better closed than by Dr. Peabody's description of "the character that ought to be;" the character which his neighbors and thousands of men scattered through the world will think the unwitting account of himself:

"There is a repose, a quietness of spirit, which indicates depth and fullness, which has no spring-tides because it has no neap-tides, in which devotion has not its fitful sojourn but its settled home, in which not man collectively, but individual men, whatever their needs or their sins, can always find heart-room, in which there is fervor without effervescence, charity without favoritism,—a walk with God in which 'Our Father,' not 'My Father,' is the formula of devotion, a walk with men in which the common divine fatherhood is never lost from thought; and in such a soul and life we have the most perfect illustration of ethical beauty, of spiritual loveliness, of the type of character which it was Christ's mission to create among men."

CAMBRIDGE, March 19, 1888.

THE BUCA DELLA SALVEZZA.

By ELEANOR LEWIS.

MANY races have left the mark of their presence upon Sicily—Phœnician, Greek, and Roman; Saracen, Norman, Spanish, French—who all in turn have inhabited the fair island, and all in turn have vanished, leaving it at last, as was manifest destiny, to be Italian and for Italians. Of the many struggles ere this could be effected, Palermo, in particular, bears well-defined traces. To say nothing of its earliest days, or of those mediæval ones when the belfry of San Giovanni de' Eremiti rang for Sicilian Vespers, there are later memories, quite as thrilling, of deeds wrought for liberty within the span of our own lives. Repeating the past, too, Palermitan bells had again a part to play; and in 1860 the campanile of the Gancia sent out a peal that united Sicily once for all against her Bourbon kings.

No one who loves freedom or honors courage can pass unmoved this plain, now shabby, convent church. Priestly robes and priestly discipline could not efface in its brethren the underlying spirit of patriotism; when Italian unity was in question, they never hesitated to lend a hand and prove themselves the "seditious, pestilent brotherhood" their enemies termed them. This same patriotism—a black mark in Bourbon days—is now their chief distinction, and in all ways they strive to commemorate it. At one end of the building a marble tablet recalls the fact that here Francesco Riso began the rebellion of 1860; while in front, at nearly the building's length from this tablet, is another of such extraordinary appearance as at once to catch the eye. Irregular in shape, of white marble, now weather-stained, and rimmed with iron, it bears these words: *Buca della Salvezza*—literally, the hole of deliverance, of salvation!

A longer inscription above states that through this opening—for opening it was before the tablet covered it, although so small that one wonders how a human body could pass through—escaped two men, Gaspare Bivona and Filippo Patti, thus saving their lives and achieving one of the most daring deeds in the revolution.

As I was examining this tablet one day, a crowd gradually collected round me. Not that the story was new to them, but, with the sympathetic friendliness of Italians, they felt fresh interest in what so deeply interested the *forestiere*. In unison with my silent translation they softly read out the inscription; and as, with one final glance, I was turning away, a stout shopkeeper politely addressed me: "Since these things interest the signora, it may also interest her to know that those *prodi* (gallant ones) still live."

"What!" I exclaimed—for the heroes of such an achievement seemed almost as mythical as Greek gods—"what! they are actually alive? they are *here*, in Palermo?"

"Even so, signora mia. Filippo Patti, it is true, lives somewhat out of the way, but Bivona is right here in the hand, as one may say. He is a wonderful fellow, signora; call and see him. He will tell you things to open the eyes wide, and the things will be true, moreover."

It seemed to me I could hardly do better than follow the advice thus frankly given, and that same evening I sought out the hero. I found him at home—a home which, like himself, bore witness to the changed estate of Italy—being the old Convent of Santa Anna, now secularized. Here, by the flaring *lucerna*, surrounded with his family, he sat—a man somewhat over fifty, spare, of medium height, limping slightly as he rose to meet me, yet still alert; with dark eyes, gray hair and beard that once had been dark as the eyes, and a most mobile, animated physiognomy. It was easy to see that Nature had fitted him both to act courageously and to be ready of resource in emergencies.

"You know about Francesco Riso?" he at once began; "well, it was he that first set the ball of revolution rolling here. He was head and front of the movement—*capo della Rivoluzione*. We had borne and borne with those Bourbon pigs, and *now*, he said, it was time *to act*. So he planned what he should do; and one evening eighty-nine of us got together to do it." From this beginning the story was told with all the brilliant picturesqueness that Italian speech and gesture can give. But as these cannot be reproduced on paper, and his own narrative would be too long for The Christian Union's limits, I reluctantly condense it in third person.

Francesco Riso, then, a *fontaniere* of Palermo, with eighty-eight other citizens, began the rebellion of 1860. On the evening of April 3 they concealed themselves in the Gancia, intending to sally forth at dawn and take possession of the public buildings—the Zecca and Finanze—in that quarter. At the same time their friends, acting in concert, were to attack other important points in the town. The bell of the Gancia was to be the signal, the tricolor their badge, and their watchword, *Viva l'Italia, e la libertà*.

It was a well-formed plan, and should have succeeded. But while the patriots were in hiding a traitor had gone to Maniscalco, the Director of Police, and revealed the secret; time, signal, names, all. Speedily troops filled the Piazza Marina, cannon were placed fronting the Gancia, guards were stationed at the rear, and, so far as the eighty-nine *popolani* were concerned, the revolution was ended before it was begun. Nevertheless, they fought gallantly, and, intrenched in the Gancia, maintained themselves fully two hours; until, many being killed, and Riso himself mortally wounded, the survivors sought such safety as they could. The majority, against Bivona's advice, took refuge among the rafters, between the ceiling and roof of the church, where they were soon found. Some sprang down among the soldiers, and tried to cut their way through; many were killed; hardly one escaped. Those who of their own will surrendered, and those who were taken by force, were one and all marched out to Porta San Giorgio a few days later and fusilladed, among them the old Giovanni Riso, whose sole crime seems to have been his paternity. His son Francesco was removed to the hospital, and there, April 27, died from his injuries.

Meanwhile, Filippo Patti had joined his fate with Bivona's; and their escape may be fairly credited to the latter's astuteness and steady nerve. First of all they fled to the campanile, or bell tower, but, perceiving that the convent was surrounded, and safe descent would soon be impossible, they clambered down to the roof. Thence, looking through a skylight, they caught sight of two monks below upon their knees praying. A rap upon the glass instantly directed upward two frightened faces, but no other response was made for some time, the monks evidently fearing that the intruders were spies. Finally, however, they pointed to the window, and made signs that if it were open it might be possible to climb down by the cornice and woodwork.

Bivona waited for no more. With a blow of his fist he broke the glass; and, although the blood gushed out from a severed vein, he managed with one hand and his teeth to knot a handkerchief tightly round it, and then swung himself down, followed by Patti. By this time the monks had vanished, but were soon found in one of the side chapels, praying to all the saints for safety. The fugitives made it clear that they were not spies, even though to be friends was, in this crisis, almost as fatal. But they were companions in misery, and here, at least, was no fear of betrayal.

From the body of the church they went to a small room at the opposite end from the high altar, where the worshipers' chairs were stored when not in use. Hastily opening a lane through the mass, they crawled in, twisting themselves somehow among the chair-legs, anyhow, indeed, so only as to be out of sight, and as far from the front as possible. Then the monks replaced the wooden files in front of and above them, shut the door, and returned to their praying. It was well they had hastened, for in less than half an hour more the soldiers entered. Little of the Gancia escaped search; they even plunged their bayonets at random among the chairs, but luckily hit no one, and after several trials went away.

In this cramped and painful confinement they remained until the third day. At the close of the second, the convent, being now deemed empty, was locked up, although as yet strongly guarded without. Reassured at last by the silence, half dead, moreover, from hunger, thirst, and cramp, this small remnant of Francesco Riso's army came out from its hiding place into the church. The first thing they saw was the holy water font—as good luck would have it, half full; and this they drained to the last drop. "Never was water more truly blessed," said Bivona—"acqua benedetta, sicuro!"

Now, in their long concealment under the chairs they had been considering what better refuge there might be, and had remembered a vault opening by a trap-door into a room used as a vestry. Here the conventual dead were laid away, each on his shelf, although otherwise unecoffined; and the probabilities were that no one would seek the living in such companionship. Accordingly the semi-dead pried up the ponderous iron-shod door, and intrusted themselves to those who were wholly dead.

Just below the ceiling of the vault were several small, heavily barred windows opening upon the street; and as the sounds of life, the fresh spring air, came pouring through, the captives were roused to new exertions. To stay where they were was to die of hunger; they could no more than die if discovered, and so resolved to take the chances. They were feeble from long fasting, still they managed to pile the good brothers of the Gancia one above the other, until from this standpoint of mortality they could reach up to the windows. The man who looked out first promptly dodged, for right before him, up and down the street, were pacing the sentinels, and at each end of the building was stationed a guard. But, watching their chance as the sentinels passed, they contrived to make signals to the women in an opposite

café. They were seen, they were understood, and all were eager to help.

Their first, most pressing need was food, and this was adroitly conveyed to them by a cab-driver. Quite as by chance, he stopped his cab close to the window (there was no sidewalk to interfere); again as by chance, several people stopped in front of the cab, talking busily together. Thus screened, he thrust in at the window, not only a roll of bread, but also a short, pointed iron bar. If they could only manage, he said, to make a hole in the wall, they might rely upon their friends without to conceal the escape. Certain signs were agreed upon, and with this the friends hastily parted.

Patti was at first quite overcome from weakness and fatigue, and wept bitterly; but the greater the peril the wirier, the more tensely strung, grew Bivona. He cheered his companion, and, refreshed by the bread, they set to work, aiding the slow chisel with their hands, until, on the fifth day, the outermost stone lay loose in its socket. They had kept their friends posted as to the progress made, and now, after a few moments' rest, signaled that all was ready.

The street had been quite peaceful until now, when suddenly two women began to quarrel, their friends took sides, and a great hubbub rose. An officer passing by stopped a moment just before the window, and Bivona heard him say to a friend: "If there *were* a conspiracy you may be sure these *maladetis* (accursed women) would be in it; they are always ready for a row." Then he passed on, little dreaming that the conspiracy he dreaded was actually there.

Simultaneously with this disturbance, at the crossing most remote from the hole, two large carts, loaded with straw, managed to run into each other. The wildest confusion ensued; the drivers cursed, threatened, came to blows; the bystanders rushed in, and, sympathetically, began to fight; those accursed women joined the fray, screaming loudest of all; in fact, as Bivona said, they had a devil of a time. Guards and sentinels gathered hastily to separate the combatants and clear the streets; such a crowd, they thought, was dangerous, it might lead to an insurrection; and while the friends of order were thus laudably engaged at one end of the Gancia, at the other, feet foremost, appeared Filippo Patti. Half way out, he stuck, and insisted that Bivona should help him back.

"No," said the latter; "to come back now means death for both of us; but you must go, even if you go in pieces." So saying, with all his might he pushed, while those without pulled; and in this manner, although badly scarified in the passage, he emerged into the street. Then came Bivona, who, being of slenderer build, and going head foremost, got through all right. As they appeared, the women covered them with their clothes, hustled them behind and through the crowd, across the street, and from one friendly house to another, until they reached the open country.

So adroitly was all this managed that the soldiers, occupied with the disturbance below, had not even a suspicion of what was happening. No sooner, however, were the fugitives safe, than—to quote a Palermitan writer, "there ceased as though by magic the confusion of the carts." The drivers recovered their temper as unexpectedly as they had lost it; the bystanders grew amiable and jolly; the horses trotted on, the sentry resumed its march. All was as before—with one exception. In the stone wall of the Gancia, like an eye looking out from its vaults, was a small, irregular opening. How had it come there? Strange to say, no one could tell. The people gathered round, apparently as astonished as the sentinels.

"Most holy Virgin! how should they know anything about it? They had been watching the straw carts. A piece must have fallen out of the wall while they were not looking! Diavolo! Dio Santissimo!"—thus invoking the two strongest authorities! "Nobody has seen anything!"

More than this the most rigid cross-questioning failed to elicit. There had been an escape—so much was certain; and since Bivona and Patti had not been found before, it was agreed—rightly—that they were the fugitives. Bivona's wife and children were treated with much severity by the police; but as they really knew nothing of his movements, they could answer no questions.

And so matters went, until, on May the 11th, not quite a month from that heart-breaking struggle in the Gancia, there landed at Marsala—Garibaldi and his Thousand! By the 25th they had reached Misilmeri, and the 27th saw their triumphal entry into Palmero. A few weeks later they entered Messina, then, crossing over to the mainland, continued their victorious march upward, until, at Capua, October 28, the campaign was ended—Italy was free!

And Bivona? He had joined Garibaldi, as a matter of course, and fought with him bravely, as one may suppose. After a while some chronic ailment disabled him for active service, and a small pension was assigned him. Small as it was, it soon ceased to be paid; and for the last ten years he has struggled with illness, poverty, and the charge of a large family. Such is the way—says Signor Salvo—that one's country pays its debts.

Yet something can be urged for poor, debt-oppressed Italy. She pays thus, only too often, because she is unable to do otherwise. And, despite his barren pension, Bivona can still say, with all the fire of patriotism that first led him to rebel, "Viva Italia! viva la libertà!"

THE CHURCH AND THE THEATER.

THE VIEWS OF THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

BY

P. T. BARNUM,
MME MODJESKA,
A. M PALMER,
HARRISON GREY FISKE,
COLONEL WILLIAM E. SINN,
GABRIEL HARRISON,
CHARLES FISHER.

A FEW weeks since The Christian Union gave expression to its opinions on the drama, maintaining that the theater was not deserving of wholesale condemnation. We have submitted this editorial to some representative actors and managers, and at our request they give herewith to our readers, in interviews with a representative of The Christian Union, their views on the subject of the Church and the Theater. The Hon. P. T. Barnum needs no introduction to our readers; Mme. Modjeska, the Polish actress, is the leading female impersonator of Shakespearean characters in this country; Mr. A. M. Palmer is the Manager of the Madison Square Theater, New York, which, both in moral and artistic qualities, stands second to none in the city; Harrison Grey Fiske is the Secretary of the Actors' Fund of America, and editor of the "Mirror;" Colonel William E. Sinn is the Manager of the Brooklyn Park Theater, the principal theater of that city; Gabriel Harrison is an old ex-theater manager and actor, and now a professor of elocution in Brooklyn; and Charles Fisher is an old actor who has played in legitimate comedy at Wallack's Theater, and is now connected with Daly's Theater, New York, which is without a superior in its stock company. There are thus represented here the views of the star, of the stock company, of the manager and the dramatic critic, and of the dramatic teacher on this subject. Our own views will be found editorially expressed on another page.

THE HON. P. T. BARNUM:

"I have always been in favor of healthy dramatic entertainments. When I began at the old Barnum's Museum, corner of Ann Street and Broadway, we first had lectures on various subjects in the lecture-room; then we introduced pantomimes, and finally we had dramatic performances. Eventually I had a first-class dramatic company, and we played Shakespearean pieces. But even in Shakespeare there is profanity, and that I would not allow, because there is no occasion for it even in the great master of the drama. We struck out the profane words and phrases wherever they occurred.

"Among other plays we produced 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and 'The Drunkard.' The acting in the latter play produced such an effect on the audiences that many wanted to become total abstainers. We had temperance pledges which were signed by many of the auditors after the performances.

"About this time I had a museum in Philadelphia. There was a prominent clergyman of that city, the Rev. Stiles Ely, the editor of the 'Presbyterian,' whom I engaged to dramatize, for the Museum, Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield.' This gentleman was not a dramatist, and his play was not as full of stage effects as it might have been, but it was a very fair play. The church and the drama were certainly united for once, for Dr. Ely came to the museum and spoke to the audience. He believed that, if plays were free from immoral objections, the stage was an educator. Afterwards the 'Vicar of Wakefield' was produced by William E. Burton in New York. I went over to see it, and I was astounded to find that it was full of swearing. It was very objectionable on that score. I wondered if Goldsmith had introduced so much cursing in the book, a copy of which I soon procured, and was agreeably astonished to find that there was not a profane word in the work. I put the play in its unobjectionable form on the boards of my New York Museum, and it had a great run.

"There has been a great moral improvement in the drama. Forty-five years ago, after every tragedian had appeared in his play, there was always an afterpiece, and that afterpiece was of the most vulgar description. It was a farce full of swearing, vulgarity, and *double entendre*. There is nothing in the drama itself that is objectionable; the question is, What does he play teach? I know there are quite a number of French emotional dramas, but I do not approve of them, and I don't believe in them. Plays should tend to make one feel cheerful, not sad. The Frenchman said, 'If I could be allowed to write the ballads of a nation, I would not care who made its laws.' I would say, if I could be permitted to furnish the amusements of a nation, I would not care who made its laws. There is more formation of character, more taught, through amusements than through any other branch of human culture. The amusements of a nation are calculated either to elevate or corrupt that nation."

"Dr. Buckley, of the 'Christian Advocate,'" observed the interviewer, "has objected to plays because they show the various phases of vice."

"There must be both vice and virtue in a play," replied Mr. Barnum, "and the dramatist must see to it that vice does not triumph; that would be teaching bad morals. When the consequences of vice are shown and good morals are taught, that is all right. Let the play illustrate Emerson's saying that no man in doing a wrong can wrong another so much as he wrongs himself.

"But the primary object of going to the theater is for relaxation, recreation. We don't want to be working always. I don't believe in looking at the world as a vale of tears, and thinking it is a pity we were ever brought into it. If we make a proper use of it we will find that it is a very cheerful world. The object of the theater should be to give us pleasing relaxation, to make us laugh. The man who causes another to smile is a benefactor. The noblest effort is that of making others happy. But there it no real happiness in sin or sinful plays. Those who desire to see the theater reformed should take courage; it is infinitely better than it was in the days of the old Park Theater, which the fathers and mothers of the present generation used to attend. In those days the Park and the other leading theaters had a third tier which was designed especially for Anonyms and her friends. How such a thing could be tolerated seems strange to us now. All things considered, it is not surprising that good people objected to the theaters of those days. There was an open bar at the back of one of the galleries, to which the auditors could repair and drink all they wanted. It is needless to say that the theaters, in these and other respects, have changed very much since those days. Actors are a better class of men than formerly. The old actors were hard drinkers, and many a time some favorite actor would fail to appear before an audience on account of overindulgence in drink. At the present time our actors could not afford to do such a thing. They cannot be intemperate, because it turns their heads and deprives them of the power of being good actors. Their managers will not allow them to disappoint audiences. As for circus performers, they cannot attend to their business at all if they drink—even a little. They would be liable to tumble down and break their necks; in leaping, running, jumping, etc., they must be very careful."

MME. MODJESKA:

"I cannot say that I notice any marked moral progress in the drama. In the absence of stock companies it is hardly to be expected that there will be any marked moral progress. You have four theaters in New York—Daly's, the Madison Square, Lyceum, and Wallack's—that have stock companies and that are doing good work, but the great majority of managers feel obliged to produce those plays that bring the most money, and such plays are by no means the best, either from a moral or artistic point of view. In other cities there are no stock companies. "Stars" play one after the other in rapid succession. This week you will see such great actors as Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, who will be followed by some production like 'A Rag Baby,' or some very objectionable burlesque. The crowd is more amused at 'A Rag Baby' than it is instructed by the Shakespearean plays produced by Booth and Barrett. I claim that here, as abroad, there should be theaters supported, or helped to a certain extent, by the Government. Then the drama, being recognized and fostered by the Government, would be put on a higher plane. The star actors come and go so quickly under the present system that at the end of a season persons have a very confused idea of the plays and the players they have seen. Some audiences, too, display an astonishing amount of ignorance even in regard to the great master of the English drama—Shakespeare. This want of intelligence in the auditor is very distressing to sensitive players.

"There ought to be State-supported theaters where good plays would be properly produced, for the reason that it is against human nature to expect a manager to lose money, as he generally will do, in striving to educate the taste of the public. The newspapers can do much toward forming a taste for worthy plays, and if they made a united effort against the dramatic trash we see on the boards it would soon cease to be popular. The fact is that the American people work too hard; they work so hard that they do not seem to have time to enjoy the theater in an *artistic* way—they seem rather to

seek it, when they are jaded and tired out with work, simply for relaxation. Hence these boisterous, frivolous plays find favor. The fact is that a really good, moral play will not draw the crowd.

"The claim of the Rev Dr. Buckley in his book against the drama, that plays are bad because they show up certain vices, is of course ridiculous. In plays, in novels, in Sunday-school books, even in the stories of the Scriptures, the good and the bad must be put in contrast; but in plays, as in novels, the bad must not predominate, nor seem to predominate, and virtue and goodness must triumph in the end.

"I do not like the French emotional dramas I think most of them have an unwholesome influence on the audience, and I believe they are bad for the players. I confess that I play in one of such dramas, but it contains a moral lesson, though I am afraid the spectators cease to be interested when that point in the play is reached.

"As to the stage itself, there is less evil among actors than people suppose. It is dangerous for an excitable young girl, not surrounded by proper influences, to be trained for such a life But a person of strong character would be as safe there as in many other positions. The weak-minded, foolish, sentimental young woman is just as liable to meet with disaster from the influences surrounding mercantile, manufacturing, or office life as she is on the stage. The life of the ambitious, conscientious actress is full of hard work. No sooner has she adopted one style of acting with one manager than she may be obliged to join another company and there receive an entirely different style of training. And this is another thing that retards the artistic progress of the drama The uncertainty of actors having employment is another reason why we should have State-supported theaters. A manager employs a company of twelve persons After a while he produces another play in which only six persons are required; he discharges half of his company, and they drift away to one place and another seeking employment. Playing in different styles of plays is not bad for the actor; it develops his genius; but the uncertainty of employment is demoralizing. If he knew he would be regularly attached to a theater for a long period of time, he would take greater pride in his work, he would have his family near him, and he would try to advance steadily in his art. Hence State-supported theaters would be good for both the public and the actors."

A M PALMER,

Manager of the Madison Square Theater, New York City:

"I think that the senior editor of The Christian Union has presented a basis upon which the stage and the church can unite, which heretofore has not been presented from such a source. The fashion is to mix up all theaters indiscriminately; those who like the theater praise it indiscriminately, and those who dislike it condemn it indiscriminately. Men acquainted with the stage, like myself, have always insisted that this is a great injustice. There are theaters and theaters, there are plays and plays. No man who knows the theater will deny that there are some theaters and some plays which are harmful. But there are others which, far from being harmful, are positively beneficial. It would not be modest in me to make any special references. The church and the Christian ministry are rightly enough admitted by all of us to be our moral guides and teachers, and, if they will wisely criticise the theater, good will be done both to the stage and the world. I am glad to see what the Rev Dr. Abbott has done in reference to this matter. The Rev. Dr. Warren, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, whose church I attend, is also doing something in the same direction. Instead of sweepingly condemning the stage, let the pulpit point out the good and the bad. In a little church paper published by Dr. Warren he has undertaken to do that sort of thing. It is too late for the Christian Church to undertake to taboo the theater; it can regulate the theater very largely by its patronage, if it chooses to do so, as I have always maintained. The manager is largely dependent upon public taste, and if a public taste can be created for moral plays—I mean plays of a high and elevating character—it is easier for the manager to supply those plays than the other kind; and there is infinitely more satisfaction to any manager who respects himself in producing such plays. The church is a great moral regulator; why should it not regulate one of the most important features of our life, the means of amusement? Why should it oppose amusement and not regulate it? It undertakes to restrain almost everything else in life; why should it not restrain and regulate the stage by creating a healthful and proper taste for good things?

"I do not agree with Mme. Modjeska that we need theaters supported by the State. That could not be done, for several reasons unnecessary to give here, because such a plan is wholly inconsistent with our institutions. In my opinion, what is necessary is the creation of a refined taste. I believe it is largely in the power of the Christian Church to create and regulate taste. If Dr. Abbott's ideas can be carried out, it will not be long before we shall have plenty of people patronizing the best theaters, and have the best theaters for them to patronize."

COLONEL WILLIAM E SINN,

Manager of the Park Theater, Brooklyn:

"The moral progress of the theater has been, I think, more marked than progress in any other direction. Twenty years ago there was not a theater in the country that did not have a special gallery set aside for women without escorts, and attached to each tier there were barrooms. If a first-class theater should now have a barroom run by the management, the enterprise would be killed at once. In fact, the law which prohibits the sale of liquor in places of public amusement was passed about fifteen years ago, at the earnest solicitation of theater managers. In the matter of plays we are advancing, as science and, as I believe, theology are advancing In the blood-and-thunder drama of the old days there was a great deal of profanity, but the knife has been applied to such plays, and the morals even of that kind of drama are better. The great music halls of New York have ceased to exist. In those places there used to be "pretty waiter-girls," the free sale of liquor, wine-rooms, and a variety show. Now you cannot find a variety theater of that kind in the country—except in the lowest dives. Those saloons, to a certain extent, affected the standing of the regular theaters; they were all classed together by people who did not know any better. The public are indebted to the regular theater-goers, who shut up this class of places.

"I do not think that the public loses much by the absence of stock companies, as argued by Mme. Modjeska. Her own company is a carefully selected company, and can produce Shakespearean plays much better than any ordinary stock company would. The public is the great discriminator as to plays If we produce a play with a bad moral the public will stay away. And yet a play at one of our leading theaters in New York has lately proved a failure because the badness was cut out of it. In Paris the original version was witnessed by crowds; but it would not live here a week played as it was in Paris. The public can discriminate between good and bad plays by remaining away from those that do not point a moral. There are some plays, however, that are good for their laughter provoking qualities without regard to any lesson they teach.

"I should be glad to see 'moral criticisms' in the religious press. The church has never understood the theater; let them come and see us, and not, as heretofore, take the theater on hearsay. Mr. Beecher attended my theater. I remember he once refused my offer of a private box, taking his seats in the center of the house, and remarking, 'I want my people to see me.' His argument was that the only way to make the theater better was to patronize that which was good. The theater has always been kind to the church, and has extended help to ecclesiastical and benevolent institutions; certainly that has not been done for the trade we get from that direction.

"In a book written against the theater by the Rev. Dr. Buckley, the editor of the 'Christian Advocate' (so the interviewer informs me) he says that some of the old comedies—the 'School for Scandal,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and others—are not fit to be read aloud to a man's wife. That is true. But if Dr. Buckley had written with knowledge, he would have found out that plays are not produced on the stage as they are written. You would not dare to play the old comedies as they are written. Take Shakespeare's plays—the acting editions contain nothing offensive. In 'Hamlet' there are gross allusions, particularly in the play scene, that you never hear uttered upon the stage. We would not dare to play 'All's Well that Ends Well,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' and other standard dramas, as they are written. Why is it that clergymen and well-educated Christian people will read Shakespeare, unabridged, containing these gross allusions, and refuse to see the plays at the theater where these gross speeches are not allowed to be uttered?"

CHARLES FISHER,

of Daly's Theater:

"The theater now, as ever, aims to amuse the public. There is, however, to-day a delicacy of expression in plays that we had not in the time of Burton In 1852 Burton produced leading old comedies in which there were many oaths and indelicate expressions. In Daly's Theater the plays are edited by Mr. Daly himself, and he expunges every improper expression. I do not think the most fastidious moral or religious person could have his feelings shocked by anything he might hear at Daly's. The German farces which are produced in translation may contain coarse expressions in the original, but not in the translation. These farces are nothing like 'Camille' and the French dramas which are founded on indelicate subjects The great advantage the stock companies of to-day have over those of other days is that the suburban population often get a perfect representation of some good play. In the old times this was impossible. You could not run a piece over two or three nights or a week. Now we can produce a play a hundred or two hundred nights and play it in the provinces as it was played in New York. This was impossible with the old stock companies. There are plenty of good plays. Where is there any immorality in any of Sheridan Knowles's plays? Bulwer Lytton's historical play, 'Richelieu,' is admirable, and his 'Money' is just as witty as the 'School for Scandal,' and without indelicacy. A clergyman, the Rev. Mr. White, wrote 'The King of the Commons,' and the play of Mr. Baker, 'Francesca di Rimini,' is a worthy production. The indelicacies of which people complain were not indelicacies in the time of Shakespeare, and the plays were played before the most refined people. Even in the West you could not produce such plays as they are written. Expunge the indelicate passages and you have a great play. But there will always be some clergymen who will not countenance dramatic performances. In my early days (I am an Englishman) my grandfather played his company in twelve towns, staying a month in each town. In the audiences I have often counted half a score of clergymen who witnessed our performance At that time there was no feeling against the theater. Then sprang up the great 'Oxford movement,' and clergymen became prejudiced against the theater."

GABRIEL HARRISON:

"The object of the theater is to instruct and amuse. The people must have amusement, and the drama is one of the best forms of recreation. At the theater you are under the gaze of a thousand people; there is no possibility of bad conduct. It is not like a ball-room, where a good woman may be whirling around in the dance with a man whose real character is bad A visit to the opera or theater relieves a man's mind of his work; he gets a new condition of brain action, his whole nervous system is improved. The moral condition of the drama has positively advanced from every standpoint. There are no saloons in the theaters; bad people are not admitted; the prices are much higher; the combination of music, painting, and poetry is more realistic and makes a finer and better impression on the minds of the people. I can bear witness to the moral influence of the play called 'The Drunkard,' cited by Mr. Barnum. I saw men, under the influence of that play, leave the auditorium to sign the temperance pledge. Take the play of the 'Gamester' Beverly, the leading character, falls into the habit of gambling. At the time that play was brought out in England it was for the special purpose of stopping the vice of private card-playing, then so common in society. People were so addicted to gambling in parlors that many of the spectators hissed it off the stage. It was taken from the stage, and, later, John Philip Kemble said to Mrs Siddons, 'Shall we not try to cure the gambling habits of the people, and again produce the "Gamester"?' He did so, he playing Beverly, and Mrs Siddons playing Mrs Beverly Even with their great acting the play was hissed, but after a while the drama was recognized, and had its effect in curing the vice against which it was directed. The play of 'George Barnwell' is another play that has exercised a moral influence on hundreds of spectators. I myself remember playing the part of Beverly in the 'Gamester' in 1856 for a benefit for some firemen. The next day after the play I went to collect the money for some tickets I had given an assistant fireman to sell. The foreman started when he saw me enter his room, where I found him with his family at breakfast He told me that he had seen the play of the 'Gamester' the night before. 'I have been a gambler myself,' he said. 'Many a night I have come home with hardly a dollar in my pocket for the house; I had gambled the money away; but,' said he, calling on his Maker to witness what he said, 'I learned a great lesson last night. I will never play another game so long as I live.' He gave up playing cards, he stopped drinking, and I afterwards saw that man a moral man, having a home of his own, and his family prosperous."

HARRISON GREY FISKE,

Secretary of the Actors' Fund of America:

"I am glad to know that the subject of the theater is receiving free and intelligent discussion in the pages of the leading Christian journal of the United States. It will do much, I hope, to reconcile conflicting views and clear away the prevailing fog of doubt and ignorance. The customary impatience of actors with clerical criticism is more or less excusable, for it must be admitted by all who thoroughly understand the theater, its inner life, and its actual influence, that most of the censure uttered in the orthodox pulpit with the appearance of genuine conviction proceeds from lips that are more emphatic than well informed."

"In your opinion, what is the influence of the modern drama; *i. e.*, the stage in its intellectual and artistic development?"

"In so far as the modern drama conforms to art principles, in so far is its influence salutary. Art, if it be good art, is true and beautiful; truth and beauty cannot be other than gratifying and elevating to mankind, whatever its form of illustration. That the drama's influence is good is perhaps most practically shown by the thousands of intelligent, refined, and moral people who embrace the pleasure and profit that it extends to all. It is democratic; it is understanded by all classes of people; it appeals to the rich and the poor. No man is so intellectual, no man is so unlettered, that he cannot derive recreation from it. The modern society drama's influence is not so good, in the artistic sense, as it might be, because this is an age which compels the dramatist, like the novelist, to resort to emasculation. Society is given to repressing its emotions; to give them play is 'bad form.' It feels and thinks and acts politely. Modern plays—comedies especially—must deal with certain phases of social life.

"They must, consequently, in depicting the fashions and the manners of the time, conform to prevailing modes. If these modes be polite but puny, so, more or less, must be the tone of the play. 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'The School for Scandal,' and 'The Rivals,' respectively, mirrored the costumes and manners of the periods in which they were written. Those costumes and manners were in some respects rude and reprehensible, but they were true to nature, and that is why they have a value now. That posterity will care to revive many of the comedies of to-day, as to-day the comedies of long ago are frequently revived, is most unlikely, they reflect manners that are scarcely worth reflecting, and which will become in the vista of time utterly uninteresting to the play-goer. The purist censures the old dramatists because they were coarse, like the people for whom they wrote. Improper phrases do not constitute immorality; it is plot and purpose, not merely words, which is to be taken into account, and the purpose of every play that was written by the skilled dramatists in those days, so far as I have been able to discover, was strictly moral."

"In the past ten years do you consider that the stage has improved?"

"Yes, in certain directions. The play of to-day, like the play of yesterday, and the play of all times, is moral. The eternal conflict of good and evil, of virtue and vice, goes on, and the good and the virtuous invariably triumph, after the old fashion. In the years that I have been visiting the theater in my capacity as chronicler, two or three times every week, I have never heard an improper speech or seen a play whose purpose was, either directly or indirectly, vicious in its influence. I am speaking, mind you, of drama—not of the nonsensical trash that pervades certain places of amusement under the lately coined title of 'farcical absurdities.' They are harmless, if silly."

"What grounds can you give for the side you take in the contest of Art *versus* Morals?"

"The grounds of common sense. It is not necessary that plays to be good plays shall be moral. It is only necessary that they shall not be immoral. Art has to do with truth and beauty. It is founded solely on that principle. You do not question it in the painter, the sculptor, or the architect; why should you demand it of the dramatist? Taine says, in one of his lectures on art: 'Nature in herself, whatever she may be, whether human, animal, vegetable, or inanimate, with all her irregularities, minutiæ, and omissions, is inherently right, and, when comprehended, people love and delight to contemplate her. The object of art is not to change her, but to interpret her; through sympathy it renders her beautiful. Thus understood, art may represent the housekeeper spinning in her rural cot, the carpenter planing on his bench, the surgeon dressing a rustic's arm, the cook splitting a chicken, the rich dame washing herself; all sorts of interiors, from the hovel to the drawing-room; all sorts of types, from the rubicund visage of the deep drinker to the placid smile of the well-bred damsel; every scene of refined or rustic life—a card party in a gilded salon—a peasant's carouse in a beer tavern.' Perhaps the lack of sympathy shown to the stage by the church heretofore is due to the fact that the church's mission is to interpret that which is divine, not that which is human. I think the best way for clergymen to discriminate as to plays is to attend the theaters themselves and instruct their flocks. It is their duty to point out the good and the evil in life's pathway, wherever it may be found. If they visited the play they would be able to speak intelligently and authoritatively about current amusements. Few ministers are now capable of doing that. As Dr. Abbott says, they should induce good people to discriminate and patronize those theaters where innocent and healthy works are presented. It might be a good plan for the religious papers to send representatives to the various theaters, not as critics, but as censors. The Christian play-goer could then find trusty guidance."

"How can the relationship of church and stage be made closer?"

"By the liberal clergy setting a good example, as Dr. Abbott has done. By disregarding the question of artistic merit, if they choose, and considering in their recommendations solely those works which commend themselves to the moral standard. There is really no more difficulty in choosing good plays than in buying good books. It might be well for the clergy to show some appreciation of the efforts that certain managers are making, or may in future make, to dignify the dramatic art by presenting the best class of plays in the most artistic manner. In conclusion, let me venture to say that no power, not even the church, will ever be able to kill that which is good and cheering and elevating to mankind. There is no earthly use in trying to uproot the theater and suppress the drama. On the contrary, they shou'd be encouraged to attain their noblest proportions."

THE ELECT LADY.

By George Macdonald,

Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—GEORGE AND ANDREW.

GEORGE went home the next day; and the following week sent Andrew a note, explaining that when he saw him he did not know his obligation to him, and expressing the hope that, when next in town, he would call upon him. This was hardly well, being condescension to a superior. Perhaps the worst evil in the sense of social superiority is the vile fancy that it alters human relation: George did not feel bound to make the same acknowledgment of obligation to one in humble position as to one in the same golden rank with himself! It says ill for social distinction if, for its preservation, such an immoral difference be essential. But Andrew was not one to dwell upon his rights. He thought it friendly of Mr. Crawford to ask him to call; therefore, although he had little desire to make his acquaintance, and grudged the loss of time, to no man so precious as to him who has a pursuit in addition to a calling, Andrew, far stronger in courtesy than the man who invited him, took the first Saturday afternoon to go and see him.

Mr. Crawford the elder lived in some style, and his door was opened by a servant whose blatant adornment filled Andrew with friendly pity: no man would submit to be dressed like that, he judged, except from necessity. The reflection sprang from no foolish and degrading contempt for household service. It is true Andrew thought no labor so manly as that in the earth, out of which grows everything that makes the loveliness or use of Nature; for by it he came in contact with the primaries of human life, and was God's fellow-laborer, a helper in the work of the universe, knowing the ways of it and living in them; but not the less would he have done any service, and that cheerfully, which his own need or that of others might have required of him. The colors of a parrot, however, were not fit for a son of man, and hence his look of sympathy. His regard was met only by a glance of plain contempt, as the lackey, moved by the same spirit as his master, left him standing in the hall—to return presently and show him into the library—a room of mahogany, red morocco, and yellow calf, where George sat. He rose and shook hands with him.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Ingram," he said. "When I wrote I had but just learned how much I was indebted to you."

"I understand what you must mean," returned Andrew, "but it was scarce worth alluding to. Miss Fordyce had the better claim to serve you."

"You call it nothing to carry a man of my size over a mile of heather."

"I had help," answered Andrew; "and but for the broken leg," he added, with a laugh, "I could have carried you well enough alone."

There came a pause, for George did not know what next to do with the farmer-fellow. So the latter spoke again, being unembarrassed.

"You have a grand library, Mr. Crawford. It must be fine to sit among so many books. It's just like a wine merchant's cellars—only here you can open and drink, and leave the bottles as full as before."

"A good simile, Mr. Ingram," replied George. "You must come and dine with me, and we'll open another sort of bottle."

"You must excuse me there, sir. I have no time for that sort of bottle."

"I understand you read a great deal?"

"Weather permitting," returned Andrew.

"I should have thought if anything was independent of the weather it must be reading!"

"Not a farmer's reading, sir. To him the weather is the word of God, telling him whether to work or read."

George was silent. To him the word of God was the Bible.

"But you must read a great deal yourself, sir," resumed Andrew, casting a glance around the room.

"The books are my father's," said George.

He did not mention that his own reading came all in the library-cart, except when he wanted some special information; for George was "a practical man"! He read his Bible to prepare for his class in the Sunday-school, and his Shakespeare when he was going to see one of his plays acted. He would make the best of both worlds by paying due attention to both! He was religious, but liberal.

His father was a banker, an elder of the kirk, well reputed in and beyond his circle. He gave to many charities, and largely to educational schemes. His religion was to hold by the traditions of the elders, and keep himself respectable in the eyes of money dealers. He went to church regularly, and always asked God's blessing on his food, as if it were a kind of general sauce. He never prayed God to make him love his neighbor, or help him to be an honest man. He "had worship" every morning, no doubt; but only a Nonentity like his God could care for such prayers as his. George rejected his father's theology as false in logic and cruel in character: George knew just enough of God to be guilty of neglecting him.

"When I am out all day I can do with less reading, for then I have the 'book of knowledge fair,'" said Andrew, quoting Milton. "It does not take *all* one's attention to drive a straight furrow, or keep the harrow on the edge of the last bout!"

"You don't mean you can read your Bible as you hold the plow!" said George.

"No, sir," answered Andrew, amused. "A body could not well manage a book between the stilts of the plow. The Bible will keep till you get home; a little of it goes a long way. But Paul counted the book of creation enough to make the heathen to blame for not minding it. Never a wind wakes of a sudden but it talks to me about God. And is not the sunlight the same that came out of the body of Jesus at his transfiguration?"

"You seem to have some rather peculiar ideas of your own, Mr. Ingram!"

"Perhaps, sir. For a man to have no ideas of his own is much the same as to have no ideas at all. A man cannot have the ideas of another man any more than he can have another man's soul or another man's body."

"That is dangerous doctrine."

"Perhaps we are not talking about the same thing. I mean by ideas what a man orders his life by."

"Your ideas may be wrong."

"The All-wise is my judge."

"So much the worse if you are in the wrong."

"It is the only good, whether I be in the right or the wrong. Would I have my mistakes overlooked? What judge would I desire but the Judge of all the earth? Shall he not do right? And will he not set me right?"

"That is a most dangerous confidence."

"It would be if there were any other judge. But it will be neither the church nor the world that will sit on the great white throne. He who sits there will not ask, 'Did you go to church?' or 'Did you believe in this or that?' but, 'Did you do what I told you?'"

"And what will you say to that, Mr. Ingram?"

"I will say, 'Lord, thou knowest.'"

The answer checked George a little.

"Suppose he should say you did not, what would you answer?"

"I would say, 'Lord, send me where I may learn.'"

"And if he should say, 'That is what I sent you into the world for, and you have not done it,' what would you say then?"

"I should hold my peace."

"You do what he tells you, then?"

"I try."

"Does he not say, 'Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together?'"

"No, sir."

"No!"

"Somebody says something like it in the epistle to the Hebrews."

"And isn't that the same?"

"The man who wrote it would be indignant at your saying so. Tell me, Mr. Crawford, what makes a gathering a church?"

"It would take me some time to arrange my ideas before I could answer you."

"Is it not the presence of Christ that makes an assembly a church?"

"Well?"

"Does he not say that where two or three are met in his name, there is he in the midst of them?"

"Yes."

"Then thus far I will justify myself to you, that, if I do not go to what you call *church*, I yet often make one of a company met in his name."

"He does not limit the company to two or three."

"Assuredly not. But if I find I get more help and strength with a certain few, why should I go with a multitude to get less? Will you draw another line than

the Master's? Why should it be more sacred to worship with five hundred or five thousand than with three? If he is in the midst of them, they cannot be wrong gathered."

"It *looks* as if you thought yourselves better than everybody else!"

"If it were so, then certainly he would not be one of the gathering."

"How are you to know that he is in the midst of you?"

"If we are not keeping his commandments, he is not. But his presence cannot be *proved;* it can only be known. If he meet us, it is not necessary to the joy of his presence that we should be able to prove that he does meet us. If a man has the company of the Lord, he will care little whether another does or does not believe that he has."

"Your way is against the peace of the church. It fosters division."

"Did the Lord come to send peace on the earth? My way, as you call it, would make division, but division between those who call themselves his, and those who are his. It would bring together those that love him. Company would merge with company that they might look on the Lord together. I don't believe Jesus cares much for what is called the visible church; but he cares with his very Godhead for those that do as he tells them; they are his Father's friends; they are his elect by whom he will save the world. It is by those who obey, and by their obedience, that he will save those who do not obey; that is, will bring them to obey. It is one by one the world will pass to his side. There is no saving in the lump. If a thousand be converted at once, it is every single lonely man that is converted."

"You would make a slow process of it."

"If slow, yet faster than any other. All God's processes are slow. How many years has the world existed, do you imagine, sir?"

"I don't know. Geologists say hundreds and hundreds of thousands."

"And how many is it since Christ came?"

"Toward two thousand."

"Then we are but in the morning of Christianity! There is plenty of time. The day is before us."

"Dangerous doctrine for the sinner!"

"Why? Time is plentiful for his misery, if he will not repent; plentiful for the mercy of God that would lead him to repentance. There is plenty of time for labor and hope; none for indifference and delay. God *will* have his creatures good. They cannot escape him."

"Then a man may put off repentance as long as he pleases."

"Certainly he may—at least as long as he can—but it is a fearful thing to try issues with God."

"I can hardly say I understand you."

"Mr. Crawford, you have questioned me in the way of kindly anxiety and reproof; that has given me the right to question you. Tell me, do you admit we are bound to do what our Lord requires?"

"Of course. How could any Christian man do otherwise?"

"Yet a man may say, 'Lord, Lord,' and be cast out! It is one thing to say we are bound to do what the Lord tells us, and another to do what he tells us! He says, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness:' Mr. Crawford, are you seeking the kingdom of God *first*, or are you seeking money first?"

"We are sent into the world to make our living."

"Sent into the world, we have to seek our living; we are not sent into the world to seek our living, but to seek the kingdom and righteousness of God. And to seek a living is very different from seeking a fortune!"

"If you, Mr. Ingram, had a little wholesome ambition, you would be less given to judging your neighbors."

Andrew held his peace, and George concluded he had had the best of the argument—which was all he wanted; of the truth concerned he did not see enough to care about it. Andrew, perceiving no good was to be done, was willing to appear defeated; he did not value any victory but the victory of the truth, and George was not yet capable of being conquered by the truth.

"No!" resumed he, "we must avoid personalities. There are certain things all respectable people have agreed to regard as right: he is a presumptuous man who refuses to regard them. Reflect on it, Mr. Ingram."

The curious smile hovered about the lip of the plowman; when things to say did not come to him, he went nowhere to fetch them. Almost in childhood he had learned that, when one is required to meet the lie, words are given him; when they are not, silence is better. A man who does not love the truth, but disputes for victory, is the swine before whom pearls must not be cast. Andrew's smile meant that it had been a waste of his time to call upon Mr. Crawford. But he did not blame himself, for he had come out of pure friendliness. He would have risen at once, but feared to seem offended. Crawford, therefore, with the rudeness of a superior, himself rose, saying:

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Ingram?"

"The only thing one man can do for another is to be at one with him," answered Andrew, rising.

"Ah, you are a socialist! That accounts for much!" said George.

"Tell me this," returned Andrew, looking him in the eyes: "Did Jesus ever ask of his Father anything his Father would not give him?"

"Not that I remember," answered George, fearing a theological trap.

"He said once—'I pray for them which shall believe in me, that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us!' No man can be one with another, who is not one with Christ."

As he left the house, a carriage drove up, in which was Mr. Crawford the elder, home from a meeting of directors, at which a dividend had been agreed upon—to be paid from the capital, in preparation for another issue of shares.

Andrew walked home a little bewildered. "How is it," he said to himself, "that so many who would be terrified at the idea of not being Christians, and are horrified at any man who does not believe there is a God, are yet absolutely indifferent to what their Lord tells them to do if they would be his disciples?—But may not I be in like case without knowing it? Do I meet God in my geometry? When I so much enjoy my Euclid, is it always God geometrizing to me? Do I feel talking with God every time I dwell upon any fact of his world of lines and circles and angles? Is it God with me, every time that the joy of life, of a wind or a sky or a lovely phrase, flashes through me?—O my God," he broke out in speechless prayer as he walked—and those that passed said to themselves he was mad: how, in such a world, could any but a madman wear a face of joy!—"O my God, thou art all in all, and I have everything! The world is mine because it is thine! I thank thee, my God, that thou hast lifted me up to see whence I came, to know to whom I belong, to know who is my Father, and makes me his heir! I am thine infinitely more than mine own; and thou art mine as thou art Christ's!"

He knew his Father in the same way that Jesus Christ knows his Father. He was at home in the universe, neither lonely, nor out-of-doors, nor afraid.

CHAPTER XII.—THE CRAWFORDS.

Through strong striving to secure his life, Mr. Crawford lost it—both in God's sense of loss and his own. He narrowly escaped being put in prison, died instead, and was put into God's prison to pay the uttermost farthing. But he had been such a good Christian that his fellow-Christians mourned over his failure and his death, not over his dishonesty. For did they not know that if, by more dishonesty, he could have managed to recover his footing, he would have paid everything? One injunction only he obeyed—he provided for his own; of all the widows concerned in his bank his widow alone was secured from want; and she, like a dutiful wife, took care that his righteous intention should be righteously carried out; not a penny would she give up to the paupers her husband had made.

The downfall of the house of cards took place a few months after George's return to its business. Not initiated to the mysteries of his father's transactions, ignorant of what had long been threatening, it was a terrible blow to him. But he was a man of action, and at once looked to America; at home he could not hold up his head.

He had often been to Potlurg, and had been advancing in intimacy with Alexa; but he would not show himself there until he could appear as a man of decision—until he was on the point of departure. She would be the more willing to believe his innocence of complicity in the deceptions that had led to his ruin! He would thus also manifest self-denial, and avoid the charge of interested motives: he could not face the suspicion of being a suitor with nothing to offer! George had always taken the grand *rôle*—that of superior, benefactor, bestower. He was powerful in condescension.

Not, therefore, until the night before he sailed, did he go to Potlurg.

Alexa received him with a shade of displeasure.

"I am going away," he said, abruptly, the moment they were seated.

Her heart gave a painful throb in her throat, but she did not lose her self-possession.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To New York," he replied. "I have got a situation there—in a not unimportant house. *There* at least I am taken for an honest man. From your heaven I have fallen."

"No one falls from any heaven but has himself to blame," rejoined Alexa.

"Where have I been to blame? I was not in my father's confidence. I knew nothing, positively nothing, of what was going on."

"Why then did you not come to see me?"

"A man who is neither beggar nor thief is not willing to look either."

"You would have come if you had trusted me," she said.

"You must pardon pride in a ruined man," he answered. "Now that I am starting to-morrow I do not feel the same dread of being misunderstood."

"It was not kind of you, George. Knowing yourself fit to be trusted, why did you not think me capable of trusting."

"But, Alexa, a man's own father!"

For a moment he showed signs of an emotion he had seldom had to repress.

"I beg your pardon, George," cried Alexa. "I am both stupid and selfish!—Are you really going so far?"

Her voice trembled.

"I am—but to return, I hope, in a very different position."

"You would have me understand—?"

"That I shall then be able to hold up my head."

"Why should an innocent man ever do otherwise?"

"He cannot help seeing himself in other people's thoughts."

"If we are in the right, ought we to mind what people think of us?" said Alexa.

"Perhaps not. But I will make them think of me as I choose."

"How?"

"By compelling their respect."

"You mean to make a fortune?"

"Yes."

"Then it will be the fortune they respect. You will not be more worthy."

"I shall not."

"Is such respect worth having?"

"Not in itself."

"In what then? Why lay yourself out for it?"

"Believe me, Alexa, even the real respect of such people would be worthless to me. I only want to bring them to their marrow-bones."

The truth was, Alexa prized social position so dearly that she did not relish his regarding it as a thing at the command of money. Let George be as rich as a Jew or an American, Alexa would never regard him as her equal. George worshiped money; Alexa worshiped birth and land.

Our own way of being wrong is all right in our own eyes; our neighbor's way of being wrong is offensive to all that is good in us. We are anxious, therefore, kindly anxious, to pull the mote out of his eye, never thinking of the big beam in the way of the operation. Jesus labored to show us that our immediate business is to be right ourselves. Until we are, even our righteous indignation is waste.

While he spoke, George's eyes were on the ground. His grand resolve did not give his innocence strength to look in the face of the woman he loved; he felt, without knowing why, that she was not satisfied with him. Of the paltriness of his ambition he had no inward hint. The high resolves of a puny nature must be a laughter to the angels—the bad ones.

"If a man has no ambition," he resumed, feeling after her objection, "how is he to fulfill the end of his being! No sluggard ever made his mark! How would the world advance but for the men who have to make their fortunes! If a man find his father has not made money for him, what is he to do but make it for himself? You would not have me all my life a clerk!—If I had but known, I should by this time have been well ahead!"

Alexa had nothing to answer; it all sounded very reasonable! Were not Scots boys everywhere taught it was the business of life to rise? In whatever position they were, was it not their part to get out of it? She did not see that it is in the kingdom of heaven only we are bound to rise. We are born into the world, not to rise in the kingdom of Satan, but out of it. And the only way to rise in the kingdom of heaven is to do the work given us to do. Whatever be intended for us, this is the only way to it. We have not to promote ourselves, but to do our work. It is the master of the feast who says "Go up." If a man go up of himself, he will find he has mistaken the head of the table.

More talk followed, but neither cast any light; neither saw the true question. George took his leave. Alexa said she would be glad to hear from him.

Alexa did not like the form of George's ambition—to gain money, and so compel the respect of persons he did not himself respect. But was she clear of the money-disease herself? Would she have married a poor man, to go on as hitherto? Would she not have been ashamed to have George know how she had supplied his needs while he lay in the house—that it was with the poor gains of her poultry yard she fed him? Did it improve her moral position toward money that she regarded commerce with contempt—a rudiment of the time when nobles treated merchants as a cottager his bees?

George's situation was a subordinate one in a house of large dealings in Wall Street.

The Home.

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

II.

By Christine Terhune Herrick.

THE beginning of all religious education should be in the home. To the mother the duty generally falls. Outside influences, such as the Sabbath-school and the church, should be only supplementary, instead of being, as they too frequently are, the only means of religious instruction the child has.

Again it may be said that upon this point the former days were better than these. The multiplication of religious privileges does not seem to have brought increased spirituality, nor added to the knowledge of sacred things possessed by the youth of the day. Clergymen say it is the exception rather than the rule when candidates for admission to the church can give a clear expression of the doctrines of the faith. In many cases they cannot even recite the Creed or the Commandments. To this order of things there is an honorable and noteworthy exception furnished by the Episcopal Church. The children of this denomination are instructed in the Scriptures; and a knowledge of the Catechism, containing *résumé* of the articles of the Christian belief, is essential to confirmation. Both parents and teachers unite in giving this training, and the religious education of the little ones often puts to the blush the children of those who sneer at the ritualism and alleged worldliness of Episcopalians.

One of the same arguments that is advanced against children's learning to pray is often brought forward against rearing them in habits of church going and of observance of the Sabbath. "Do not draw the line too closely now, lest they break away from all restraint by and by," is the cry. The extreme of Puritanism might do this. It cannot be denied that there seemed to be very little to recommend a faith that made its professors austere, unsympathetic, and relentless to faults, that frowned upon all merry-making, dealt pitiless justice untempered by mercy to offenders, and preached that God was a wrathful Judge instead of a loving Father In the homes of such men the Sabbath could by no stretch of the imagination be called a delight. Rather was it a day of penance, of mortification of the flesh and the spirit, of long, dull prayers, and longer and duller sermons. A cheerful face was reprehensible, a laugh or a merry jest sinful. From early morning until evening there must be no relaxation in the laborious business of keeping the Sabbath holy, according to the Puritan acceptance of the phrase. It is no wonder that corresponding laxity was the reaction from such bondage, and that the children brought up in such homes shou'd fling off the yoke at the first opportunity.

Still, the abuse of religious training is no reason why it should be altogether thrown aside. The utter freedom in this regard that prevails in some homes may have effects no less disastrous than those following overstrictness. There is a happy medium between the two. That children should have careful leading in spiritual matters as well as in things temporal, if they are to practice their beliefs in after life, is a self-evident fact

There were merits in the old-fashioned method of taking children to church from the time they were old enough to behave properly, of making them feel it their duty to attend upon the ordinances of God's house, of giving them religious instruction at home instead of shifting the whole burden of responsibility to the shoulders of the Sunday-school teacher. Nowadays children are generally allowed to follow their own sweet will in the matter of church attendance. They go when they feel like it, and when they do not they are permitted to stay at home. In glancing over an average congregation it is painful to see how few children are present, and the sight gives rise to serious reflections. Church-going seems no longer indispensable, even to professing Christians. The tendency of the age is more to utter freedom than to strictness. If those who were brought up to attend church ordinances become thus neglectful, what will be the course of those children who are taught to value religious services so lightly? It is a trite saying that the future of the country lies in the hands of the children, but in view of the terrible spread of wickedness in the land, of the growth of intemperance, of the increase of dishonesty and other crime, and of the rise of anarchy, this statement takes on a startling significance. What is to become of churches, of Sabbath-schools, of religion itself, if the rising generation is not taught to cherish them?

The question of allowing children to read the Bible is another point that has provoked much discussion. Some opponents of the practice have made such strong statements as that it is an unfit book to put into the hands of the young. Other equally zealous advocates on the other side have claimed that no child ever obtained the least impure thought from its perusal. Without committing one's self to either side, it may yet be questioned if there is enough harm derived from reading the Bible to balance a feather's weight against the good it imparts. Certainly, under the wise guardianship of a mother, a child may be led safely past pitfalls and miry ways. Even without such a guiding hand it is not probable that a child's pure imagination would be affected by words and phrases he does not understand. Children, in their innocence, pass over objectionable expressions without comprehending them, when an older person would hesitate and turn aside. One fact that seems to be overlooked by many of those who find fault with the Bible is that there is a goodly portion of it that can be read without distressing the most fastidious person. Parents can always direct their children to such chapters, or else themselves tell them the beautiful old stories that have delighted countless childish hearers. Against the Gospels nothing can be said, and the cavilers at the morality and propriety of speech of the Old Testament may turn their children loose in the history of the life of our Lord without fear of their stumbling upon anything obnoxious. It may be remarked that those ultra-particular parents who taboo the Bible as contaminating do not, as a rule, exclude daily newspapers from the family, nor keep their children from public schools because of the coarse language and actions they will probably see and hear there.

One word more on Sabbath-keeping. In the universal liberty of conscience that is fast taking the place of adherence to religious principles, the habit of reserving secular reading for week days is becoming less common. By permitting fairy tales and Indian stories to be read on Sunday, the day loses its sacredness, and is thus deprived of its religious effect. There is no reason why Sunday should not be made happy for the children, even if every-day books and toys are put aside. There are many grown people who can recall sweet memories of the bright, peaceful Sabbaths of their childhood. They remember the walks to and from church, the little excitement of wearing one's nice clothes to do honor to God's house, the solemn influence of prayers and music, the happy hour spent in Sunday-school, and, best of all, the blissful evenings when papa and mamma sat with the children by the fire in winter, on the porch in summer, and sang hymns and told Bible stories. Will the child of the Sabbath-careless household retain any such dear and hallowing memories?

The education of the moral sense in children is closely connected with their religious training. This may not seem to be the case for a time, while the approval or reproof of the father and mother is sufficient to guide the child. But she will eventually outgrow that in a measure, and then there must be something stronger to hold by than the unassisted promptings of the child's sense of right and wrong. If she has been taught that her actions are under the supervision of a Holy Being, to whom sin is hateful; that by her side waits an unseen Friend, ready to aid her in resisting temptation; that his love is her protection, his companionship her reward, she will have a tenderness of conscience, a quickness of perception to distinguish between good and evil, that will go far toward helping her keep the straight path.

THE TIME OF JOY FROM SORROW.

JOY and sorrow are strangely mixed at the Eastertide. We smile with eyes heavy with tears, for the Resurrection was preceded by Gethsemane and Calvary, and the memory of the sorrow and the suffering are inseparable from the joy of the crown.

We sit and tell off the days of the year as a saint does his beads, and as the pearls pass through our fingers on the golden chain of the year, there is not one but gives out a ray of light. The darkest hour holds in it some memory of a tender thought, some act that pierced the gloom and has left the tinge of comfort to make light the shadow.

The Easter should carry to each of us the consciousness of the coming into a new life of light and gladness, because of the dropping off of habits, thoughts, tendencies, that held us to a dead self. There may be mortifications from defeats, mistakes, but if they are stepping-stones into a life made bright because of new knowledge gained, are they not the messengers sending us from the tomb into the garden?

Life is a constant resurrection if we live it as the Master designed us to live it. Each day should be a passing from death unto life because of the new impulse to grow into the likeness of Him who created us; each day should carry a message to a life burdened and held down by sin, indifference, ignorance, misconception, that would enable it to throw off its bonds and live in the light of a resurrection. Not the tomb is our destiny, not the grave our hope, but the life in the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, where every bond of sin and earth will be broken, and we shall know nothing but growth into holiness and perfection; and we begin our preparation here.

To some of us the Easter-tide brings memories of separations, of lives that are growing into full measure of grace and glory under the care of Him who sent them with their message and called them home when it was delivered. Long years are some in doing their work in the vineyard, while some gave out their message in so short a time that we feel they were imprisoned spirits caught and held by our love while they spake to us.

Shall we rebel because the journey is ended, the work all done before the heat of high noon has touched them? "Woman, why weepest thou?" "Because they have taken away my Lord." The woman's face was toward the tomb. She sought a dead Jesus, but when she turned away from the tomb she found a living Lord, who called her into a life of eternal hope. There must have swept over her in tumultuous joy the memory of the parting. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you." And as she looked at the glorified Christ she must have realized the selfishness of grief, for there would have again been borne upon her soul "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I go to my Father."

"There is no death! What seems so is transition!
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Blessed Easter, that gives us the glimpse beyond the portal, calls us to joy in our sorrow for the freedom given to the ones for whom we would have given life could we have spared them a pang. Shall we not look onward to the meeting

"Where the child shall find its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild,
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once forever more"?

And this glory comes after Gethsemane and Calvary, the Easter joy, the resurrection.

THE SPRING FESTIVAL.

AN EASTER DINNER.

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil.

THE housekeeper who lives in large cities, particularly in those which are seaports, has no difficulty in preparing a tempting bill of fare for the Easter dinner. Early vegetables from those sub-tropical regions known to us indefinitely as "the South;" California pears in cold storage, Havana pineapples, and Florida strawberries; delicate fresh fish, spring chickens, and game, make her task an easy one. It is far otherwise to the dweller in inland towns or country villages. Unless her purse is a very deep one, and she can afford to send abroad for luxuries, she must exercise her ingenuity in making the most of the means at her command, and mix her dishes, as the famous painter did his colors, with brains to secure the desired variety. Articles of food put up in tin are, of course, not as nice as the fresh ones, but they may be so treated as to render them very palatable. The cans should be chosen with care, and only the best brands of reliable manufacturers purchased. In the following bill of fare the tomato, lobster, corn, peas, pineapple, peach, and cocoanut are all canned Yet, after they are properly prepared, this fact would scarcely be observed except in the case of the peas, and possibly the corn.

Tomato Soup.
Curried Lobster.
Roast Leg of Lamb.
Beefsteak Pie.

Corn Fritters *Green Peas.*
Stuffed Potatoes. *Macaroni.*
Potato Salad.
Pineapple Cream. *Cocoanut Drops.*
Peach Méringue *Zephyrs.*
Oranges and Cocoanut.
Coffee.

TOMATO SOUP.

Add one pint of boiling water to a quart tin of canned tomato; let it boil fifteen minutes, strain, add to the liquid one pint of milk, and when it again boils stir in a tablespoonful of butter and a heaping one of flour well rubbed together and thinned with cold milk; when it thickens, season with salt, a very little nutmeg, and red pepper to taste.

CURRIED LOBSTER

Boil three-quarters of a pint of milk, add to it a heaping teaspoonful each of curry powder and corn-starch rubbed together and mixed smooth with cold milk; put in salt to taste. Turn the lobster on a plate and examine it carefully for bits of shell; divide the flesh into small pieces and stir it into the curry. It should boil ten minutes, that the lobster may become thoroughly heated.

ROAST LEG OF LAMB.

Lamb is the traditional Easter dish, as roast beef in England and turkey in this country are the Christmas

ones. Wipe the meat carefully, and put it to roast in a quick oven that will brown the surface and retain the juice in the joint. Unless very small, it will require an hour if it is liked rare, and fifteen minutes longer if well done. Remove to a hot dish, and decorate the hock with a paper frill, such as is used for hams. Pour off the top of the dripping in the pan, add one cupful of boiling water, and when it boils, thicken with one teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth in cold water; season with salt and a little pepper, and serve in a gravy tureen.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.

Take a pound and a half or two pounds of rump steak, according to the size of the pie required. Cut it in strips and brown it quickly in a frying-pan, turning it as necessary; put it in a saucepan with one pint of boiling water, and let it stew very gently three quarters of an hour; be most particular that it does not boil fast. Take up the meat and arrange it neatly in a granite-ware pudding dish. Put a dessertspoonful of butter in a saucepan, and when it melts add the same quantity of flour. Stir these carefully until the mixture is a rich brown; add to it by degrees the water in which the meat was stewed; season with pepper and salt, and flavor with Worcestershire sauce, tomato catsup, or any condiment that is liked. Pour a little of this gravy over the meat, and reserve the rest until the pie is finished. For the paste mix one-third of a cup of butter and one cup of fine flour together by cutting the two with a knife, sprinkle in one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a pinch of salt; mix to a stiff paste with ice water. Roll it out, larger than the dish, cut a rim about ten inches wide all round it, wet the edge of the dish, and lay this in it; cover the top with the remainder, keeping a small piece to make leaves to ornament it. Cut a wide slit in the top for the steam to escape; a bottom crust is unnecessary in a meat pie. Bake it about three quarters of an hour in a quick oven. When well done, insert a funnel in the slit in the paste and pour in the extra gravy which has been kept hot in the saucepan. This prevents the gravy from boiling out around the edges, as it will if the whole quantity is baked with the pie.

CORN FRITTERS.

Examine the corn carefully to see that there are no particles of husk among it. Beat two eggs very light; stir into them two tablespoonfuls of flour, wet with four tablespoonfuls of milk, add salt to taste, and the corn. Drop tablespoonfuls of the mixture into very hot lard, and cook a delicate brown. Serve piled lightly on a hot dish.

STUFFED POTATOES.

Choose a dozen good-sized potatoes, wash them, and scrub the skins with a brush; bake them until done, about one hour. Remove them from the oven, cut a slice off one end of each, scrape out the potato, mix it lightly with a small piece of butter, pepper and salt, replace it in the skin, and, when all are done, return them to the oven for ten minutes. In serving, cut a slice off the other end to make them stand upright on a flat dish, leaving the top uncovered.

GREEN PEAS.

Drain the peas from the liquid in the can, sprinkle them lightly with salt, put them in a tin pan, and set it in a steamer over a pot of boiling water. Steam twenty minutes. Serve in a hot dish with a teaspoonful of melted butter stirred through them.

MACARONI.

Break a quarter of a pound of macaroni in pieces about two inches long; have ready one quart of boiling milk and water in equal proportions, with a pinch of salt added. Boil it until tender, but take it up before it begins to break; about twenty minutes is usually sufficient. Pour cold water over it, as it improves its appearance. Make a sauce with one cup of milk, thickened with a dessertspoonful of butter and flour rubbed together, and a little salt; after it has boiled a few moments drop in the macaroni, and dish in five minutes.

POTATO SALAD.

Pare six or eight potatoes; boil them in salted boiling water; while hot cut them into dice about half an inch each way. Divide a dozen olives in half, and mix them with the potato. If these are not at hand, use small sprigs of pickled cauliflower, cubes of cucumber pickle, or any similar condiment. Cover the whole with a salad dressing made with cream or oil, as is desired. Put on the ice until very cold, and serve as a separate course.

PINEAPPLE CREAM.

Whip one pint of good cream to a stiff froth; while doing it keep the bowl in a pan of ice water, or surrounded with cracked ice; beat with a Dover egg beater steadily until the desired point is attained. If possible, the cream should be a day old. Sweeten it to taste before whipping it. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in a little boiling water, having previously soaked it in cold water; strain it into the beaten cream through a piece of muslin; add a can of pineapple, the fruit cut into very small pieces. Let the mixture stand ten minutes, then pour it into a well-oiled mold and set it on the ice to stiffen.

PEACH MERINGUE.

Add a cup of sugar to the sirup contained in a can of peaches; after it has boiled five minutes put in the fruit and cook it slowly for ten minutes longer. Place it in a dish, and when cold cover it with a méringue made with the whites of three eggs beaten stiff with one cup of sugar; flavor with a few drops of bitter almond, and put in the oven until it is a delicate brown. Cream whipped with sugar and bitter almond flavoring may be substituted for the méringue, but of course must not be browned.

ZEPHYRS.

Make a small quantity of puff paste by the recipe that may be found in any good cookery book; divide this in half and roll each into a very thin sheet. Spread one with strawberry or raspberry jam, and cover it with the other. Bake in a quick oven about fifteen minutes; let them remain in the pan in which they were baked until cold. Then with a sharp knife cut them in small squares and arrange them on a dish.

COCOANUT DROPS.

Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, stir in gently two ounces of fine flour dried and sifted, six ounces of granulated sugar, and as much desiccated cocoanut as will form a stiff paste. Shape this into balls, and bake on tins lined with buttered paper about twenty minutes in a moderate oven. They should be tinged with brown on top, like those bought at the confectioners'.

ORANGES AND COCOANUT.

Valencia oranges can usually be procured at this season, although those from Florida have disappeared. Peel the fruit, removing as much of the tough white skin as possible, cut it in slices, taking out the seeds, place it in a dish, covering each layer with sugar and sprinkling desiccated cocoanut between them. It should stand for some hours before it is used, that the juice may permeate the layers.

COFFEE.

Allow a large tablespoonful of coffee and one-third of a pint of water for each cup desired. Put the coffee in a bowl, break an egg into it, shell and all, mix to a stiff paste with cold water; scald the coffee-pot, put in the coffee and the required quantity of freshly boiled water; let it boil for five minutes, pour in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and serve. It is well to pour out a cup and return it to the coffee pot in case the spout is choked with grounds. Serve with it lumps of sugar and boiling milk or hot cream. Cold cream cools the mixture, which should be scalding. Many persons prefer after-dinner coffee with sugar alone.

All the sweet dishes in the foregoing *menu* can be prepared the day before they are required for use, the beefsteak pie made, as it is equally good reheated, and many little details attended to. Unless a hostess has very efficient assistance she will find that it lightens her labors immensely to have everything done beforehand as far as possible. Extra silver, glass, and china should be got ready, table linen and napkins laid out, and nothing that can be avoided left to be done on the day of the entertainment.

Easter brings flowers into almost all homes, and as this little dinner is supposed to be given during the holiday week, the table should be dressed with them. If nothing more can be had, a pot of hyacinths can be placed in the middle, or at least the delicate greenery of a flourishing fern. A few sprays with a flower should lie at each plate, or some fragrant leaf, like the lemon verbena, float in the finger bowls, if they are used.

SPRING SUNSHINE IN WINTER.

"GROWING old!" We never see the words without a feeling of sadness creeping over us. It suggests a stepping into the background; it brings thoughts of rheumatism and kindred ills, of being tolerated because we are, not loved for what we are. It means, with too many of us, moving slowly along while the world sweeps past us. It means idols shattered, and no heart to put up new ones in their places; empty niches whose emptiness testifies to broken faiths and disappointed hopes. It means only a past, but no present, and chaotic thoughts as to the future. But this does not represent the harmonious unfolding of life; this does not mean the inevitable condition of old age. It means the natural result of a life spent with no preparation for old age, when the physical powers refuse to obey the will.

When we speak of preparation for old age, the thought suggests economies that develop into bank accounts and profitable investments. We do not think of the companionship of books, the development of the love of the beautiful in art, in music; the learning of kinship with our fellow-beings that the wells of sympathy may not run dry; the keeping of the love, respect, and veneration of those who come closest to us because we have valued and kept alive the best in ourselves; the performing of every duty till infirmity compels its abandonment to other hands—happy are we if we have helped train them to take it. We need all our lives in which to grow to the full measure of the divinity implanted in us.

Old age is sad only when we anticipate it as a time of sadness; when we get behind it like cowardly soldiers, and cry for quarter, instead of leading the march toward the city of the conquerors, carrying the ensign of our Leader till death takes it from us. Our old age will be what we make it: a consummation that is but the flower of life, or a withered branch dried and useless when it should still be fruit-bearing. Felix Oldboy, in his paper in the "Evening Post," "A Tour Around New York," presents a picture of old age that wins not only our admiration but our aspiration:

"One of the youngest of my friends has just called at my literary workshop to tell me that he entered upon his ninety-third year last Sunday, and that he enjoys life as much as ever. I have many acquaintances of half his years who are a great deal older. They come to me with pinched faces, and wrinkled brows, and frames shrunk with the cares of the world; and the burden of their lament is that life is not worth living. My youthful friend of two and ninety summers is plump and smooth of face, stands erect as a soldier, has a good appetite, and is as busy as the day is long. For more than three quarters of a century he has made his home in New York, and apparently he has the best of intentions to remain here another equal period of time. 'Felix,' he said to me, blithely, 'if this state of affairs continues many years longer'—we were speaking of matters of public interests—'you and I will have to see about it.' And really, as he spoke, the vista of years seemed to stretch as pleasantly and as far to the front as they made a pathway of sunshine when we glanced backwards, and for a moment I failed to remember that he is a pensioner of 1812 and that I am a veteran of the war of half a century later.

"'Sir,' said my youthful friend of the snow-white locks, 'I was asked the other day if I had retired from business. "No, sir," I replied, "never." I am a busy man, Felix. Not long ago my old friend the Alderman stopped me, and, taking me by the buttonhole, said that he had a long story to tell me. I said, "Excuse me, sir, I have business to attend to." So I have. I am a silent partner in all the great enterprises of the world, and I hope I shall never be so old that my own social and business interests will not require my personal attention. I enjoy my evenings at home, too. The younger members of my family go to the theater or opera, and return home weary or disappointed. I am never weary of my evenings. I have Shakespeare, and Plutarch's Lives, and the Bible for my companions—yes, sir, I have the Bible there always. But, good day, Felix. I fear I have wearied you with my talk. Will I meet you again this week by appointment? No, sir. It is the unstudied visit that gives the most pleasure, and we'll be sure to meet soon and to enjoy it the more because it is accidental.' So the veteran turned and walked away, with the step that he learned when he drilled on Yorkville Heights with the hope of facing the Peninsular veterans of Great Britain whom Jackson afterwards annihilated at New Orleans. 'Take care of yourself, Felix—you are growing old,' he shouts back as he closes the glass door of the outside office, and I see that he lifts his shoulders with laughter as he strides down the street."

How many texts to preach on in that short monologue! Business of early and later life did not separate this youthful old gentleman from the masters of literature and life. All through his life he kept his moments for communion with these silent friends. He remained a man; did not degenerate into a money-making machine. Life meant to him a reaching after all that enriched life in its highest sense. And when the quiet corner appealed to him he was not made wretched, peevish, intolerant, because all that had given him occupation and pleasure was placed beyond his reach by lack of physical power. This wise man had kept friendship with all that has eternal life and vigor, and the reflex kept him young.

What a lesson to men who still stand in the sunshine of all their powers! "I am a silent partner in all the great enterprises of the world, and I hope I shall never be so old that my own social and business interests will not require my personal attention." The whole secret of perpetual mental vigor is hidden there.

We live, most of us, through our years of activity bending all our thought and energy to our own affairs; neither church nor State calling us loud enough to make us consider duty to them as part of our manhood. Social life is dropped so completely with marriage that five o'clock teas were invented to give our wives and daughters the opportunity to see their friends when escorts were not needed. A business man in our day is apt to wear his dress suit so rarely that he discovers he has outgrown it when he has yielded to tears and entreaties to attend a social event. The chances are he hangs it back in the closet, secretly congratulating himself on being relieved of an unpleasant duty.

Every year adds new bondage to the life of the man who makes his business the inlet and outlet of his life. To him old age brings but wrinkles and groans; mind

has lost its power to grasp any interest but that which has monopolized it, and when physical infirmities place an embargo on it, there remains nothing for it but age.

John received the natural outgrowth of his life on the Isle of Patmos. Youth would not have waited patiently till the revelation was complete. The life spent in spiritual activity was ready to deliver the message he only understood. To him was revealed the City freed from night and tears; to him was shown the great multitude that no man could number, who had come through great tribulation; to him was shown the Lamb and the book of life. He it was who heard and delivered the message, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

John was as ready for the message, both to receive and deliver it, as he was in early life. No begging to be excused because he had reached the years of infirmity. Old age found him still responsive and receptive.

In him we see, as in every life lived with the purpose to reach the utmost circle of its possibilities, that their works do follow in a posterity enriched by their example and teaching.

OUR SISTERS' KEEPERS.

THE season of shopping is upon us, and we hasten with joy to its attractions, or drag ourselves sorely against our will to choose our garments. Too often no thought but of our own interests enters into our minds. We do not see how far we are responsible for imposing burdens on those who should find in us help. We buy the bargain with no thought of the injustice that probably made the bargain possible. This injustice may be the wages of the seller who has but this choice or beggary and starvation. We cry out in indignation against the wrong, the suffering of our wage-workers, but we do not act as though their suffering were possible of amelioration did we take our stand on their side. If we know a house deals unjustly with its employees, let us show, by refusing to patronize it, that we condemn its action. Let us not make injustice permanent by giving indorsement to methods that work injustice.

A woman who has studied one phase of this question writes on what she terms "Morality in Shopping"—words that are worth pondering as we wend our way through the busy shops:

"Much has been said about the contractors and middlemen—*sweaters* they call them in England—who force down the wages for women's work to starvation prices, giving the work to that lowest class of all, who live in such squalor and dirt that a low wage represents to them a living price. These men are not the creators of this condition of things, but come as a result, supply a demand. Political economy says all wages tend to the lowest point that will be accepted; that this lowest point tends to pull down all to its level, and to fix the scale of prices. Then, we see, we must begin at the bottom, if we propose to accomplish permanently this great work of shortening hours and raising wages.

"First, we must get at the individual workwoman, and show her that it is for her personal interest to join an organization. Take her from her isolation, which may be that of selfishness or ignorance, and group her with her fellows. Bring her into the open day of public opinion, and so raise her ideal of life and scale of living. If she is a foreigner, can we not get some one speaking her own tongue, or perhaps in race sympathy with her? We shall do this as thoroughly as possible; we shall, as far as in us lies, see that no woman landing on this continent shall enter into this lowest class of ruinous competition.

"Our work will still be but half done. Let us supplement it, let us enter, as well, on a crusade which may give a quicker result. Let us look again at our Political Economy, and analyze the causes of *value*, which regulates prices. Of course, what enters more or less into all value is the cost of production; that includes the cost of materials and the wages paid for work. But the ultimate or final cause of value is demand and supply. It is the *democratic demand* for cheapness that keeps alive this sad condition of things. It is *our* needs and *our* desires that regulate a large part of production. In our eagerness to make our little money go far, are we not too careless of the claims of those who make for us, or stand behind the counter which we face? When a neatly made garment is offered to us as 'cheap,' do we stop to ask at whose expense is the cheapness?

"There is an old story of a shirt sent to Herakles, beautiful to look on, but which burned to the bone!

"Look at the home of the poor worker; look at the thronged shops, at the faces of the exhausted, feverish, or overdressed girls behind the counters! Where are these shops? who are the women whose custom supports them? Can they not be reached and touched?

"It is the women a little better off than the poorly paid workers who represent this buying public. They may feel they are not rich enough to go to other shops, that they must wait for 'great bargains in underwear,' etc. But can they not be made to understand something higher? Can we not draw up some form of appeal to the women in the country towns who do their shopping here, laying before them with a 'sweet reasonableness' the facts of the case? Are we not all sisters, one of another, and should not a woman's heart thrill at being called upon for help? Let each woman be begged to make this matter of *buying* a thing not lightly to be dismissed as a matter of little consequence, but one demanding earnest and conscientious thought. Browning says: 'What right have you to set the thoughtless foot upon her life or mine, and then say, as we perish: Had I *thought*, all would have gone otherwise.' Where it is a possible thing, let the buyer come into personal contact with the worker. Let each woman buy her material of a little better quality, with none of the deceptive stiffening, unbleached, perhaps, as our ancestors did. Then let her go to the home of the worker, and pay a fair price for the making, giving loving and sisterly interest and sympathy into the bargain.

"Suppose a thousand women were to do that, many of them with children to clothe! What a beginning that would be, and who can calculate its far-reaching effect? All women would be bound together in loving service, and a block of civilization would be lifted to a higher plane.

"Out of this new set of conditions would spring, whenever it seemed to simplify, co-operative centers, whose success would be assured.

"No weary waiting for custom, none of the heartsickness that attends risk. The market *secured* would be the *cause* of each industrial group."

BABY'S CROCHETED SOCKS.

By Mrs. C. Dennis.

MATERIALS required.—One-fourth of an ounce each of white and red fine Saxony yarn and a fine bone crochet-hook.

Begin with the red; make a chain of thirty-seven stitches.

First row—Put the hook into the third loop of the foundation chain under the two horizontal threads; take up the yarn and draw through; take up again and draw through the two loops on the needle. Take up the next loops and each of the following ones, and work off the same as the first.

Second row—Turn the work and chain four, then with the yarn over the needle put the hook under two threads in the third stitch of the last row; take up the yarn and draw through; take up again and draw through two loops on the needle; take up again and draw through the two remaining stitches on the needle; chain one, pass by one stitch in the last row, and, with the thread over the needle, work off the next stitch the same as the first; chain one and work off across. There should be eighteen bars.

Third row—Turn and chain one and work across in single crochet, taking up only the upper thread. Break the thread and join on the white, and with this work in single crochet, taking up one thread, thirteen rows. Always chain one at the beginning of each row and put a stitch in the chain at the end of every row. There should be thirty-six stitches. Begin again with the red and work three rows like the first, second, and third. This makes a row of holes through which to draw a cord or ribbon to tie with. This finishes the leg.

For the upper part of the foot fasten the white yarn to the thirteenth stitch of last row, and work the same as for the leg forward and back on the twelve center stitches six times; then six rows, decreasing one in each row; break and fasten the thread. Now join the red at the right hand of leg and work in single crochet the twelve stitches; then take up twelve stitches on the side of the foot, six across the toe, twelve on the other side of foot, and the twelve on the other side of leg.

There are now fifty four stitches. Crochet across five times, putting the hook under two horizontal threads between stitches. In the three following rows narrow twice in each row at the toe, and once at the heel, by passing a stitch without knitting it.

Break off a long thread to sew the sole and heel together. There are now forty-two stitches. Fold and sew, matching the stitches carefully.

Sew the leg with white wool, and with the red yarn crochet a row of shells across the top and fasten.

To make a cord, take one thread each of white and red yarn; tie an inch from the end, then chain about twelve inches; break off and tie.

Draw the cord through the holes at the ankle, and finish the ends with tassels.

PROBABLE EXPLANATION.

IN your report of the interview with Mr. Beecher which you gave in The Christian Union of February 23, you put into his mouth the expression "fraxed out," and say in a foot-note that the word *fraxed* is not found in the dictionaries. May you not have misunderstood Mr. Beecher? Did he not say "*flaxed* out"? This was a common expression among the country people in Mr. Beecher's youth, and even much more recently. You will readily perceive that it was borrowed from the process of breaking or swingeing flax—likely the latter. The stiff, unyielding flax was made soft and pliant by these processes. "As soft as flax" was a common expression. "Flaxed out" was frequently used instead of tired out. The high price of cotton goods from 1861 to 1865 caused many farmers who had previously bought calicoes and cotton cloths to take up the cultivation of flax, from which table and toilet linen and cheap summer clothing for men, women, and children was made. Among the small farmers this work was chiefly done by hand. In Mr. Beecher's early life in Indiana he no doubt became familiar with the process of home manufacture of linen. Though he rarely used slang, he may have been struck by the energy and simplicity of this expression. W. C. S.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

By Alice Wellington Rollins.

CHAPTER III.

THE situation seemed more terrible just because it was not easy to account for it. They had been about in many dangerous places, but just where they were at the moment there was nothing at all that looked dangerous. It was such a strange country, however, with hot pools bubbling up where you least expected them, and great crevices that showed deep underground caverns under the very surface you were walking on, though it looked so substantial, that it seemed as if the boy might have made some misstep, and dropped, without even a cry that they could hear, into some awful fissure too deep for sounding. Uncle Harry's face was white as a sheet. Johnson was looking about eagerly, and the rest of the boys began running back in all directions, till Uncle Harry called out, in a sterner voice than they had ever heard from him:

"Sit down, all of you, right where you are!"

In his bewilderment it seemed as if the treacherous ground that had swallowed Will might open anywhere and engulf them all. He began stooping carefully as he walked, but stood still as he saw Johnson fist on the ground at a little distance, peering apparently into the ground, and saying cheerfully, as he reached his hand down into a big fissure that had been concealed by underbrush:

"Come, Mr. Will! I guess you've had enough fun for to-day."

A vigorous jerk, and out of the hole leaped Master Will, safe and sound, and laughing heartily at the dismay he had caused.

Uncle Harry sat down.

"Well, young man, do you know that you have given me a very bad quarter of an hour?"

Will stopped laughing as he saw the real anxiety in his uncle's face and heard the unusual severity in his voice.

"Why, there wasn't the least danger, Uncle Harry. Johnson showed us the hole this afternoon, and jumped down into it himself. I knew I couldn't drop far, and it was awful fun to scare you all so."

"No, sir," explained Johnson, "there wasn't the least danger. It's one of the extinct springs; no water there now, and the hole isn't deep."

"No matter whether there was any danger or not; it was a foolhardy thing to do. In the first place, there *was* danger; there is always danger in such an experiment as that. Will might easily have mistaken the hole and jumped into one that was dangerous. But whether there was danger or not, the boy who thinks it 'fun' to make anybody else uncomfortable for five minutes, even with a much less terrible scare than that was, is not the kind of a boy that I shall take traveling with me very often. I want you to understand, boys, once for all, that practical jokes are something I shall not allow while you are under my care. Have all the fun you can; but the boy whose idea of fun consists in annoying somebody else, mentally, morally, or physically, is not a boy I shall encourage."

"Why, Uncle Harry, I am awfully sorry—"

"You had better be sorry. Let me see that you are sorry by never doing anything of the kind again."

Uncle Harry rose, and the sobered boys followed him slowly along the terrace. But Uncle Harry was not one to "lay up" grievances. Severe as he was at the time, in the effort to impress upon the young people what he thought should serve as a lesson for life, he laid the subject by as soon as he felt that it had been understood, and was again his old bright self with them. So they had a gay time, after all, round the supper table, or rather round the supper-grass, and went to bed again on the pine boughs full of jolly plans for the next day.

Uncle Harry told them, however, that there would not be anything particularly exciting on the next day. They would have the fun of riding on the ponies, but it would take them all day to get to the Norris Geyser Basin, which was the nearest point to the Mammoth Hot Springs of any special interest. To the boys, however, everything was interesting. They had not seen so many mountains and gorges as Uncle Harry had, and the splendid road built through the picturesque Golden Gate, where such a narrow pass opened to let them through at all, seemed to them a feat of engineer,

ing which they would have liked to spend the day in investigating.

"And then, you know, Uncle Harry," said Tom, as they lingered round the camp fire at noon to let the horses rest, "there'll be the glass road this afternoon."

"What's a glass road?" asked Will, who was not so fond of reading up the guide-book ahead as Tom was.

"It's a road made of glass."

"But where did they get the glass?"

"Oh, they didn't cart it here for the sake of making a road out of it, you may be sure. They didn't want to make a glass road, but they wanted to make a road where there was a glass mountain in the way; and it was a good while before they found out how to do it."

"A mountain of glass?"

"Yes, said Tom, confidently, "a whole mountain of real glass. We shall go by it this afternoon. And it shines in the sun like—like anything!"

"Come, Tom," said his uncle. "That won't do. You always know so much more than all the rest of us that you must be sure you know it accurately. What does it shine like?"

"Why, like glass, I suppose, if it is glass."

"But do you expect to see a great mountain of white glass shining in the sun like crystal?"

"Why, I did."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. It's glass—you're quite right about that; but it is volcanic glass, and black as ink. It glistens in the sun, but it glistens like jet, and not like crystal. It wouldn't surprise me to have you drive right under it without noticing it at all."

"Oh dear!" said Tom, much disgusted.

"But it's very wonderful, for all that; and the road is very wonderful, too. I suppose it is the only piece of glass carriage road in the world."

"Tell us about it."

"Tom can tell you that."

"Is it a road over a whole glass mountain?"

"No," said Tom, though with less confidence since his uncle's corrections. "It's not over the mountain, but great blocks of the obsidian—that's what they call the glass—had broken off on the mountain and tumbled down just where the road had to go. And Colonel Norris and the rest of the engineers didn't know what to do about it for ever so long. They couldn't blast it like rock, and they couldn't move it, or dig it out, or cut through it; and finally they built great fires on it that made the glass expand, and then when it was hot they dashed cold water on it from a lake that happened to be right there, and that made the heated glass contract suddenly, and so broke it all up into pieces they could handle. That's right, isn't it, Uncle Harry?"

"Yes, that's right."

And when they went by the great obsidian cliffs later in the afternoon, they were immensely interested in looking at the queer black rock, smooth and shining, with little specks and streaks of gray through it. They were busy picking up some of the little pieces scattered about to carry home, when Uncle Harry suddenly saw one going into Walter's pocket.

"Here, boys!" he exclaimed, quickly. "I've forgotten to tell you about that. We're not allowed to carry off anything out of the Park."

"Not these little pieces of loose stone, Uncle Harry?"

"No, not even the little loose pieces of stone. You see, there are so many curious things and formations in the Park that everybody would carry off something, and the best thing he could lay his hands on. And when there weren't any little loose pieces lying around on the ground, people wouldn't hesitate to break off great pieces to suit themselves, and the best things in the Park would soon be awfully disfigured, and perhaps ruined. It might take Nature a century or two to repair what a man chipped off in a few minutes."

After this the road wound up and up, and along some very steep cliffs where the wagons went very near the edge of the precipice.

"How queer it seems," said Horace, "to have a park with mountains in it! But then, after all, they don't seem to me such very high mountains. I can see snow on them, of course, but they don't look very much higher to me than Mount Washington, up at the White Mountains."

"That's because we are so high up ourselves to begin with. After we get over this mountain, we shall keep going down into what you will think must be quite a valley; but it will be a valley, after all, that is higher above the level of the sea than the top of Mount Washington is at home. On the top of Mount Washington you are about six thousand feet above the sea; and in the Norris Geyser Basin, where we shall camp to-night, you will be seven thousand feet above the sea. And still you will seem in a valley, because there are mountains rising higher still all around you."

"Why, when we went up Mount Washington," said Walter, "we had to carry all our greatcoats and shawls and rubber coats; and the wind blew like fury, and there was a storm, and we could look down on the clouds that were raining down below us, and it was awful cold that night."

"Well, it will be pretty cold before morning in the Norris Geyser Basin," remarked Johnson.

They could hardly realize that; for, as they wound down hill again into the pretty valley, it seemed just like a pleasant meadow at home, with pine woods around it and a lovely stream winding through it. It was not quite like home, however, to see the stream smoking in spots where hot springs were bubbling up in it, or to have Johnson tell them that if they wanted some warm water to wash their hands in before supper they would find some all ready in a little pool in the grass not far from their tent door. It had been kept warm for them probably for some centuries, and would be just as warm for them the next morning, even if some water left in a pail in their tents should freeze during the night.

Ordinarily the boys would have found entertainment enough in the camp itself, and would have liked nothing better than to pitch the tents and kindle the fire and fetch the water, and then sit down round the fire and tell stories. But Uncle Harry thought it was very fortunate they had brought Wilson to do the work of the camp, for the boys were too uneasy to rest a minute after they heard that they might perhaps see their first geyser that very afternoon. The biggest geysers, it is true, were in the Upper Basin, still nearly thirty miles away; but there were a lot of small geysers only a mile up the road, Johnson said, and, as it was only five o'clock, they might perhaps see the Monarch go off; and the Monarch was a very respectable geyser indeed, for people who had never seen any.

So you may be very sure the boys didn't wait to pitch tents or boil coffee. Each of them snatched a cracker and a doughnut out of Johnson's parcels, and, five minutes after they had reached the halting place for the night, five boys were striking off toward the geysers as fast as they could go.

It was not very long before they heard a rumbling and a grumbling as if something very important and very terrible were going on just behind the woods that still hid the basin of the geysers from sight; and in a very few minutes more they saw steam and smoke filling a great space with clouds of vapor, as if a hundred factories were at work under the ground, showing only these vents for their superfluous energy. None of these were the large or famous geysers; none of them threw their column of water and steam into the air higher than thirty or forty feet; and the boys knew that a few days later they would see geysers throwing hot water two or three hundred feet into the air. But as these were the first geysers they had ever seen, and there were so many of them all together, they were wonderfully interesting, and though Uncle Harry reminded them of a much bigger one about half a mile further on which would be spouting very soon and which they might lose if they did not hurry, they could not be persuaded to leave this first field of wonders. For there were many things besides geysers to look at. The great Basin itself was like an immense field of snow, though it was very hard snow, formed, like the terraces at the Hot Springs, from the deposit left by the continually bubbling and evaporating water. All over this great, hard, white field were openings for little pools, some edged with a deposit of beautiful color, pink, yellow, or robin's-egg blue, in which the water, even if it did not aspire to be a geyser, was still bubbling and seething in a way to scandalize any respectable New England pool. A cunning little geyser known as the "Minute Man" did actually send its spouting column thirty feet into the air once in sixty seconds, with perfect regularity, and the boys thought it even more amusing to see it quiet down and stop entirely, only to break out again in another minute, than to see the hot little fountain come up so suddenly. None of the pools were at all alike, and every one was worth a special visit. As the boys scattered in their eagerness, there were continual cries of, "Oh, Uncle Harry! come here! come here right away!" though Uncle Harry reminded them that there was not the least hurry, as the Minute Man and his indefatigable companions had been at work for some centuries, and could be trusted not to disappear for some time to come.

If it had not been so curious and wonderful and interesting, and indeed so beautiful, it would have seemed rather a terrible place to be in. On the whole, I am inclined to think it was a good thing that the boys had left their mothers at home. It was certainly a good thing for the mothers that they were not there; for I am sure they would have suffered untold agonies at seeing how the boys bent over the steaming pools, and ran over the white crust, that seemed as if it might open anywhere and at any minute to send out a roaring column of boiling water. The air was full of the disagreeable odor of sulphur, and great caverns of yawning rock sent forth their terrible voices in roaring steam.

It was certainly frightful, and yet it was very beautiful. The walls of the Emerald Pool were like a grotto of the most exquisite white coral, with water of the loveliest pale green tint welling slowly up to the surface.

"My! isn't it hot!" exclaimed Horace, who could not believe, because this was a quiet pool, that the water was really as hot as that of the bubbling and seething ones. He had tried putting his finger in it, however, and had discovered its temperature.

"Of course it's hot," answered Tom. "Don't you see that it's boiling?"

"Here, here, Master Tom!" said his uncle; "do you mean to say that all boiling water is equally hot?"

"Why, of course; isn't there a regular boiling point for water?"

"Not a *regular* boiling point. At home water boils at 212 degrees; but there are places where water has to be hotter before it will boil, and other places where it will boil before it is as hot. I shall let you find out for yourself whether the boiling water here is hotter or colder than at home. You are always so anxious, Tom, for your father to see that you are learning something at the Yellowstone that this will be a capital point for you to study up."

Here there was another cry, "Oh, Uncle Harry, please come here! Here is a mud puddle trying to be a geyser! And it's awfully pretty, too; I didn't know mud could be so pretty."

Uncle Harry, however, walked toward them in a very leisurely way, and did not seem at all disconcerted when the boys said, with great disappointment:

"There! it's gone! you ought to have seen it, Uncle Harry!"

"Well, it will come up again in a few minutes," said Uncle Harry, tranquilly. "This little fellow has been trying to be a geyser every ten minutes for several hundred years, and I don't believe he is going to stop now, just to spite me. Come here and watch this formation on the edge; it is like a charming bit of slate colored coral. Pity the Government won't let us break off a piece to carry home; but they won't. Hark! there he comes!"

And, bubbling, sputtering, and gurgling, the little pool of gray, thick mud did indeed manage to send a little shower up, not many feet, but high enough to make a very pretty picture. It was really thick mud, like a gray paste, but it fell back into its basin in all sorts of graceful curves, and was really much prettier than a fountain of water.

"Hark! what is that?" exclaimed Horace, in a frightened voice.

For a sudden roaring, more terrible than anything they had yet heard, filled the air with an awful sound that deadened even the constant rumblings of the great basin. Was a new geyser opening beneath their feet?

THE BOYHOOD OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

IT was a bleak New England home in which he was brought up. The house was situated on one of the Litchfield Hills, over which the bleak winds blew with unbroken blasts, finding their way through many a crack and crevice into the draughty house. It was a cause of great rejoicing when the Russian stove was introduced, annihilating winter indoors, and warming three rooms below and three above. The house was white. The garden yielded vegetables for the table, the orchard apples and cider, and the children used apple sauce instead of butter. But it is quite evident that the heat from that Russian stove turning winter into summer did not penetrate the boy's room. "My father's house," says the boy long years after, when he had grown to be a man—

"My father's house was a great barn of a structure, with rooms scattered about here and there. Mine was the west and north room—on the corner; so that I had the full benefit, without any subtraction or discount, of everything that was going on out-of-doors; for double windows were not known, and the carpenters did not care about making a tight fit. Therefore the wind found no trouble in coming in, and on many and many a morning the snow had blown from the window to my bed and across the foot of it; and if anything inspires alacrity of step on a winter morning when the feet are bare, it is a drift of snow. Walking on it is like walking on wasps.

"To go back to the frigid houses of New England in winter, without furnaces or hard coal, or air-tight stoves or steam, would make our dainty skin tingle. What a pother is made to ascertain the exact position of the North Pole, the very center and navel of cold! Why, I could have pointed to the exact spot sixty years ago. It was on the northwest angle of my father's house in Litchfield, Connecticut, in the room where I slept."

He was early taught to work and endure what now might be called hardships.

"It was my duty, after I got to be about eight years old, to go down stairs and build a fire. Ours was a house in

[1] For my material I am indebted to the advance sheets of the forthcoming Life of Henry Ward Beecher, which have been kindly furnished me by Mr. William Beecher.

which, when the weather was cold, if water was left in any vessel it would freeze and split the vessel asunder; and of course crockery had no chance. Our well used to choke up with ice so that we had to cut it out in order to get the bucket down; and sometimes, when the cistern was frozen up so that we could not get water from it, I have gone, on washing days, two miles, and dipped water from a brook into barrels, and brought it home. Therefore you see that, however dainty I may be nowadays, I started on a very different pattern."

If the house was bleak and bare of ornamentation, so was child-life. At that time little provision was made for the children's education, and none whatever for their amusement. "There was," says Mrs. Stowe, "no child's literature; the childhood of Henry Ward was unmarked by the possession of a single toy as a gift from any older person, or a single *fête*."

The mother died when the boy was only a little over three years old, but she left a very sweet and sacred memory in his heart; and her influence always remained with him:

"The memory of my mother," he said long afterward, "as one sainted, has exerted a singular influence on me. After I came to be about fourteen or fifteen years of age I began to be distinctly conscious that there was a silent, secret, and, if you please to call it so, romantic influence which was affecting me. It grew, and it grows, so that in some parts of my nature I think I have more communion with my mother, whom I never saw except as a child three years old, than with any living being. I am conscious that all my life long there has been a moral power in my memory of her."

Yet the home was not without cheeriness and sunshine. The mother was of an easy, gentle, and affectionate temperament. The father, though by education a Puritan of the Puritans, was by nature free, liberal, and unconventional. Scott and Irving were read aloud in the evenings in the family circle. Charades and games of all kinds were not uncommon, the end of the parlor being curtained off to make a temporary stage. The father was far from strait-laced or stern, was fond of all his children, shared in their work, and delighted to frolic and romp with them.

Only one distinct picture of this mother and her boy have I been able to find:

"I remember very well," he says, "when I was but two years old (strange as it may seem; sometimes I think I spent all my remembering power on that early period!), finding myself in the east entry of my father's great house, alone, coming down stairs, or trying to. The sudden sense which I had of being alone frightened me, and I gave one shriek; and then the echo of my voice scared me worse, and I gave another shriek that was more emphatic; and I remember seeing the light stream in from the dining-room, and being taken up by loving hands. The face I do not recall, the form I do not recall; but I remember the warm pressure. It was my mother, who died when I was three years old. She took me to her bosom. I recollect sitting by the side of some one who made me feel very happy; and I recollect seeing my father's swart face on the other side of the table."

A curious incident, a little later, illustrates how intense and eager was his passionate love for the mother whom he knew so little. He was not large enough to go to the funeral, but they told him that she had been laid in the ground, at other times that she had gone to heaven; whereupon Henry, putting the two things together, resolved to dig through the ground and go to heaven to find the missing mother. He was discovered one morning under his sister Catherine's window, digging with great zeal and earnestness; she called to him to know what he was doing, and, lifting his curly head with great simplicity, he replied, "Why, I'm going to heaven to find ma." From this almost unknown mother he inherited that love of flowers which in later life was, as you all know, such a passion with him.

From this mother, too, we may well believe the boy inherited the candor, the natural sensitiveness, and the absolute transparency of truthfulness which characterized him in his manhood. Perhaps also, from her his cheerful views of death, for her own dying was a triumphant entering into heaven, and never during her last sickness did she ask to have her life prolonged.

A year later came a stepmother into the family. A beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes and soft auburn hair, who seemed to the children so fair, so delicate, so elegant, that they were almost afraid to go near her, and felt in awe of her as if she were a strange princess. That she loved the children, and desired their love, is clear enough from her letters.

He grew up in a certain way lonely; a loneliness that was not, however, without its benefits and compensations, for it sent him to nature for his companionship, and taught him to love the trees and the flowers and the birds. "I knew," he says, "where the sweet flag was, where the hickory trees were, where the chestnut trees were, where the sassafras trees were, where the squirrels were, where all those things were that boys enterprise after." So nature became a kind of mother to him.

The kind of schooling that he had would seem poor enough to us in our days. First he went to Ma'am Kilbourn's, where he learned his letters from Webster's spelling-book—a chubby, barefooted, round, rosy-faced boy, with his hair in long golden curls. Occasionally his reading lessons were added to by other reading lessons at home. Once the piece was about wild beasts, and it said "two monstrous lions came out," which the boy with a great air read, "two monstrofalous great lions." He learned, however, sewing and knitting as well as letters, and hemmed between the spelling and reading lessons a towel or apron. From Ma'am Kilbourn's he graduated into the district school.

"There was one great event of horror and two of pleasure: the first was the act of *going to school*, comprehending the leaving off play, the face washing and clothes-inspecting, the temporary play-spell before the master came, the outcry, 'There he is! the master is coming!' the hurly burly rush, and the noisy clattering to our seats. The other two events of pleasure were the play-spell and the dismissal. Oh, dear! can there be anything worse for a lively, mercurial, mirthful, active little boy than going to a winter district school? Yes—going to a summer district school There is no comparison. The one is the Miltonic depth, below the deepest depth."

The Sunday education was, Catechism at home and long sermons at church, neither of which could the boy by any possibility understand. But in spite of poor schooling there was good influence: the saintly influence of the stepmother, the sacred love for the ascended mother, and the reverence for the strong, pure, manly father. This last was by no means least. "I never once saw him," says the son, "flinch before the cold, or look as though anything was hard, or as if there was a reason for not pitching in and holding on where things were difficult."

So the boy learned heroism as well as inherited it. Learned, too, that transparent truthfulness which made it impossible for him to lie or prevaricate. He had great power of silence, but none of deception; he never learned at home how to deceive.

So the boy grew up without much teaching, without much government, but in a home that was full of heroism, truth, honor, and love; grew up a merry, brave, affectionate boy. Thomas K., a younger brother, has told how he looked up to Henry as a natural protector, and this office of protector Henry seems to have assumed in very early years.

He was full of prankishness, but his pranks were always good-natured ones, never had malice in them. His love of humor was irresistible, and neither school nor church could awe him into suppressing it. The picture of him at his sister's school at Hartford is of a small specimen of perpetual motion, perpetual prank, and perpetual desire to give wrong answers to every sober grammatical question, thereby overwhelming the studious gravity of a hundred schoolgirls, for it was in a girls' school that he was pursuing his studies.

In all this you see just the picture of a natural boy, genuine, simple, sincere, kindly in disposition, loving in nature, full of fun, and free from every form of false pretense, but certainly giving no indication of his future greatness, least of all that he was ever to be a great orator. "When Henry is sent to me with a message," said a good aunt, "I always have to make him say it three times. The first time I have no manner of an idea more than if he spoke in Choctaw; the second I catch a word now and then; by the third time I begin to understand." He was bashful to a fault. "To walk into a room where company was assembled," he says, "to do it erectly and naturally, was as impossible as it would have been to fly."

That God is love and that he loves children, and that children may put their trust in God's love to help them, and that they need not cease to be natural and full of frolic, fun, and prankishness in order to be good and to be loved by God—all this he learned later, as by hard study he conquered that indistinctness of speech and made himself marvelous in elocution, and conquered that self-conscious bashfulness and made himself easy and self-possessed in the presence of a great multitude. What I have tried to do is just to tell you the story of the great preacher's boyhood life, that you may know him as he was, a boy like other boys; and so I end as I began, "The boy is father to the man. We cannot all be great orators, great preachers, great leaders. We cannot all be talked about in the newspapers. But we can all be brave, affectionate, true as children, and grow up to be brave, affectionate, and true as men and women; and this is the best kind of greatness."

THE MESSAGE THEY CARRIED.

THE rows of cots stood with the little passages between. Here and there a little pinched face lay on a pillow, which brightened as the nurses in their pretty white caps walked about. Scattered through the wards of the hospital were groups of little folks whose pale faces told that they were only just recovering from illnesses; that but a short time before they, too, had been occupants of the little cots. Close under one of the windows sat two little girls about eight years old, one with soft brown hair smoothed back from the little pinched face, the other with dark-brown rings of hair tumbled about her face. Her cheeks were rosy and her eyes bright as she said:

"I tell you that the egg day is coming, for I heard Miss Clark say, 'Two dozen eggs will give each child one. I will color them.' So I tell you the egg day is coming."

Nannie looked at her, very much puzzled. "I never heard of egg day. What do you do?"

"Eat eggs, to be sure."

"Well, we eat eggs other days."

"Yes, but that day you can't get anything else,' answered Katy, her eyes showing that she was very much pleased at the prospect.

The two children went slowly toward the cot of a boy whose pale face told of weeks of suffering. He smiled as the two little girls came toward him.

"What is egg day, Frank?"

"Egg day? What do you mean?"

"Katy says egg day is coming; she remembers it from last year," answered Nan.

A puzzled look came into Frank's face, but he finally nodded and smiled.

"She means Easter," he said. "But it is flower day," he continued. "All the flowers bloom on that day, even if it snows 'way up to the time." Frank became excited as he talked. "It never matters 'bout snow and ice, or anything; that day they come. Every place is full, and it's so sweet," and he sank back wearily. "The eggs are just for morning; the flowers are for all day," and, as he looked out at the bright sun, he whispered, "Miss Clark says they are for all time—for ever."

The two little girls sat quietly beside until he brightened again and said, "Yes! you ought to see roses and pinks and beautiful lilies and resurrection flowers—I guess the kind that were in the garden, you know, when Mary thought 'twas the gardener. Every place is full, and we each have a bunch. I wish 'twas Easter!" and Frank grew a little paler as he looked wistfully out of the windows, forgetting the two little girls, who finally crept quietly away and stood by the open window.

"I can't see how flowers could bloom under those big piles of snow," said Nannie; "and there is snow 'way off in the country where the grass and flowers are! I guess the Easter day must wait a long time," and she looked anxiously at Frank, who still gazed at the blue sky and soft white clouds. Both little girls looked out into the quiet streets.

"I guess there must be some way for them to grow, for now I 'member how full the chapel was, and they lasted all day, and lots of days," said Katy, and she looked again eagerly into the street as if expecting some flowers to bloom in the snow-drifts.

Slowly along the street came a carriage, and stopped in front of the big iron gate; the door opened, and a gentleman got out whose arms were filled with flowers. The two children ran toward Frank's cot, saying, "Easter's come! It's at the door! Loads and loads of flowers!"

Frank stared at them. "What do you mean?"

"A carriage is at the door filled full of Easter!" screamed Nannie. "It's just as you said: the snow don't make any difference."

Frank looked very much startled as the door opened and Miss Clark, the nurse, came in with her hands filled with flowers. She laid them down on Frank's bed, and said, "Easter will begin early for you this year, Frank."

He did not speak, only reached out and took the bunch Miss Clark gave him, while she laid the rest on the coverlet. The other nurses came in with vases and pitchers filled with flowers, which they placed about the room. The children were wild with delight; the room was radiant with the summer beauty, and all thoughts of snow and cold were driven from their minds. Little buttonhole bouquets were pinned on check aprons, and tiny bunches held in slim, pale fingers, and a festival of joy filled the room.

Miss Clark leaned over Frank and said, "Are you happy?" He smiled brightly. "These are so beautiful! Who sent them?"

"A little girl who will never be ill."

"I know," and the boy smiled sweetly. "I'll tell her; I'm sure I will know her."

That night the ward was very still, and Miss Clark sat beside Frank, who said, "My Easter has come, Miss Clark. I'm so glad, and I will remember 'bout the little girl and tell her we were all so glad."

The head rested lovingly against the flowers on the pillow as he said, "No night there, neither sorrow nor crying; for God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Miss Clark bent down to hear again, "Easter flowers! my Easter has come." And all was still.

The more believers love God, the more they love one another; as the lines of a circle, the nearer they come to the center they come to each other.—[Charnock.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

SCRIBES AND PHARISEES.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

THE twenty-third chapter of Matthew constitutes the closing public address of Christ. After delivering it he departed from the Temple, and gave no more instruction except privately to his own disciples (Matt. xxiv., 1). It is one discourse; the attempt to interpret it as a series of fragments collected by Matthew requires no further refutation than the simple reading of the discourse itself. On other occasions (Luke xi., 42–54, and xiii., 33–35) some of the same thoughts and almost the identical expressions here recorded were used. But we must either suppose that Christ not infrequently repeated the same, or substantially the same, discourse on different occasions, or we must give up all reliance on the historical trustworthiness of the Evangelists as reporters. Matthew alone gives this discourse fully. Mark (xii., 38–40) and Luke (xx., 45–47) give a suggestion of it. It stands at the close of Christ's public ministry, and is its consummation, as the Sermon on the Mount is its inauguration. The burden of this, as of that, is a warning against the irreligion of Judea's religious teachers; but that is affirmative, this denunciatory; that points out the right way, this is a solemn condemnation of the wrong way. The whole discourse is an illustration of the precept, Abhor that which is evil (Rom. xii., 9) and of the "wrath of the Lamb" against all unrighteousness; and it interprets a phase of Christ's character, and therefore of God's character, which modern sentimental philosophy is fond of ignoring: his passionate and vehement abhorrence of sin. Christ's example is in all things a pattern for his followers; and his spirit of indignation we are to imbibe as well as his spirit of patient, long suffering love. This philippic, therefore, is a sufficient justification for the disciple when the occasion demands similar disclaimer and denunciation of ecclesiastical oppression and hypocritical pretense. Yet its peculiar commingled character should be observed; it is both a philippic and a lament, the language of vehement rebuke and of poignant sorrow. Terrible in its invective, it ends in an outcry of infinite, divine pathos and compassion.[2]

Without entering into any historical interpretation or application of the invective of this chapter to the scribes and Pharisees of the first century, for which the reader is referred to other lesson helps and to his commentaries, I gather from the chapter a suggestion as to the elements of character which enter into the scribes and Pharisees of all epochs. Let us not forget that the denunciations of this chapter are as applicable to the men of this class to-day as they were to those of that class who heard this discourse from the lips of Christ. Who, then, are Pharisees?

They say and do not. They are full of profession, but empty of practice. They make rules for others, but are lawless themselves. They are rigorous in their judgment of others, but lenient and forgiving toward themselves.

They bind heavy burdens on others, but bear them not themselves. They seek to make laws rather than to obey them. They are covetous of place and honor, but quick to escape service and suffering. They are ready to wear the robes and the titles of religion, but not to do the works of love and of self sacrifice. They are willing to be enrolled among the members of a church, or even among its honored officers; but whenever there is a call for workers their answer is, 'I pray thee have me excused." They are urgent that others should do the work to which they lay no helping hand.

They shut up the kingdom of heaven against men. Their devices to this end are many. They deny to the common people the Scripture which is the key to the door of the kingdom of heaven. They substitute for its simple, practical, and spiritual teaching the traditions, the creeds, and the ceremonialism of men. They make ecclesiasticism take the place of religion. By pretentious example combined with loud profession, they bring disrepute upon the church of God, and misrepresent Christ and his Gospel.

They are anxious to make proselytes, but not to develop righteousness in character. They measure religious usefulness by census statistics. They put forth their energies to multiply adherents of their church or their sect, but when the adherents are added to the roll they make no effort to develop in them the fruits of the Spirit. Their missionary activity is all a church-building activity, none of it a character-building activity.

They swear by the gold and the gift, not by the Temple and the altar. They lay great stress on the externalities of religion, and are indifferent to the heart of it. Ritualism is to them, not a means for the expression of religious feeling, nor an instrument for the cultivation of religious feeling, but an end in and of itself. They say prayers, but do not pray; they read the Bible, but do not learn the truth; they go to church, but share not in worship; they listen more or less attentively to a sermon, but make no attempt to practice in life its precepts. Of that pure and undefiled ritualism which consists in visiting the widow and fatherless and of keeping one's self unspotted from the world they know nothing.

So they pay tithe, mint and anise and cummin, and omit judgment, mercy, and faith: judgment—that is, spiritual discrimination; mercy—that is, sympathy and good-will to the suffering and the sinful; and faith—that is, trust in, reliance on, and obedience to God. They are scrupulous in the minutiæ of conventional piety, but not in the works of practical righteousness.

They are whited sepulchers, immaculate outside, foul and corrupt within. They measure all life by externalities. They begin by judging themselves, not by what they are, but by what they do; they end by judging themselves, not by what they do, but by what they skillfully appear to their neighbors to do. They begin by substituting for practical goodness a pretentious piety, and end by substituting for even a pretentious piety an ostentatious religiosity.

They build the tombs of the prophets, and fill up the measure of their fathers' guilt. They venerate the good and great men of the past, but do not imitate their examples; and by their life they oppose, and often by their lips persecute, the good and great men of their own generation. For lack of present patriotism they try to compensate by public celebration of the Fourth of July and Decoration Day; for indifference or opposition to the great moral and religious reforms of their own time, by canonizing the reformers of the times that are past.

Such are some of the elements that enter into Pharisaism in all ages and all communities. Are there any of us who have not occasion to search ourselves and make sure that in us there is no leaven of Pharisees, and to us there does not apply in any measure the solemn warnings of Christ against the Pharisaic spirit?

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

HOW we avoid people whom we know are the opposite of what they seem! People who pretend to be good, whom we cannot help but see do evil! This is what Christ saw in the scribes and Pharisees who were about him: they pretended an interest in his teaching, but really meant to entangle him politically, so that he might be made a prisoner of the State. They dared not as yet arrest him, to gratify their own personal feeling, for that would antagonize the populace who had but a short time before spread their garments in the way and strewn the road with palm branches as he rode toward Jerusalem. Even in their revenge they were hypocrites, for they sought to hide their real motives for the killing of Christ.

Christ knew them; understood that they made long prayers with their lips while their hearts were evil. They were among the people who defiled the temple by making it a den of thieves. They were uncharitable; harsh in judgment, self-righteous, saying in their hearts, "We thank thee that we are not as other men;" selfish, thinking only of what would advance their own interest. Christ's pronunciation of woe was not a doom to which he consigned them, but the natural result of the life they led. Blessedness could not follow from such a life. They built the tomb of the prophets, but they did not heed the words of the prophets, else they would have accepted Christ; they decorated the tombs of the righteous, but they did not follow the example of righteousness.

The clerk who cheats his employer by wasting his time or misusing his funds comes under the condemnation of to-day's lesson. The scholar who pretends to study and yet does not; the officer who does not give the service to which the government is entitled; the son who deceives his parents, seeming to do what he does not, or covering by subterfuge the things he knows would arouse their disapproval—all come under the same condemnation by Christ as the scribes and Pharisees; and the doom is theirs, for deceit, dishonesty, evil courses, indifference to obligation and duty—all bring woe, not distant, but at hand, for there is always present the fear of detection, always the anxiety to cover up the evil that involves new courses of evil. What seed we plant will be followed by fruit of its kind.

The Pharisees must have shrunk within themselves when Christ in his majestic wrath broke out—"Wherefore ye be witness to yourselves;" for Matthew tells us, "And when the chief priests and Pharisees heard his parables, they perceived he spake of them. But when they sought to lay hands on him, they feared the multitude, because they took him for a prophet." They trembled with fear, and perhaps with remorse, but not enough to make them repent, not enough to make them choose good rather than evil. So it is to-day; we choose evil because it is more attractive to us than good. The good would mean the giving up of some pleasure or profit, and we choose that we most desire.

What love and tenderness in Christ's heart-cry for the people of the chosen city! Have you not watched a hen gather her little chickens under her wing? How she spreads her wings to cover them! How anxious to keep them from harm! Christ uses the figure they all understood, of motherly love and care, as a symbol of his divine love and care not only for them but for us.

The shelter from destruction, ruin and death; he offering of love and mercy; the promise of rest and peace under the shelter of the Almighty for them and for us. But we pierce the divine heart again by choosing to follow our own inclinations, rejecting the refuge of divine love.

Christ did not condemn the outward lives of the scribes and Pharisees, but the inward lives; he would not have spoken to them as he did had they acted out in their lives the evil that they tried to hide. For Christ again and again spoke words of kindness and mercy to those who were known in the community as sinners. One of the charges brought against him by these very men was that he was the friend of sinners, eating and drinking with them. He never used such ringing words of contempt as when he sought to rouse these hypocrites to a sense of their guilt; and this makes his sorrow at their rejection only a proof of the wideness of God's mercy and love. He closes his talk to the scribes and Pharisees with the fullest measure of love. He tells them that because of their evil courses their house, their soul, is left to them desolate. But he does not leave them without hope; for when they recognize him who comes in the name of the Lord they will see Christ manifested in their lives, and life eternal will spring up within them, and carry an influence that will bring men into the New Jerusalem the City of the King.

STUDYING CHRISTIANITY FROM THE INSIDE.

By the Rev. S. Palmer Dunlap.[1]

"Jesus therefore answered them, and said, My teaching is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man willeth to do his [the Father's] will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak from myself."—John vii., 16, 17.

HAWTHORNE lets two of his characters study the pictured window of an ancient cathedral, first from the interior, where the sun shining through lit up three figures, saint, angel, and Saviour, with distinctness and glory. Then they pass out, and, casually looking back, see the same window from the outside, "where nothing of it is visible save the merest outline of dusky shapes. Neither the individual likeness of saint, angel, nor Saviour, and far less the combined scheme and purport of the picture, could anywise be made out. That miracle of radiant art, thus viewed, was nothing better than an incomprehensible obscurity, without a gleam of beauty to induce the beholder to attempt unraveling it." "All this," says one of the characters, "is a most forcible emblem of the different aspects of religious truth and sacred story, as viewed from the warm interior of belief, or from its cold and dreary outside. Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors."

Surely the favorable standpoint for studying Christianity is from within. Before committing himself to the Christian life a man lacks facilities for a full knowledge of either what it is to be a true Christian or how he may become one. After a man has begun to listen to the voices of God and of his own conscience, then he gains more and more the ear that hears. Just as with ever-increasing brilliancy the street gas lights up the way to the man who from an unlighted street walks toward it, so the Light of all the ages illuminates with ever increasing brilliancy the footsteps of the man who is walking toward it. It is true that Christianity reflected all about us, but its brightest beams fall, not upon men while their faces are toward their lusts, but while their faces are toward their Lord. If spiritual pearls ever are withheld from any, they are the ones who would trample upon them because they know not their beauty or worth. No man can accuse God of partiality. But he does withhold, it is said, from the wise and prudent what he freely shows to babes and teachable persons. He did make the pillar of cloud black with night on one side while at the same time he made it give light on its other side. But that darkness was to frustrate Egyptian tyrants, and prevent their overtaking the poor fugitives seeking liberty in the promised land; while the light side of the cloud was to cheer the fugitives. That cloud, however, with one side made dark, while only one side was light-giving, is not a true symbol of Christianity. The rain impartially falling upon the evil and the good, or the

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[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 8, 1888.—Matt. xxiii., 27–39.

[2] From my Commentary on Matthew.

[1] Of Hannibal, Mo.

sun shining freely on the just and the unjust, are better symbols of Christianity. And yet to get this freely offered life and inspiration from Christian sunlight a man must place himself in it. Just as you may be said to either make your plant grow by placing it in the sunniest window or kill it by keeping it away from sunshine, so the important question is no longer this, "Is there life in Him?" but the question is, "Who will come so near his life that his life shall be their light, and quicken their life?" It has often been true that "the light has shined into darkness that apprehended it not."

That man who has chosen to do God's will, he shall know, shall comprehend, God's teaching. To many men this is a secret. This is a deep principle that most men are slow to learn. There is something that we must have before more can be given unto us. There is a certain Godward desire which if a man does not have he cannot retain any richness of spiritual gifts that he may receive. For even this will be taken away from him and given to that other man who does have that certain Godward desire that is the nucleus of spiritual attainment and riches. Why is it that some are said to be ever learning and yet never coming to a knowledge of the truth? It is because they hear with ears that have no passion for hearing, and see with eyes that have no passion for seeing. Why is it that some "babes" are able to receive revelations that are incomprehensible to others who are, unless they are mistaken, wise and smart? It is because the babes have hearts to hear with as well as ears, and spirits to see with as well as eyes. It may seem a little strange, even contradictory, that a man needs to be a Christian before he can become one. Yet this is a fact, albeit a fact that is stranger than fiction. A man needs to stand within the spiritual temple before he can properly see its heavenly designs and inimitable glories.

Nor does this principle govern only in spiritual attainings. For it is also true that in a certain sense a man must be a merchant before he can become one. He must be a musician before he can become one. He must be an artist before he can become one. He must be a student before he can become one. That is, the divine passion, the desire to achieve, must first begin to burn before the great motor forces of the nature are set a-going. When once the desire to do, or to be, is fully fledged in the heart of a man, then has he the wings to reach the success on which his eye rests. The triumphs of the world's greatest men were in most cases foretold by the largeness of their youthful desires and ambitions. The contrast between the lion and the cat is not greater when they are both fully grown than it was when they were both a month old. So, likewise, the contrast between a great man and a good-for-nothing one is not wider at the end of their lives than it was in their youth, when the sham of the good-for-nothing was predicted by the littleness of his plans, while the fame of the great man cast forth its pledge in advance in the form of large plans and whole-hearted consecration to some work.

It is the passion to be a musician, or to be a skillful blacksmith, that makes either the artist or the artisan. In the possession of this passion they may be said to be musician and smith before they become such. The men who fail as physicians, lawyers, editors, preachers, merchants, tradesmen, or teachers, did not move into their respective callings by a free and strong desire therefor, but they drifted in upon ebbing circumstances. Then, on the other hand, they who succeed in the various vocations are the ones who did not drift into them, but who did sail in under a full head of desire. And it is their having this desire that fits them to have given unto them that success which is its fruit, which has been all but taken away from others who had nearly received it, without having desired it. Unto him that hath a desire for anything shall it be given; and from him that hath no desire for a thing shall be taken away at length even his former opportunities for getting. This law is universal. To it there are real and seeming exceptions. But still, in spite of all exceptions thereto, the law remains true and universal that they who desire enough to seek do surely find. When they find they may sometimes be grieved or disappointed at what they sought; so much so that they may be half inclined to say, "This I never sought, and what I did seek I have not found." Nevertheless, what we reap we did sow. Our will is the eye that finds our way. So that a strong desire for any attainment is the best prophecy of its realization. Any attainment? Yes, even to the attainment of Christian character. Most of you would agree, no doubt, that it would be in vain to try to make a musician, artist, orator, or scholar of a child or youth having no passion for these attainments. So the man who has no desire to be a Christian man at the time when he first tries to become one, begins without capital. I will not say that he tries in vain. But he does begin at a needless disadvantage. A *needless* disadvantage, because if a man has not squandered it he does possess latent capacity for spiritual enjoyment. Unless he has squandered it, any man has desire for a religious life. This desire is the one talent or more given unto each man, and that will not be taken from any until he ceases to use it or fails to follow it. Not every man can be a musician, an artist, or a poet, but every man can be a Christian. There are many who lack both the voice to sing and the passion for song. But there are none who are born with a heart incapable of divine praise and insensible to the constraining sweetness of our Father's love.

But it is a sad fact that men do not, as a rule, make the most of their spiritual capabilities. The resources of spirituality in men are seldom brought out. While no attainment more fitly calls for the exercise of the best common sense than does the attainment of Christian manhood, yet look. Musicians study music from the *inside* of the conservatory, while men study Christianity from the *outside* of the church. The sick sit meekly at the feet, as it were, of their physician, taking it for granted that he can cure them, or that he must be trusted. This is all right. Similar wisdom would lead men to trust the great Physician, and use his skill, power, and love. But no, here the patient arrogates to himself the office of prescribing; and, with scalpel in hand, proceeds to the dismemberment of the Physician. Children enter the schoolroom and sit at the feet of their teacher. So there have been some Marys and others who have sat at the feet of the great Teacher. But how many act as if they would never condescend to learn of God anything concerning their own duty and destiny until they have first dispelled their ignorance concerning his vast designs and providence!

While to doubt is not the sin that some of old taught, nor yet is doubting the virtue *per se* that ten years ago it was very fashionable to call it; but to inquire and even to doubt are hard necessities in the highway of spiritual as of mental attainment. But I protest that inside the church is the place to study, to inquire, and to learn, rather than outside. The old inquisitional notion that it was treason against God to question anything that men had said about him ripened into the notion that still prevails—viz., that the church is a body of saints learned and perfected, instead of being a body of scholars learning "here a little, there a little," withal growing up unto the fullness of the stature of the perfect manhood as it is in Christ Jesus.

Church people are in part responsible for this state of things. They in effect tack their opinions and experiences up on the outside of the church instead of putting them up on the inside. And then they expect men to "know" all this "teaching" and accept these creeds before they enter the church. We do not expect children to be able to pass the seventh grade before they enter the first. But men are expected to confess no small amount of dogma before they enter church fellowship. Without presuming to say this is all wrong, I am sure that it is not all right. The door to the Christian Church should be as wide as the invitations of the Gospel. Any man who simply wishes to do God's will, so far as he knows it, is qualified to be of Christ's discipleship that he may learn and know of his teaching whether it be of God or whether he speaks only as a man. Nor is it a simple thing for a man to truly wish to do God's will. This is the "root of the matter." This is the magnetism that draws to itself "durable riches and honor." He who has the will to do God's will has the key to knowledge and the "beginning of wisdom;" he hath that which insures that unto him more shall be given until "he shall have abundance." This is what should admit a man within the temple of Christianity, upon the translucent walls whereof he may read what the spiritual sun shining through makes clear and beautiful.

It is only in *theory* that a church can expect comprehension and acceptance of creeds on the part of new converts. It is the common practice of churches to accept candidates for membership who show that they are willing to do the will of God, leaving them to learn of the doctrines afterward within the church, as a school. To this practice I believe that our theory of the church and of church membership should be made to conform. Into this belief it is pleasing to see that the Christian world is growing.

Meanwhile, let me say to any one who is convinced that he *wishes* to be a Christian, in the sense that he would follow Christ, You are invited by Christ to come on the *inside* of his church. Do so. While you stand afar off you are misunderstood, and you misunderstand others. And, what is more important still, you are led into a misunderstanding of the true mission of the church. It is a school, not a confessional. It is a nursery, not an orchard in which the fruits of the spirit are already ripe. Therefore plant yourself *on the inside*, as a place more favorable for cultivating the best gifts and growing the fruits of the spirit than the outside can be. If you would not expect a child to progress in his studies by standing by the walls of the schoolhouse on the outside, then do not expect to progress in the spiritual school by standing on the outside. If, again, you say, "Oh, but the church calls itself a body of believers!"—yes, in theory. But in practice she is, and owns up to being, merely a body of learners. This surely is the Scriptural idea of the church. Peter was not even a very apt scholar under Christ as teacher. And yet he was not expelled. How far was he short of knowing Christ at the time when he was accepted into Christian fellowship with the church of twelve! How little did he understand Jesus's teaching at the time when he was accepted into full fellowship as one of his disciples! But studying Christ's system from its *interior*, the sun of divine providence shining through it from without, he made rapid progress. Let no semi-popish notion of the church, entertained as you suppose by others, prevent you from taking your seat at the feet of Christ as a learner in his church, if only you are willing to do his will.

A RAINY-NIGHT PRAYER-MEETING.

By W. F. M.

IT was Friday night of the Week of Prayer, and the attendance through the week had been large, reaching over two hundred on Thursday night. A Bible service had been announced for Friday evening, at which every one present was expected to repeat the verse or passage of Scripture that was then proving especially helpful. Such meetings had been tried in that Methodist church with blessed results. Friday came, and with it a pouring rain that kept on while the bells rang for service. But fifty or more of the faithful defied the storm and came. They gathered at the front of the cheerful room. Everybody looked happy to see so many. The pastor of that church never scolded because there were only a few present. He always thanked those who came.

They began by singing fervently, "'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer," and then a brief thanksgiving went up to the good Father who had sent the rain and given the word. Then another song, "Again as Evening's Shadow Falls," and another prayer. Then a responsive reading of passages about the word. Then the song "Wonderful Words of Life." Everybody sings in the church. They use the same book in all the services, and everybody sings. Then the pastor repeated the proposed plan of the meeting, and began the testimonies by saying that a verse so large and wide that he could not wholly grasp it had given him special inspiration and hope as he looked at his own and others' imperfections here, even when we are trying to live right: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." He had no sooner sat down than a German brother, wounded in the war, arose and said in a broken way: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And as he finished, a venerable mother, with four sons, one in the ministry, repeated, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." And a weary woman, who works hard picking chickens at a poultry house many days each season, followed with—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and her husband, the faithful church sexton, said, "God so loved the world." And then Father H——, who was a blacksmith until he broke down, and has been a Christian more than half a century, repeated all of the first Psalm. And the pastor's wife, a young woman who last year went down to the very gates of death, quoted:

"Precious promise God hath given,
I will guide thee with mine eye."

And as she closed, somebody started to sing those very words, and the melody of voice and heart must have been pleasing even to the Father.

There is Brother W——, who always "says something." He is a superintendent in a large factory, and he has a large Sunday-school class of young men, and he said: "I was looking for pearls for my class the other day, and I found this: 'I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.' I showed the pearl to my class, and then I hid it in my heart." And a brave young married woman who has been battling against adversity and sickness quoted a poem containing the line, "At eventide it shall be light." And she was followed by one of the humblest and best of women, with "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

And the audience sang, as by common inspiration, the second stanza of "My Name's Written There." And a tired business man, who would like two Sundays a week, said: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." And a quiet woman, too timid to rise, said earnestly: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And the teacher of the infant class, with nearly a hundred little ones under her care, said: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall

renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." And a strong man, with a big heart, followed with the story of a dying teacher who had quoted: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," and we sang as he sat down: "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day." The teacher of ten bright boys in the Sunday-school repeated: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." And Brother B——, who was born a slave, and who knows the Bible through and through, quoting it as no one else does in all that church, said, with perfect confidence, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And so the meeting ran on until the majority had spoken and the hour expired. Only one verse was repeated twice. "The Word of God had full course, and was glorified." The way it seemed to fit every case gave new confidence in it, for everybody saw that back of the word there was an experience of its truth wherever tried. I am not describing a fancy prayer-meeting, but one that actually took place in an Ohio city. It was not dull nor profitless. There was no need to urge that "the time be occupied." Everybody will be glad for another like it.

AN EASTER PARTY.

By Elizabeth Glover

"IT is two years since Effie's death," said Miss Armstead, glancing up at the house where the child had lived, "yet the blinds are all still closed. It seems as if her poor mother meant to shut out every ray of comfort forever. What can I do for her!'

She rang the bell, and was ushered into the darkened parlor. A portrait of Effie hung between the windows, and, while Miss Armstead waited, she went and peered up at the sweet little face, as if to find in it some inspiration for the bereaved mother's help. She had loved the child, for Effie had been one of her Sunday-school class.

Presently Mrs. Averil appeared—a beautiful lady, but with a fixed expression of sorrow upon her face, and clad in deepest mourning. She greeted Miss Armstead kindly, and the latter met her with a gentle, entreating cheerfulness that strove to win her sick heart from its prepossession. Yet presently, for all Mrs. Averil's courtesy, it appeared from her every measured word that to make talk with her upon outside subjects was a useless effort. Miss Armstead ceased to attempt it, and turned directly upon the citadel of sorrow. She was an old friend, and the boldness of a heart full of pity inspired her.

"Next week is Easter," she said. "Oh, Edith! I want you so to take the comfort of it!"

"It will not bring me comfort," said Mrs. Averil, coldly.

"But Effie was such a true little Christian; she must be so happy to be with Jesus. Oh, do let it make you happy, too!"

"I would if I could," said the mother, mournfully. "I used to think I was a Christian till my child was taken. I have doubted if there were reality in any of it since."

"Oh, Edith, for Effie's sake, do not doubt!"

Mrs. Averil began to walk the room, full of excitement. "My child is dead to me," she said. "She is dead and gone. Nothing comforts me. I have prayed; I have tried to read books of comfort. They seem all a falsity. Effie is gone. I dread this Easter; I dread the whole spring-time. It seems like a ghastly mockery. It restores nothing."

"My dear," said Miss Armstead, going to her and laying a firm hand upon her arm, "listen to me. You say you cannot receive any comfort from Easter. I want you this week to seem as if you did. Sometimes to act as if it we expected a blessing helps us to receive it. I want you this week to throw back these blinds and put some bright flowers here under her picture. For her sake, dear," she added, as she saw her friend shrink at the suggestion: "for Effie's sake. Indeed, I think she would like it; don't you?"

Mrs. Averil could not answer. She was weeping now.

"And I have something else to ask," said Miss Armstead; "a very great thing, but it is something, too, that Effie would like. I want to have a little festivity at Easter for my class—for her class, you know. I cannot do that very well at my boarding-house. I want you to let me have it here. I will take all the trouble and care; but I want to have it here in this beautiful home."

Mrs. Averil ceased weep'ng, and looked at her friend in reproachful surprise.

"You do not know what you are asking, Harriet," she said. "I have not looked on the face of a child, if I could help it, since mine died. And a festivity here, in this desolated home!"

"But Effie loved her little girl friends. You know there never was a happier child than she when you made little companies for them. If you think it even possible that she is still living, you know such a thing as this would make her little heart happy. You would not lose the least possibility that you might still give her pleasure, would you?"

"Harriet, how can you ask me such things! I could not do it."

"For her sake," pleaded Miss Armstead. "For her sake, dear, you must open your heart and take in comfort. If you let sorrow separate you further from God, instead of drawing you nearer, surely that would be to be separated further from Effie, for she is with God."

"How can I help it?" cried the poor mother.

"By giving up the will of sorrow. Surely it has had its way long enough—two whole years! See, dear Edith, I want to open these blinds now. I want more light on Effie's picture. I think she would sigh for it Such a happy hearted child could not like this darkened room."

And with a brave hand Harriet raised the sash and threw back the blinds of the long western window. Spring sunshine streamed through the lace curtains, and from the gilded wall paper a glow was reflected full upon Effie's portrait. It was as if a smile broke over the painted face, and the mother, who for two long years had averted her eyes from it, stood gazing and weeping and murmuring words of tenderness.

"She always loved the sunlight," said Miss Armstead, "Let us love it, too, Edith, for her sake."

"If I bring my little girls here," she presently continued, "I want to put flowers round this portrait; not white, funereal ones, but fresh pink azaleas, as spring like and dainty as she herself always was. I do not want any shadow from her death to fall between her and them. I want to bring them here to rejoice in the thought of her life and happiness."

"You cannot bring that about, Harriet; it would be impossible."

"I can. They are children. They have the faith of children. Look out, Edith! that springing grass does not find the sunshine more natural and blessed than children find God's revelation of his love and life I want you to have the help of children, dear Edith; I want you to learn from them."

"I fear them!" cried Edith. "I am afraid of their voices and faces. My heart is too sore."

"They will comfort it. Only let me bring them, and you will see."

Mrs. Averil did not reply. Some spell had entered with the sunlight which her heart could not resist. She presently seated herself by the windows, looking thoughtfully now out over the green grass and the border of snowdrops in bloom by the fence, and now up at the sunny face of her child. No wonder that she, who had embraced darkness, had felt so severed from that child. Her look now was pale and sad, but its fixed, immovable aspect of woe was broken up.

Harriet's heart lightened as she watched her. "Verily I believe I have not dared in vain," she thought.

She was not surprised to receive during the week a note from Mrs. Averil asking leave to make all the arrangements for the party herself. But the eager interest and lavish effort with which the bereaved mother presently threw herself into it was a surprise indeed. She sent out six little notes of invitation upon paper stamped with gold and silver butterflies. The day before Easter every window in the drawing-room was open. Gayly colored shades were drawn over the lights of the chandelier. Flowers were everywhere. A stand of callas was in one sunny window, pots of long-stemmed scarlet amaryllis in another; vases of roses and carnations, violets and mignonette, were on all the tables. The wreath of fresh pink azaleas that Miss Armstead had asked for was around Effie's picture. The face that smiled out of it could not be associated with thoughts of pain and death.

There was a flush of life and interest upon Mrs. Averil's worn face. "Come out and see the children's table," she said.

She had spread it with the finest of damask and loaded it with every adornment. There were silver candlesticks with tulip cups to shield the flame. A pyramid of angel lilies was in the center of the table, and a string of delicately colored Easter eggs encircled it, lying upon a bed of roses. There were flowers and smilax depending from the gas-fixture above, and hovering down toward the lilies were some gay butterflies, suspended by tiny wires concealed amid the green.

At every plate was a pot of hyacinths just ready to bloom, each little pot wrapped daintily in a Japanese napkin. Beside each of these lay also a flowery Easter-card, a gilded, egg-shaped bonbon box, and a gayly-dressed little doll. There was a big cake decorated with doves and lilies. "It has a souvenir in it," said the mother; "a little ring with forget-me-nots upon it. Effie was so fond of having a cake with a ring in it."

There were crimson and amber pitchers of milk; little orange baskets heaped with clear jelly; a bird's-nest pudding; tiny cakes and animal crackers—everything that Mrs. Averil remembered had once pleased her child.

"How you must have worked!' said Harriet; 'and how lavish you have been!'

"It has comforted me to do it. I have felt as if I were doing it for her, and she has seemed so near me all day."

How awake, how tender and sweet, was her thin, sad face!

"Will you mind having some of the games Effie liked?' she asked. "See, I have made a candy-bag, because she never thought her parties complete without one."

And she drew out a bag of bright-colored tissue paper tied with a gay ribbon, and, opening it, showed what looked like a heap of flowers, for every candy had been wrapped in its separate bit of soft, bright paper—pink, green, rose, gold, and blue. Harriet remembered the wild merriment of children over a candy-bag, and stood amazed.

The children came—all s'x—at the appointed time. They were a little timid and constrained at first, in a house they had so long associated with grief. But the tender smile with which Mrs. Averil met them, the bright decorations, the pink wreath about the smiling face of their lost playmate, were reassuring. Enough of a subduing memory lingered with them to prevent any wildness in their merriest games. And they played very merry ones, and were most childishly happy over the pretty supper-table and the wonderful gifts and the cake with the ring.

When the feast was over, Miss Armstead gathered them at the piano to sing an Easter hymn, and then talked to them about the hyacinth bulbs, the Easter eggs, and the butterflies, and their meaning at this time. Then she asked them for the verse she had taught them that held the reason for Easter joy, and made it fit that all happy and beautiful things should belong to the season of Christ's rising. And the children repeated together these words:

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The woman who had tried not to look on a child's face since her own died stooped to kiss each of the little girls as they bade her good-night.

"I do not know how to thank you," she said to Harriet afterward; "you have helped me so much. You do not know how near to me my child has seemed all day."

"Because you have turned your face as hers is turned, as the faces of all the angels are turned," cried her friend—"toward light, and toward life!"

"I will not turn it back," was the earnest answer. "I have felt there is something to live for. I want to do for children. I am going to give my life to work for little children."

IS IT A PARABLE?

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

"THESE things spake Jesus unto them in parables; and *without a parable spake he not unto them.*"

That is, to the people, who seem in their dull understandings only to have been capable of taking in truth in that form. Indeed, much of the teaching which the Apostles had from him was in the same form, parable or figurative language.

The twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew (though, of course, all the divisions are arbitrary and many of them unwise) contains—does it not?—three parables. The ten virgins, the talents, and the grounds of judgment and final condemnation. Why are the first two taken as parables and the third accepted literally? We have never seen the third classed among the parables. Trench does not so notice it. Why not?

Does any one suppose that such a conversation will take place?

Yes, one man who went into an elaborate calculation as to the myriads who had lived and might live, and the number of square miles upon the earth, and the number of persons, or perhaps he said souls, who could stand upon each square mile!

This part of the sermon was hardly practical, and lessons in arithmetic are rather bewildering.

Why not accept the parable as a parable, illustrating the fact that each one of us must give account of himself to God?

There are fewer difficulties in this than in the faith of the "intermediate state," when we speak of our friends as being "in heaven;" or the idea of Moses and Elias and all the prophets being remanded back to the earth (or air) to receive a sentence already long pronounced and acted upon.

Inquirer.

We call certain things little because they seem to us so—we judge after the sight. But nothing is little, because nothing exists isolated and divided from other things.

PRESBYTERIAN REUNION.

THERE have just been printed the letters passed between the Committees appointed by the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North and South to consider the practicability of union between the two bodies. As our readers will remember, the Committees met in Louisville some months since and held an informal conference. The position of the Southern Committee, as expressed in a formal communication, is about as follows:

1. It wants to understand more clearly the present position of the Northern body as regards "political deliverances" and the spirituality of the Church. 2 In regard to the relations of Southern churches to the colored people the Committee recommends that one of two plans be adopted: *a*. Organize the colored Presbyterians into entirely separate societies; *b*. organize them into separate churches, presbyteries, and synods, the organization of each being complete without the presence of white presbyters, except for guidance and help. Representation in the General Assembly would be given to such presbyteries, and the synods would be subject to review and control. This arrangement would be provisional, with the expectation that the colored people would rise sooner or later to a plane of church life where they could stand in their own strength on independent church organization. 3. The Committee inquires as to the powers of the various boards of the Northern Church, and how far they are controlled by the General Assembly. 4 The Committee inquires the state of opinion in the Northern branch touching those portions of the Confession of Faith which more specifically involve the great system of truth known as the Calvinistic, and particularly whether there is traceable any distinct tincture of Pelagian and semi-Pelagian heresies.

The Committee of the Church North says in reply to these four points:

1. As to "political deliverances," the querists are referred to the deliverance of the last General Assembly, simply restating the language of the Confession of Faith. 2. The Northern Church does not favor separate organization for colored members. The Committee say:

"We believe that we have a great work to do among the colored people for their own salvation and for the good of the country; and that this is to be done by recognizing those who are in the Church as entitled to all the rights and privileges that are involved in church membership and ordination. We believe, too, that the great work among them can only be fully done by our Churches reunited as one, and this is one strong motive prompting us in our desire for reunion.

"We believe that the best interests of the Church, and of the colored people themselves, demand a careful supervision of their churches in order that the principles of Presbyterianism be inculcated and preserved; that a well-defined system of moral and Scriptural education of the colored people is necessary to their advancement in religion; and that the unity of the Church requires that the evangelization of these people should be continued under the direction of the General Assembly.

"On the other hand, our General Assembly has recognized that this work of evangelization is best accomplished by the education of colored ministers, and the organization of churches composed of colored members, and of those connected with this work. It has also organized them into presbyteries and synods, and has given such presbyteries full representation in the General Assembly."

But they think that the Assembly will agree to Southern synods and presbyteries remaining as they are, new churches and presbyteries being organized and received as the parties interested agree. 3. The Boards are agents of the Assembly, and fully subject to the control of the Church. 4 There is no heresy or doctrinal agitation in the Northern Church.

The Committee close with the expression of hope that organic reunion may be brought about on terms of perfect equality and reciprocity.

CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

AT the meeting of the Congregational Club of this city Monday night of last week the subject discussed was the "Peril and Benefits of Immigration." The principal addresses were by Professor H. H. Boyesen and the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford. The former was unable to attend, and his paper was read by Mr. Stimets, the Secretary. It favored the restriction of immigration. Among other things he said:

"Go down the Bowery any Sunday evening, and in stuffy, ill-smelling, crowded rooms you will find Germans and Bohemians and Hungarians advocating the overthrow of the existing social conditions, and their sentiments wildly applauded by hundreds of foreign workmen. We talk about protection, but so long as Castle Garden's flood gates are allowed to remain open, how are the poor protected? It is not the laborer who is protected; it is the employer and manufacturer."

General Woodford took the opposite side He said:

"It is easy to decry immigration, but how are you going to stop it? You can stop the pauper, the paralytic, and the invalid by making an investigation and turning him back, but how are you going to stop the atheist and the Anarchist—strong, able-bodied men, well dressed, respectable, and intelligent? How are you going to stop him? It is as impossible as the laws of gravitation. Instead of being discouraged because the Austrian and the Slav, the Hindu and the Chinese, are coming here, we ought to rejoice because we can do so much to improve their condition. Whether you like it or not, these people are coming here, and you can't keep them out. I am not at all sorry that they come, and, while I dread the struggles that are inevitable, I believe in the possibility of this country to right matters. The real danger does not seem to me to be in the so-called dregs of society half as much as in the indolence which is characterizing the top part of American society. A limited restriction of immigration is possible against paupers and invalids, and in some few instances against the criminal classes; but on a coast of seven thousand miles, and on a border line of three thousand miles, it is just as impossible to prevent or largely restrict immigration as it is to restrict the forces of nature. Don't let us attempt to cure this thing by surgery, by plasters, or by cutting off excrescences; but let us educate the immigrants so as to become good citizens of this Republic here, and good citizens of the great Republic hereafter."

CHURCH UNION IN JAPAN.

AN interesting event has occurred in the city of Osaka. It was the meeting of the committee of twenty appointed by the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Japan for the purpose of drawing up the Church Constitution under which these two denominations could unite. For a long time there was a strong desire among the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of this country to unite under one church government. Not only these but the Christians of all denominations were strongly in favor of the general union in Japan. Japanese Christians are not in favor of church isms. We are eager to import everything good from foreign countries, whether secular or spiritual. But we are not eager enough to introduce these church isms too. Our sincere and united desire is to have one undenominational church in Japan. As the preliminary step to this organic union of churches, we have now what is called "the great social meeting of all churches in Japan" once in three years. Last year this meeting took place at Tokio. At that time the desire for the organic union of Presbyterians and Congregationalists was so strong that they could not keep it any longer, and have appointed the committee of ten persons, five from each side. This committee has met and drawn up the basis of union and presented it to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian churches, and also to the Annual Meeting of the Congregational churches. They both approved this measure, and also appointed the committee of twenty, of which seven are missionaries and thirteen are Japanese Christians, for the purpose of preparing a church constitution. This committee met last week in Osaka. It lasted five days. The writer himself, being on the committee, could give you his own eye-witnesses. Our motive for this union was, not to aggrandize our power, but to promote Christ's kingdom in this country with the united forces. Our principle was, not to absorb one denomination into other, but simply to bring forth the best portion of each denomination to produce a better system than that of either of the two. We believe that there is no denomination on earth without some defect, while on the other hand there is no system without some good portion in it. Presbyterianism and Congregationalism have their own respective good and defects. So in this new constitution we tried as best we could to preserve the good portion without defect. Freedom and sovereignty of churches are the glories of Congregationalism, while the systematic working and united harmony are the prides of Presbyterianism. In our new constitution we left each individual church entirely free to manage its own internal affairs. Churches are free to adopt either democratic or representative system of government. Moreover, we have sacredly preserved the sovereignty of churches. But for the sake of united working of all the churches in Japan, we formed several bodies to which churches delegate certain specified powers. These are the fundamental principles on which we framed our constitution. All discussions were conducted in a most excellent spirit. No angry word, no harsh expression, no, not a single unpleasant word, was dropped during these five days. When we discussed, we did not discuss it on the sectarian principle. When we voted, we did not vote on the denominational line. A stranger coming into the place would not recognize it as the meeting of two committees. We were perfectly in one so far as our hearts were concerned. When we finished our discussion, the whole committee voted unanimously for its adoption. Now we are going to submit this whole matter to the consideration of churches. And sometime in the next September or October both churches will send the delegates, and in their meeting at Osaka final decision will take place.

P. M. K.

Kyoto, Japan.

JOHN TASKER HOWARD.

ON Thursday last John Tasker Howard died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence in Brooklyn, at the age of eighty. Mr. Howard was one of the three original founders of Plymouth Church, and was its senior deacon. In 1844 or 1845 he, with others, founded the Church of the Pilgrims, the first Congregational church in Brooklyn, and voted for Henry Ward Beecher, then known only as the promising son of Lyman Beecher, to be its pastor, but was out-voted. Two years later he purchased the ground on which Plymouth Church now stands, and a church edifice which then occupied the site, others subsequently uniting with him in completing the purchase, and this time he was successful in getting Mr. Beecher to Brooklyn. He was the first subscriber to the Bethel, the first mission chapel of Plymouth Church, and in all its history has been active in work and wise in counsel.

In its commercial aspects Mr. Howard's life was also an interesting one. Born in Salem, Mass., in 1808, he moved to Brooklyn with his father in 1826, and they started the firm of J. Howard & Son, shipping merchants, and carried on trade chiefly with Russia and South America. Subsequently, in 1845, the Empire line of Southern steamers was organized by Howard & Son in conjunction with Charles Morgan and Isaac Newton. They built the "Empire City" and the "Crescent City." When the gold fever set in, upon the discovery of the precious metal in California, they built the "City of Nevada," which ran to Chagres and connected with the "Northerner" and the "City of Pittsburg" on the Pacific side. The "Golden Age" was next built by the firm for the Havana traffic, and that vessel is still running on the Pacific coast. Mr. Howard married Miss Susan T. Raymond, daughter of Eliakim T. Raymond, in 1831. Mrs. Howard survives her husband, as do their four sons—Joseph Howard, Jr., John R., Edward T., and Henry Ward Beecher Howard—and one daughter, the wife of General Horatio C. King. In many ways the subject of this sketch showed a public spirit, a strong philanthropy, and a cheerful, kindly disposition.

His death produced a profound impression in Plymouth Church, he being the last one of the original members now residing in Brooklyn and active in the church. His services and death constituted the theme of the Friday evening meeting. On Sunday the church was beautifully draped, and Mr. Abbott, in his sermon on the Epistle to the Church in Philadelphia, referred to Mr. Howard as illustrating his theme, which was that of Christian service and its rewards. In the afternoon the funeral services were held in the church, which was filled, many old residents of Brooklyn in addition to the membership of Plymouth Church being present. The services were conducted by the Rev. S. B Halliday, the Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., and the Rev. Lyman Abbott.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MORE than twenty-two hundred students (five hundred and fifty of whom are women) have volunteered for the foreign service. It is our desire to place before the churches some of the reasons which have led us to decide.

First and foremost, our Lord's command. In the Bible we have been reading, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation." Does "go" mean stay? And does "preach the Gospel to the whole creation" mean keep repeating the Gospel to a few, while two-thirds of our race have never heard the name Jesus?

Instead of regarding the *world* as the field, have we not been practicing "high farming"—cultivating certain sections to the highest degree, and allowing the vaster tracts to go to waste? Again, we go because the needs of the foreign field are so much greater. Our hearts' desire and prayer to God for America is that it might be saved, but we *go* because the need abroad is a thousand-fold greater. In the United States there is one minister to seven hundred people; in China one ordained missionary to 1,000,000. Of the 200,000,000 of Africa 140,000 000 have not been *touched* by Christian teachers. The United States have 80,000 preachers, while India, with five times the population, has but 700 ordained missionaries. Do not fear that our country will be depleted; for only one and three-tenths per cent. of our ministry go to the foreign field, and out of each 100,000 communicants in America only twenty one go to the foreign field. A third reason is the reflex influence of foreign missions on the spiritual life of the home church.

Fourth. Because of the present crisis.

Are we alive to the fact that the hosts of evil are rushing forward to gather these golden sheaves? The Mohammedans are at work in Africa. If we delay, the present difficulties of evangelization will be at least doubled. For "Mohammedanism, so far from being a stepping-stone to Christianity, is one of the very strongest fortresses of unbelief. Converts from Mohammedanism are comparatively few." A missionary who has labored twenty-six years in India is now ready for our work, and if this crisis is not met by the church, at least two or three generations will pass before an equal opportunity can again be offered. From Brazil the word comes: "This land is ready; thousands would accept the Gospel if they only had preachers." One writes concerning China: "A thousand missionaries

are worth more now than ten thousand ten years from now. As for Japan, it is melted and ready for molding. What shall the mold be—Christianity or infidelity? One reason more. The whole world can be evangelized in the present generation. "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." The Earl of Shaftesbury says: "During the latter part of these (eighteen) centuries it has been in the power of those who hold the truth, having means enough, having knowledge enough, and having opportunity enough, to evangelize the globe fifty times over. Recent testimony is given by 120 missionaries in China, representatives of twenty-one Protestant societies. They say, "We want China emancipated from the thralldom of sin in this generation. It is possible." Our Lord has said: "According to your faith be it unto you." The Church of God can do it, if she be only faithful to her great commission. This statement comes from missionaries who are acquainted with the discouragements, who know the difficulties. And now, "for the sake of the Name"—that Name which is above every name—"the love of Christ constraining us," we go forth. Will you not take us up and set us on our journey worthily of God, that the blessed Name may be spread abroad and that you may be fellow-workers for the truth? All cannot go, but all can give. There are two colleges in Canada—Knox and Queen's—each of which is about to send a man to China and to support him for life. The undergraduates of Princeton College, New Jersey, have subscribed $1,500 for the support of a college missionary. The students of Princeton Theological Seminary have pledged $850. The undergraduates of Union Theological Seminary, New York, have subscribed $700. Eighty-five people, each contributing twenty-five cents a week, will pay the salary of a missionary and his wife. Thousands of churches, Sunday-schools, young people's societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations can support one, two, or three missionaries apiece—if they will. Single individuals can each hold representatives abroad. A student about to be admitted to the New York bar has pledged to support a friend as soon as he enters the foreign field.

R. A. Scott Macfie, Cambridge Univ., England.
H. F. Laflamme, University of Toronto, Canada.
C. F. Hersey, Bowdoin College, Maine.
S. C. Mitchell, Georgetown College, Kentucky.
J. N. Forman, Princeton Theol. Seminary, N. J.
R. P. Wilder, Princeton College, New Jersey.

TO THE FRIENDS OF HOME MISSIONS.

THE officers of the American Home Missionary Society desire to remind the friends of its work that the sixty-second financial year closes with the 31st of March. It is clear that whatsoever these friends propose to do this year must be done quickly. And much remains to be done in these few days for the replenishing the treasury, if the Society is to meet all its pecuniary obligations for the year. For the accommodation of churches, Sunday-schools, executors, and individual givers who may have it in their hearts to remit further, and whom the close of the year may take by surprise, the books will be kept open until Wednesday night, April 4. Are there not many who, between this day and that, will send to the treasury substantial aid for a cause second to none in its appeal to American Christians? Have you in hand anything with which your Divine Lord has intrusted you for use as his steward? It is his. His cause has need of it. He calls for it now.

Bible House, New York.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The sessions of the Methodist Conference in Philadelphia were concluded last week. The Conference passed a resolution commending the firm, faithful, and fearless administration of the honorable Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in carrying out what is commonly known as the High License law. It also adopted a protest against the recent action of the Government in excluding the use of native languages in the education of the Indians, and especially the exclusion of the Dakota Bible among those tribes where it was formerly used. In regard to the status and functions of the missionary bishops, the General Conference was memorialized to define these matters more clearly, to provide definitely for the support of the missionary bishops from the episcopal fund, and in particular to make adequate provision for the salary of Bishop William Taylor for the past four years. In regard to prohibition, strongly expressed resolutions were passed declaring that "in the election of members of the next Legislature it is important that our ministers and members as citizens should vote for no candidate who will not give an unqualified pledge to vote the submission to the people of the 'Constitutional Prohibition Amendment.'"

—At the meeting last week of the Methodist Social Union recently organized among the laity in this city, the Rev. Dr. Schauffler spoke of the work of Methodism in relation to the masses. He said that Protestantism is doing well through the country, growing faster than the population, but in New York and other large cities not much could be said of Methodist or other church work. Below Fourteenth Street there are to-day 180,000 more people than there were thirty years ago, but only the Roman Catholics and the Hebrews had more churches; the old evangelical churches have nearly gone. Only in some of the Episcopal churches is real work being done. If he were given the money and effort spent in one year for election purposes in New York, he thought that he could show a dozen new and flourishing churches for it. Dr. J. M. Buckley, who followed, thought that churches like St. Paul's, in Fourth Avenue, should have an energetic assistant minister to do something of the old kind of Methodist circuit work.

—The case in regard to the Phelps Mission of this city, the decision of which we recently mentioned, has been appealed to the higher court.

—The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Hoffman, rector of All Angels' Church, at Eighty-first Street and West End Avenue, this city, has made a very generous proposition. He has offered to his associate, the Rev. S. DeLancey Townsend, to erect a church in place of the present inadequate structure, at a cost of from $75,000 to $100,000, if Mr. Townsend can secure the money necessary for excavating the present site, and also get the current expenses of the church, $6,500 a year, pledged for two years, together with the removal of any assessments against the property. Friends of the parish can address communications on the subject to the Rev. Mr. Townsend, No. 101 West Seventy-eighth Street.

—The old Sands Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, the pioneer church of that denomination in this city, has been sold, and will at once be torn down. The society was incorporated in 1794. There have been three buildings on the present site.

—A correspondent from Sayville, L. I., writes us: The Rev. Thomas Douglas received seventy five new members to his church (Congregational) at the last communion; all of them on profesion of their faith except two. Mr. Douglas preached every night except Saturdays from January 1 to March 11, and has had in all about 140 conversions. His church became too small to contain the people who desired to attend, and the trustees hired Columbia Hall, the largest public building in the place. The Hall was also filled to its utmost capacity, and the church has taken steps to build a larger edifice. Among the converts are men from all classes of society. Some of them were infidels, others who had not been to a church for fourteen, nine, seven, and six years, except on such occasions as funerals and weddings. One was a saloon-keeper, who has given up his business. The moral uplift to society is marvelous. Mr. Douglas took charge of the Sayville church last June, and has admitted eighty-five members.

—The sum of $4,600 is wanted to complete the endowment of a chair of elocution in the Reformed Seminary at New Brunswick.

—A theological seminary museum is a rather unique idea. One has been established, however, in connection with the Reformed Church Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J. The collection includes mummies, stones from the tomb of Rameses III., Bedouin, Greek, Arab, Persian, and Egyptian implements of war, paintings representing Scriptural events dating back to 3,500 B. C., Egyptian machinery and implements of trade, ancient manuscripts, books, and many other valuable curios.

—The Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, has declined the call to the assistant bishopric of Ohio. He says: "After eight days of prayerful, earnest, and constant thought, during which I have conscientiously striven to keep my mind free from every kind of bias, and to seek solely under divine guidance the pathway of duty, I have been led to the very plain conviction that I must stand by my present and very incomplete work in this city. I therefore respectfully and most gratefully beg to decline the high honor conferred upon me by the diocese of Ohio."

—There was a large attendance at the Yale students' meeting at Association Hall in this city Sunday afternoon last. R. C. Morse, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association International Committee, presided, and addresses were made by C. F. Kent, H. E. Fowler, and T. E. Donnelly. The Young Men's Christian Association Glee Club sang, and they had the usual cornet, organ, and piano solos. A reception was held in the parlors of the Association at the close of the meeting.

NEW ENGLAND.

—The Rev. Dr. Courtney, Bishop-elect of Nova Scotia, will give up his rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Boston, on April 30.

—The theme of discussion at the next quarterly meeting of the Connecticut Valley Congregational Club will be "The Employment of Pastoral Helpers in Church Work." A new club manual is to be prepared. The Rev. John Hall, of New York, lectured before the Yale Divinity School last week on "Worshipers of Mammon."

—The annual meeting of the Connecticut Congregational Club was held at Hartford last week. In absence of President Yung Wing the Rev. J. W. Cooper, of New Britain, presided. The principal address was made by Dr. W. E. Griffis, of Boston, on "Japan and 1890." Ex-President Noah Porter spoke of the power and growth of New England Congregationalism. George L. Chase, Esq., was elected President of the Society for the coming year. This meeting was the decennial anniversary of the founding of the Club.

—The last lecture of the course by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, before the Yale Divinity School on Japan, was delivered on March 19. Dr. Griffis spoke of the religious condition of the country and its former religions. It is now, he said, passing through its third great wave of civilization. He added: "The Japanese religion of Shinto is not a religion as we understand one. It is merely respect and reverence for ancestors, and has been made by the Mikados into an engine of political and military power. In the year 552 Buddhism was introduced into Japan, and its rapid growth showed that the country appreciated the importance of a real religion. From 552 to about 1100 may be called the missionary age of the new doctrines, from 1100 to 1300 the period of development, from 1300 to 1550 the golden period, the time when the land was covered with monasteries and convents, and from 1550 to the present day may be called the period of decay. In 1700 there were over 483,000 Buddhist temples in Japan; in 1821 only 137,000, and in 1875 but 57,000.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—In another column we give an account of the correspondence in regard to church unity which has passed between the committees of the General Assemblies, North and South. In regard to the prospects of the proposed union the editor of the "Christian Observer" of Louisville, representing the Southern branch, says: "The action of the conference committee was purely advisory in its nature, and nothing decisive can be done until May, when the two Assemblies meet. The General, or Northern, will hold its session at Philadelphia, while the Southern Assembly will convene at Baltimore. As the centennial of the establishment of Presbyterianism in America occurs during that month, a grand reunion, participated in by both the General and Southern Assemblies, will be held at Philadelphia during the time set for the regular annual meetings. It has been arranged that there shall be an equal number of speakers from the two Assemblies. The Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge and the Hon. Randolph Tucker will be among the speakers selected to represent the Southern Assembly. The good-fellowship of the occasion may run so high that a speedy union of the two Assemblies will result."

—The late Rev. Dr. William H. Ryder, of Chicago, left an estate of about $750,000. The following public bequests were made: The Universalist Convention of New York gets $35,000; $10,000 is left to provide for free moral lectures in Chicago; the First Universalist Society of Princeton, Mass., receives $5,000; St. Paul's Church, Chicago, of which Dr. Ryder was pastor for twenty-two years, $10,000; Lombard University at Galesburg, $20,000; the Old People's Home, Chicago, $10,000; the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children, $10,000; and the Chicago Public Library, $10,000. After the bequests to his family the remainder of the estate, valued at $463,000, is to be divided up between the Universalist Publishing House of Boston; Tufts College at College Hill, Mass.; St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y.; Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill., and Bucktel College, Akron, Ohio, in equal shares.

—Extensive preparations are being made in Chicago for the great convention of Christian Endeavor Societies to be held there next summer.

—Dwight L. Moody has been holding meetings at Leadville, Col.

—The Third Congregational Church of Omaha, the Rev. Alford D. Penniman, pastor, desires, pursuant to vote taken February 22, 1888, to be popularly known as Plymouth Church. The legal affairs of the church will, however, be conducted under the incorporate name which it has hitherto carried.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—H. G. Hoadley accepts a call to the Church of North Canaan, situated at East Canaan, Conn.

—L. H. Frary, of Sierre Madre, Cal., has received a call to Pilgrim Church, Pomona, and accepts it.

—A. Leslie, of Orono, Ont., has accepted a call to labor in British Columbia.

—J. W. Pedley accepts a call to Vancouver, British Columbia.

—M. S. Hartwell, of Winchester, N. H., has resigned.

—T. M. Price has received a call to Wayzata, Minn.

—H. H. Kelsey, of West Winsted, Conn., has received a call to the assistant pastorate of the Fourth Church of Hartford, Conn.

—James W. Bixler has accepted a call to act as assistant to the Rev. George Leon Walker, D.D., of the Center Church of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Bixler is now taking a graduate course at the Yale Divinity School in New Haven.

—E. S. Smith has accepted a call to Beatrice, Neb.

—R. Redcoff, of Sherman, Mich., has resigned.

—G. H. Burgess, of Hancock, N. Y., accepts a call to Roxbury, Conn

—A. F. Pierce, of Warsaw, N. Y., accepts a call to Middletown.

—J. M Campbell was ordained as pastor of the church at Grand Ledge, Mich., on March 13.

—C. W. Fifield accepts a call to Sand Bank, N. Y.

—A. W. Archibald has received a call to the church in Davenport, Ia.

—J. W. Savage declines a call to the Gothic Church of Portland, Conn.

—H. S. Snyder, of Northford, Conn., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—Alfred C. Hand, whose acceptance of a call to the Church of the Covenant, Buffalo, N. Y., is a Presbyterian, not a Congregationalist, as we wrongly classified him last week.

—J. H. Walker accepts a call to College Hill, O.

—J. W. Walden has received a call from the Second Church of Newark, O.

—W. H. Ervin, of Aurora, Ind., has resigned.

—L. M. Steven has received a call from New Berlin, N. Y.

EPISCOPAL.

—A. E. Welles accepts a call to the rectorship of the church at Saugatuck, Mich.

—W. F. Lewis has become rector of St. Peter's Church, Peekskill, M. Y.

—J. J. Burd has become assistant rector of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—C. S. Halliday, one of the oldest Methodist preachers of Indiana, died in Indianapolis last week.

—John Robinson, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in West New Britain, S. I., on March 21, at the age of eighty-two.

—Cæsean Palfrey, D.D., for many years a prominent Unitarian clergyman, died in Cambridge, Mass., on March 14, at the age of eighty-three.

—Christopher Rhodes, of the Central Baptist Church in Brooklyn, E. D., has resigned.

Books and Authors.

SOCIALISM.[1]

The present discussions have produced such a crop of literature bearing on socialistic topics that one takes up a new book with a certain degree of prejudice against it. For it must be confessed that current socialistic literature is largely made up of truisms that throw no light on the real problems of society; flounderings in a philosophy founded on what are supposed to be axioms of political economy, which, however, the new political economy either questions or absolutely denies; raw criticisms that are wholly one-sided, and take account either only of the beneficent side of modern civilization, like Professor Sumner's "Plain Talks," or only of the maleficent side, like Laurence Gronlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth;" wild theories of a future social state from which all social evil will be eliminated without eliminating individual selfishness and sin, such as the writings of Elisé Reclus and Prince Krapotkin furnish, or, on the other hand, solemn attacks on Socialism by men who are only half-informed as to what Socialism really is, what it expects, and what it aspires to do—now a blind pessimism that sees no good in present social arrangements and no lessons to be learned from the experience of the past, and now a blind optimism which sees nothing but good in the present social arrangements and cannot conceive that there are any further lessons to be learned in the future. Between the man who seriously informs you that there is no labor problem, and that if any man is industrious and is content with his wages he will be happy, and the man who assures you that society is *in articulo mortis*, and that its only hope is to take extreme unction from him, die peacefully, and enter by virtue of his benediction on a new and an immortal state of existence, the weary reader and reviewer of labor literature takes up any new volume with a sigh of regret, scarcely relieved by a languid curiosity to see what new phase of half-informed despair or half-informed hope is now to occupy his attention. The prejudice was, in the case of the book before us, partially removed by the statement in the preface that its author was also the author of the article on "Socialism" in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We have learned to look in that magnificent *vade mecum* for the foremost radical thoughts of the century in every department of knowledge. Its face is set toward the future; and even its failures and shortcomings are those of the prophets of literature, philosophy, and science, which are nobler than the successes of the men who are content merely to record what has been and to reflect what is. We took up the volume before us, therefore, with something more than a wearied curiosity; we have read it through to the end with interest and profit; and we put it alongside three or four other volumes of the present epoch, as entitled to a permanent place in the literature of Socialism. It ranks with Laveleye's "Modern Socialism," John Rae's "Socialism of To-day," and Professor Ely's "History of the Labor Movement in America." Unlike either of these in its scope, it is their peer in thoroughness, and in that sort of wisdom which comes from a broad knowledge of facts coupled with broad intellectual sympathies with men and great movements.

Like most works which see a value in and contain some sympathy with the modern socialistic movement, this book is stronger in its critical than in its constructive portions. If any of our readers doubt whether there is any labor problem, we advise them to get this book and read it carefully through. Those of them who are inclined to resent The Christian Union's frequent publication of Chauncey M. Depew's statement that the workingmen have a grievance, and that, though they do not know what it is, still it exists, will find it carefully analyzed and effectively stated here. Mr. Kirkup is no grumbler; no mere fault-finder; no bilious critic who can see in society evil, and only evil, and that continually. There is a certain class of socialistic writers who remind us of the older Calvinistic theologians. The one saw only total depravity in the individual, the other sees only total depravity in society. The praying of the unregenerate was sin according to the theology of the one; the benevolence—hospitals, almshouses, measures of relief, even schools and educational systems—are sins in an unregenerate social nature according to the philosophy of the other. Mr. Kirkup does not belong to this school; and his indictment of the present social order is all the more effective—in our judgment, the more unanswerable—because it is discriminating. It is condemnation by an impartial judge, not by an impassioned advocate. The system of capitalism, he tells us, tends to the enslavement of the many by the few; to the inadequate compensation and the insecurity of position of the workingman; to adulteration of all articles of manufacture; to waste of wealth and industrial power; to the co-existence of vast masses of unused food and clothing and vast multitudes of hungry and naked persons; to gambling of every form; to great industrial crises, alternate overstimulation and almost tragical depressions of industry; to commercial wars as unchristian and almost as ruinous as wars of a more violent though scarcely more rapacious character; to caste, plutocracy, a selfish spirit, first in the individual, next in the class, finally in the community and the nation; to the growth of parasites feeding on the wealthy, or more frequently on the community: and these evils he traces to the system of capitalism—that is, to the system which gives possession and control of all the implements of labor to one small class, makes the larger class of laborers, organized in great bodies of workingmen, dependent on "bosses" for a chance to earn their daily bread, and trusts to free competition to protect the community from the despotism of monopolies, which, in spite of competition, are growing year by year in despotic power. How this system has grown up; how comparatively brief its life has been; how it operates alike in all countries and under all systems of government, monarchical and republican, and under all systems of taxation, whether free-trade or protective; and how utterly in error are those who imagine that this is an inherent essential, absolute system, eternal as humanity, and to which man must conform whether he will or no, Mr. Kirkup shows, not argumentatively, but simply by tracing the modern rise of this system, its gradual extension, and pointing out the causes which have brought it about.

In pointing out the remedy or remedies he is not quite so successful as he is in analyzing the disease. He is stronger in diagnosis than in therapeutics. He has perhaps said all on this branch of the subject that can be said at the present stage of the discussion; yet we should have been glad to find him more definite and specific. He falls neither into the error of those who regard the present system of social division into capitalists and wage-earners eternally necessary, the evils of which are only to be ameliorated by individual virtue, nor into the folly of those quacks who expect to write off-hand a prescription that, taken, will straightway set the patient well. He holds that there is to be a better future; that it must grow out of the present, as the better present grew out of the worser past; and that Socialism is the direction in which this growth must be looked for. It will give us a society based on useful work; organized on a co-operative rather than on either a servile or a wage-earning basis; in which public good rather than private self-interest must and will control industrial enterprise; and in which free competition between purely selfish interests will give place to a recognition of community of interest, and therefore the organization of a harmonious system of co-operation; in short, to democracy in politics, unselfishness in ethics, and co-operation in economics. This is very well; we believe that it is entirely sound; but it would have been more helpful if it had been more specific. If free competition is not the divine savior of society, neither is it an evil demon to be cast utterly out. What are the limits within which it is to be allowed free play? Unlimited competition results in no competition at all; *e g*, in a Standard Oil Company and a Sugar Trust. Government has other functions than those of the night watchman. Yet the experience of the French Revolution, and, in lesser measure, of Puritan legislation in New England, has demonstrated the possible despotism which may grow up in a free democracy if it undertakes to substitute social law and order for individual freedom in all phases of life. Co-operation—*i e*, associated labor upon a democratic system, and with equable participation in the profits—is ideally better than capitalism—*i e*, associated labor upon a monarchical system and with all profits going to the capitalist. But how are we to work our way peacefully toward this democracy of industry? Experience has thrown some light on these questions; and since Mr. Kirkup has shown so fair a temper in tracing the history and pointing out the nature of the disease, we wish that he had brought the same qualities to bear upon a criticism of proposed remedies—as the land tax, State Socialism, protection on the one hand and free trade on the other—and shown their relation to the problem, and their probable prospective value. This is the book which now, more than any other, is needed in the literature of economics: a book which, without assuming to devise and perfect a plan for setting all society in order, as Mr. Gronlund has vainly endeavored to do, will show what light experience throws on social problems; what, for example, communal ownership of land has done or failed to do; what State ownership and operation of the telegraph, the express companies, or the railroad; what profit-sharing and co-operation; and how the incalculable material benefits of associated labor under captains of industry can be preserved, without sacrificing therefor that universal liberty and that universal human development which it should be the end of all social and political order to promote.

[1] *An Inquiry into Socialism*. By Thomas Kirkup. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.)

TURNING-POINTS OF THOUGHT AND CONDUCT.[1]

International exchange of commodities has widened until it now embraces preachers who are duly priced and shipped to the contracting market; not, however, with any loss of dignity or violation of principle on the part of the objects of such barter, except some slight violation of the immigration laws. The balance of trade is largely in favor of Great Britain, and we are now paying considerable sums to foreign-born pastors without much corresponding exchange on our part. In a few conspicuous instances this importation works well, but only when there is a high degree of talent and a ready facility in apprehending and entering into American life and thought. The second-rate English preacher must take a third-rate pulpit which he will not long hold, and he will leave it wondering why he does get on better with the people. The trouble is that he has not only imported himself, but certain ideas of the relations between pastor and people which are quite unlike those existing here. On the whole, the experiment is a dangerous one, and should be undertaken only by those who have their eyes uncommonly wide open. It is better for most preachers that they should observe the bounds of their habitation and not rashly cross the seas lest they encounter the proverbial difficulty of changing their minds.

The plan followed by Dr. Whiton in successive summers is much the safer one, and it is to be desired that more Americans should spend their summers in England, preaching in her pulpits and catching such echoes as may come to them from the pews; and certainly we on this side might learn much from English preachers by a corresponding visit from them. The English congregations would hear a style of preaching more severely intellectual, more cautious in statement, and more carefully wrought than they are accustomed to; and we should hear a warmer evangelical tone, less dogmatism, and more freedom in the treatment of questions which are there entertained in a spirit of tolerance and comprehension, but here are held as occasions of heated debate and division.

The good quality in the preaching of each is quickly recognized by the other, as is shown by the cordial welcome given now for three summers to Dr. Whiton by Dr. Dale's congregation in Birmingham. Evidently Dr. Whiton is popular in England; he is heard gladly, his sermons are published by general request, and he is sent home with strong expressions of appreciation and gratitude. The congregation in Carr's Lane do not seem to have raised the question whether Dr. Whiton is strictly orthodox or not; such questions are less seldom raised in England than in America; they found the heart and substance of the Gospel in his sermons, and liked the intellectual and discriminating way in which he preached it. The titles of these twelve sermons present a group of solid and distinct subjects. The peculiarity of each sermon is that it is intensely and immediately practical, and at the same time is speculative and analytic—the achievement of true preaching. The subject is set in its own light, which is made full and intense by the clear insight and wide outlook of the preacher. He interprets his subject in the light of its principles, in its spiritual essence, and applies it directly to every-day life. We find in these sermons much of that highest quality in preaching, of turning truth into life. It is comparatively easy to declare the truth; it is more easy to declare duty; to unite them visibly and powerfully in the mind and conscience of the hearer is the difficult achievement of the true preacher.

Another marked feature of these sermons is that they are intensely *present*, so to speak, in their treatment of the great themes of the Gospel. Dr. Whiton is no mere theorist on judgment as a continuous process, but preaches the kingdom of God as veritably at hand, and makes his readers feel that the processes of salvation and judgment are now actually going on. Like all that proceeds from Dr. Whiton's pen, these sermons are marked by careful exegesis. For this his acknowledged scholarship is a sufficient warrant; but his interpretation has also the higher quality of spiritual insight, and a broad grouping of Christian truths and experiences. The sermons are short, but are full of compact, sententious utterances—the results of long processes of thought. Indeed, the specially attractive quality in them is the apt, aphoristic form which the truth has come to wear in his own mind, and is thus passed on to the hearer with self-evidencing power. Unless the reader stops to weigh these sentences, found on every page, he will perhaps undervalue the sermons on account of their brevity and the perfect lucidity of the style; but when duly weighed they will be found sufficiently long and massive to suit the most exacting reader. They are fine distillations of a rich and critical scholarship, and of a profound sense of the reality of the Gospel of Redemption.

[1] *Turning-Points of Thought and Conduct*. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.)

Natural Resources of the United States. By Jacob Harris Patton, M.A., Ph D. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) In this volume (523 pages) we have a survey of the natural resources of America, which are described, not statistically, but by means of a popular account of their extent, location, and development. The book is, of course, merely a compilation, and is designed simply for a book of reference, but the work has been conscientiously and well done. In dealing with such subjects as the coal fields and the petroleum or natural gas wells, the author gives a short history of their discovery, and discusses such questions as the probable inexhaustibility of the natural supplies. Many of the incidents with which he lightens his pages are exceedingly interesting. For instance, in speaking of our fruits he tells how Jonathan Chapman made it the mission of his life to distribute apple seeds through the Ohio Valley. Altogether the book fills a niche, and, though the author shows no great literary ability, he has done what a great many authors of ability have failed to do—he has prepared a book which may be useful. To school-teachers who wish to supplement their courses in American geography by facts bearing upon the physical sources of our wealth the volume may be especially serviceable.

An American Journey. By Edward Aveling. (New York: John W. Lovell Company. 30 cents.) The author of the sketches contained in this little volume is one of the leaders of the London Socialists. He is the son-in-law of Karl Marx, and bears the reputation of being one of the ablest popular orators in his party in England. The sketches before us are such as any newspaper correspondent who is animated by a desire (sometimes excessive) to be entertaining might have written. The author attempts to be just, but the way he goes about it is to recognize both good and bad traits in Americans and grossly exaggerate each; two wrongs will not make a right, and two misrepresentations do not represent the truth. The socialistic ideas of the writer are rarely protruded. It is not a book which derives any special value as representing a new point of view from which our American institutions are seen. It is in no sense a study, and the observations are superficial, but it is readable for those who care to know how a bright English reporter would look at those phases of American life which are apt to attract the attention of such an observer.

The Deemster. By Hall Caine. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) This is a tale of life in the Isle of Man in the seventeenth century. The ground is comparatively fresh for a novelist, at least we can recall only Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" as a romance of the Manx. Mr. Caine gives an extremely picturesque presentation of strange customs, superstitions, old saws, Celtic character, and archaic dialect. The story is the work of a vigorous and original novelist. Unfortunately, the theme is a sad and often repellent one—the heredity of an evil nature, and the strange developments of evil and good in the branches of one family. The tragedy is too intense, painfully so, and with little relief of humor or subaction. In the early pages the author shows that he has a queer, grim humor of his own; one regrets that he did not employ it more as the work progresses and hopes that he will make another essay in fiction in the same field in which the shadows may not be quite so dark and the glimpses of sunshine so rare.

William of Germany. By Archibald Forbes. (New York: Cassell & Co.) This life of the late Emperor William of Germany has been brought down to the end of his career, and includes an account of the death-bed scene. The author, Mr. Forbes, the famous war correspondent, always writes with succinctness, animation, and graphic detail. This volume is in his best style. The hero is one whom he intensely admires; the story of his life is full of brilliant and picturesque events, and Mr. Forbes has had special opportunities of knowing whereof he writes, for he accompanied King William in his victorious campaign from Alsace and Lorraine to Paris. Owing to ill health Mr. Forbes was unable to complete the work, and the history of the Emperor's life from his last triumphal return to Berlin up to his death is from another pen, that of Mr. John P. Jackson, who appears to have carried out the task intrusted to him with fidelity and skill.

Ticknor & Co. (Boston) have recently published another volume of papers by the late Edwin Percy Whipple, under the title *Outlooks in Society, Literature, and Politics.* The volume contains nineteen chapters, devoted mainly to practical and political themes. There are three excursions in the field of literature which Mr. Whipple traversed so frequently and with such keen observation: one on 'Lowell as a Prose Writer," one entitled "Mr. Hardhack on the Sensational in Literature and Life," and the charming essay "In Dickens-Land." The remaining chapters discuss such subjects as "The Swearing Habit," "American Politics," "The Johnson Party," and "Reconstruction and Negro Suffrage." On all themes Mr. Whipple wrote with an incisive pen and in an interesting fashion. His political discussions have less of permanent interest than his work on literary themes; but they are of value as showing the temper and bent of the man.

A revised and enlarged edition of *Cassell's Pocket Guide to Europe* has just been published. It is condensed into so small a volume that it can easily be carried in a coat pocket, yet it contains an astonishing amount of information about routes, hotels, objects of interest, coinage, and like matters, together with thoroughly sensible and practical general advice to travelers. A telegraphic code for travelers' use in communicating with friends at home, and a list of common words and phrases in four languages, are among the special features. Pains have been taken to give fuller information about railroad and steamboat fares than is commonly done in most guide-books. (New York: Cassell & Co.)

A new edition has been issued by Ginn & Co., Boston, of the *Shakespeare and Chaucer Examinations* passed by several young lady pupils of Hollins Institute, Virginia. The questions were furnished by the well-known Shakespearean scholar, Mr. H. H. Furness, and by their instructor, Mr. W. H. Thoms. The papers were forwarded to the "New Shakespeare Society" in England, and gained the prize offered by that society for such work, as well as extra complimentary prizes for each of the young ladies. They certainly show in a remarkable degree, not only the result of careful and thorough study, but of intelligent understanding of the character and methods of the poets' genius.

Volume II. of Alden's *Manifold Cyclopedia* includes titles from "America" to "Artemis." We have already described the design of this work, which fulfills the functions of both dictionary and cyclopedia, being principally compiled and condensed from "Chambers's Cyclopedia" and "Stormonth's Dictionary." It is neatly printed and bound, and sold at a very low price. (New York: John B Alden & Co.)

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Historic Waterways, by R. G. Thwaites (Chicago: A. C McClurg & Co.) describes a canoeing voyage of six hundred miles down the Rock, Fox, and Wisconsin Rivers.——From Harper & Brothers we have received *Derrick Sterling*, and *A Story of the Mines*, by Kirk Munroe; *For the Right*, a very powerful story by Carl Emil Franzos, with an introduction by George Macdonald; volume six completes the publication of King'ake's *History of the Invasion of the Crimea*.——Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, issue several important works, among them a very valuable piece of historical writing by C. R. Markham, *The Fighting Veres*, and Professor Herbert Tuttle's *History of Prussia under Frederic the Great*, in two volumes; *The Life of Amos A. Lawrence*, by his son, is the biography of a Bostonian of note; *Heartsease and Rue* is the title of Mr. Lowell's latest volume of poems.——From Funk & Wagnalls, New York, we have received a volume of selections from the works of Richard Rothe, under the title of *Still Waters*.——Scribner & Welford send us Dr. John Forbes's *Studies on the Book of Psalms*, together with a second and revised edition of Dr. James Walker's *Theology and Theologians of Scotland*.——*The Fall of New France*, by Gerald E. Hart (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), gives us an extremely interesting account of one of the most important of the early wars in this country; *The Story of the City of New York*, by Charles Burr Todd, is a brief but sufficiently comprehensive account of the growth and development of the metropolis. The book is well furnished with maps and diagrams.——Two very interesting books come to us from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons (New York)—Mr. Cable's *Bonaventure*, and W. R. Inge's *Society in Rome under the Cæsars*.——Benjamin F. Leggett has written a pleasant and picturesque account of a three weeks' pedestrian tour in Switzerland, which is published by J. B. Alden, New York. The same writer issues through the same publisher a volume of short poems, some of which evince genuine taste and feeling.——Nina Moore's *Pilgrims and Puritans* (Boston: Ginn & Co.) tells the story of the settlement of Plymouth and Boston from the diaries of Winthrop, Bradford, and Winslow. The extracts are introduced and supplemented by simple narrative, and the whole is made attractive for young readers by many pictures. The same firm add to their "College Series of Latin Authors" *The Satires and Epistles of Horace*, edited with notes by J. B. Greenough.——C. W. Bardeen, of Syracuse, N. Y., has published a new edition of his treatise on *Common School Law*, containing a complete digest of the laws bearing on the relations of teacher, pupil, parent, and district.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

In *Harper's Magazine* for April a very readable article by Mr. F. A. Bridgman, the artist, about Algiers, its people, customs, and pictorial aspects, is beautifully illustrated with engravings and reproductions from Mr. Bridgman's paintings. With this exception the illustrations of the number are not as good as usual. Mr. Abbey's drawings accompanying the old English song, "Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight," are decidedly inferior to most of his work in this direction. Mr. Du Maurier's full-page drawing is also unsatisfactory, reproducing in a woodeny way the types he has drawn so often. The short stories of the number are by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, the latter long enough to be styled a novelette. M. Coquelin's paper on "Acting and Authors" is curiously illustrated from portraits by famous French artists and from sketchy drawings by Paul Renouard and others.

Mr. Lowell again furnishes a poem for the *Atlantic Monthly*, this month his subject being Turner's "Old Téméraire." The readers have cause to rejoice in his renewed activity as a poet. Mr. House's Japanese serial increases in interest with each installment, and should not be overlooked by the reader. Mrs. Pennell has an agreeably written paper on "English Faith in Art." Mr. Henry James's short serial is well liked by many who have been slightly wearied by some of his recent longer novels. A sketch of the life and work of Ferdinand Lassalle, the Socialist, by Mr. D. O. Kellogg, a tribute to Brownell, the soldier poet, by Mr. Aldrich, and the continuation of Professor Fiske's papers on our early history are among other notable features.

This month's *Lippincott's* is peculiarly an Amélie Rives number. A beautiful portrait of her charming face serves as a frontispiece; a sketch of her life in her Virginia country house is furnished by J. D. Hurrell; as to the novelette by Miss Rives which fills the greater part of the magazine, we can only say that a more artificial, more unwholesome tale, with more straining after "passionateness," was never penned even by Ouida.——The March *Cosmopolitan* appears with a new cover, with a brighter touch of color than the old. It is an excellent issue of one of the best, probably the best, of the minor illustrated magazines. It opens with an article on German opera in New York by Mr. H. T. Finck, the musical critic of the New York "Post." This is illustrated by four full-page plates in colors and many drawings. Mr. W. H. Bishop furnishes an illustrated article on bull-fighting in Mexico. Professor W. G. Sumner, under the title "First Steps Toward a Millennium," talks of the relation of the State to the individual, particularly with regard to marriage. There are several short stories and sketches, including a translation from Tolstoi, a clever study of hypnotism by Julian Hawthorne, and the beginning of a serial by E. P. Roe.——A paper on Thomas Moore by Mr. Saintsbury, and an unsigned talk about the "Profession of Letters," are to us the most pleasing things in the March issue of *Macmillan's Magazine.*

LITERARY NOTES.

—George Routledge & Sons (New York) have added to Morley's "Universal Library" a volume of essays by W. M. Praed, which are now presented for the first time in book form.

—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published for the Easter season a number of tasteful and appropriate books in monotint, among them "The Message of the Dove" and "Sweet Pansies."

—Thomas Whittaker will publish early in March "The Risen Christ, King of Men," by the late Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, being a posthumous volume which the author left in shape for publication.

—The London "Graphic" issues a special number commemorative of the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with a tasteful cover and an unusual number of interesting illustrations. (New York: International News Company.)

—A few months ago Miss Alcott wrote the story of her girlhood for the "Youth's Companion." It is said to be full of reminiscences of the Hawthornes, the Emersons, and Channings, as well as of her own early life, and it will be published immediately.

—The old documents and MSS. lately discovered in the Guildhall at Stratford-on Avon are now being examined, and a formal report of them will be made to the Town Council. It has already been announced that there is one MS. dated 1560 and another 1609.

—An exceedingly attractive volume, the appearance of which in connection with the Easter season is timely, is "The Time of Rest," a small collection of poems by May Riley Smith, beautifully printed and bound, and bearing the imprint of A. D. F. Randolph & Sons, New York.

—One of the most interesting discussions of the copyright question which has been given to the public appears in the March number of the "New Englander" in the shape of an article on "Some Practical Aspects of the Literary Life in the United States," by Mr. Henry Holt, the well known publisher.

—"The American Garden" continues to present in readable and brightly written short articles, profusely illustrated, a great variety of valuable and suggestive information about gardening and horticulture. In its March issue the articles on the desirability of a flower market in this city, on "Old Fancies in Tree Planting," on "The Home Lot," and the "Garden Chat" are particularly interesting. (New York: 751 Broadway.)

—Prang's Easter cards are mainly devoted to the delineation of birds, spring flowers, and those soft and delicate landscapes which are effective in this kind of illustration. Various novelties are introduced, but the regulation card is more tasteful and appropriate for the season. It is pleasant to note the fact that, while many of the designs have, as formerly, very little relation to the sentiment of Easter, there is a distinct advance in artistic coloring and printing.

—The father of the late James Cotter Morison was the Dr. Morison of half a century ago, who invented the patent medicine called "Morison's Pills," of which Carlyle has much to say, in a figurative way, in his "Past and Present," in one place declaring: "Brother, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's pill for curing the maladies of society." It is curious that Carlyle always spells the name Morrison instead of Morison. And yet attention was long ago called to this mistake. To persist in such an error knowingly would have been quite like Carlyle.—[Exchange.

—It is thought that an edition of A. Bronson Alcott's "Sonnets," with copious notes about the persons referred to in them, may be issued within a year or so. Mr. Alcott, about a year since, took steps to publish such an edition, but for some reason its appearance was postponed. The material for the memoir of Mr. Alcott, to which the daughter refers in her will, was collected by Mr. Alcott about ten years ago. The further statement is made that a vast collection of material for a work on his life and times remains among his manuscripts, much of it having already been copied for the printer.

—The plans for the new library building of Yale University are completed. Contracts have been signed, and the work is to be begun at once and pushed to completion. The scheme of the building, which is the gift of S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, and will be a memorial of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Lusk, is far-reaching, looking forward in the future to three great library buildings, connected, yet distinct, and possessing possibilities of classification and development equal to the needs of the university's growth and prosperity. When completed the building will be one of the largest of the kind in the country, having a capacity of nearly three hundred thousand volumes, besides a large reading-room and spacious apartments for executive purposes. The cost will be about $125,000.

Inquiring Friends.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

Two good Christian brothers lately chanced to be discussing the doctrine of the Old Testament sacrifices. Great difference of opinion was shown. Your view is earnestly requested. Many of your readers will doubtless be glad for any light to be thrown on such an important matter. Mr. A. said that there was actual wrath in God, which was to be actually appeased by the sin-offering of the sinner. It was his opinion that the truly holy man felt strong, righteous indignation against sin, and likewise even against the sinner. When he read the life of such a man as Napoleon, for example, his blood fairly boiled with just indignation against his deeds, and also against the man himself Christ, he claimed, showed this holy wrath against the scribes and Pharisees A God without wrath against sin was no God at all The punishment of sin by God is not only the outworking of great and widely ordained laws; it is besides a mark of the real personal displeasure of God The man who feels only pity and sorrow for sins and sinner is sadly lacking in moral fiber. Moreover, without this indignation against sin he will not have the motive to go to work to remove the sin and convert the sinner to right living. Mr. B. urged the principle of the truth accommodated to the states of men. He thought God was essentially Love, and did not feel the human feeling of wrath toward the sinner, but only the feeling of love and compassion, a desire to save him from sin and the woe of sin He thought that the sin-offerings of the Jew were for the sole purpose of reconciling the alienated conscience of the man to God, so that, feeling himself in right relations with God, he might bring forth the fruits of righteousness Mr. B. claimed that Christ taught us to entertain toward our sinning brother no wrath, no indignation, no condemning judgment, but taught us rather to love such a one, and to long and strive to reform him, out of love. In other words, he thought this so-called just wrath against sin and sinner human and not divine, and that under all the seeming harsh words of Christ against the scribes was profound pity, love, sorrow, and not any personal anger. E. M. C.

We can have no doubt that every noble nature abhors evil, and abhors it in character as well as manifested in action. We as little doubt that this abhorrence is a noble, not an ignoble, characteristic; and that in man it is a marred and imperfect reflection of a like hate in God of all sin. We see in ourselves God as in a mirror, darkly; but still we see him. And this fact in ourselves interprets to us, though imperfectly and inadequately, the various phrases in the Scripture which represent him as jealous, angry, etc. But we see no indication in life that this indignation against sin needs to be, or indeed ever is, in a truly noble nature, appeased, satisfied, or done away with either by punishment of the guilty or by an innocent person's suffering for the guilty. It is satisfied only when the wrong-doer is made a right-doer, and the wrong nature a right nature. Neither do we see any indication in Scripture that the like abhorrence in God of sin, whether in character or conduct, is appeased or satisfied by anything but redemption of the wrong-doer. The sacrifices of the Old Testament are connected with purification; they are instruments for putting away the *sin*, not the punishment nor the wrath. Thus on the day of atonement (Lev., chap. xvi.) one goat was satisfied, the other bore away the *sins* of the nation into the wilderness to be seen no more. And in the prophecies and in the New Testament we have it reiterated, over and over again, that Christ is the Lamb of God that beareth away the sin of the world, and that in his blood we have redemption, even the remission, *i. e.*, the sending away, of *sin*. We doubt whether a passage can be found in either the Old Testament or the New Testament which explicitly declares that sacrifice takes away either wrath or punishment, while passage after passage declares that it takes away *sin* itself. The great law of sacrifice revealed in the Bible, and abundantly illustrated by life, is that suffering of the innocent is the great instrument for the purification, the actual moral renovation and reconstruction, of the guilty; it is not represented in Scripture nor found in life to be a substitute for penalty. Nor is any truly noble nature ever *satisfied* by even punishment, if the first result is not cure of guilt. Forgiveness of sin in the Bible is getting rid of sin. The end of sacrifice is such a getting rid of sin. With this as your key, examine every passage in both Old Testament and New Testament that teaches the uses of sacrifice, or suffering, or death, or blood, and see for yourself what they teach you. But in making this examination, forget your old theology, and come afresh to the Bible, without prejudice, to ascertain what it teaches.

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1. As *persons*, in the expression "three Persons and one God," are not supposed to mean individuals, I would like to know its theological explanation. 2. Is there any good reason for the belief in a personal devil, or is it only a superstition brought from ancient Chaldea? I halt between two opinions as I read ancient history and my Bible. 3. What is the oldest known nation in the world—the most primitive race, and from whom supposed to have descended? 4. What book will give me a clear idea of ancient and modern races? 5. How can one obtain the latest information concerning the excavations going on in the various parts of the world? Is there any publication that will keep one posted upon the subject? 6. Why are the Jews called Hebrews?

1. In the Athanasian trinitarianism—which here needs to be distinguished from what Dr. Bushnell called "provincial orthodoxy"—the term "persons" denotes, not personal agents, but personal agencies. 2. The words of Jesus in John viii., 44. 3. China is the oldest nation. The most primitive race cannot be determined. Possibly the negro. See Professor Winchell's book, "Preadamites." 4. Consult a good encyclopedia, article "Ethnology." 5. The journals of archæology, domestic and foreign, The American is published at Baltimore. 6. See Genesis xiv., 13 Abram was so called because he had come from beyond the Euphrates, "Hebrew" signifying "the man from the other side," *i. e.*, of the great river.

What is it for a child of ten or twelve years of age to become a Christian?

The same as for a person of adult age; viz., a loving choice of Christ as Master and Lord, and a faithful purpose and endeavor to keep his commandments, in the hope of a present and eternal salvation through him. It is possible that beneath our friend's question there may be a failure to distinguish adequately between the *fact*, which must be the same for all, and the outward indications of it, which must vary with the intelligence and maturity of different persons, whether children or adults. The decisive criterion is the Christian spirit, and the wisest critic is charity.

Is it considered a dishonorable proceeding, where there is a division in the church as regards the suitableness of the pastor for his position, for one of the officers of that church to circulate a paper asking each church member to sign either for or against his remaining as their pastor, and, when all the names are obtained, to lay the paper before the pastor, so that he may see what is the feeling in the church toward him?

It is not necessarily dishonorable, but it is in every point of view injudicious. Signatures are often procured by influence, or are given hastily, by people who would change their minds upon full knowledge and open discussion. Besides, such a method is open at least to the suspicion and the charge of unfair practice, not giving a man a fair chance to vindicate himself. Moreover, a proceeding of this kind, if not scrupulously conducted, might be used for the circulation of ill founded charges. The more openness the more fairness in all such unpleasant business, and the less likelihood of lasting harm from allegations of injustice. The natural and the wise course is to have such a question frankly and amicably discussed in conference between the standing committee of the church and the pastor. If the pastor believes that the standing committee fairly represents the church, it should be enough for him. If a conclusion is not thus reached, the question must come before the church meeting; in which case adequate public notice should be given.

A mother writes us to inquire as to the indications of Providence with regard to her duty. Having been bereaved of four children, she desires to engage more in Christian work for others. But just at this point her only surviving child sickens of scarlet fever. "What am I to infer from this interference with my plans? That to engage in outdoor work would for me be wrong? Am I justified in attempting it again when she has fully recovered?"

Such a hindrance is a sign of duty only so long as the hindrance lasts. To allow it to have force after it has ceased to exist as a fact would be superstitious. Opportunities should always be used according to present ability, with trustful dependence on God for future ability.

In Smith's "Bible Dictionary," under the article "Dreams," the Rev Alfred Barry, B.D., says: "Under the Christian dispensation, while we read frequently of trances and visions, dreams are never referred to as vehicles of divine revelation." Why does he speak thus unqualifiedly, and afterward himself refer to Matt. i., 20; ii., 13, 19, and 22?

A careful reading of the paragraph will suggest the right explanation; viz., that the writer understands by the term "revelation" the communication of *truth*, as distinguished from the disclosure of facts or of future events.

The Rev. G. F. Pentecost is reported in a religious paper as stating that "there are 150,000 drunkards in this country, and 1,000,000 following in that direction." Are these figures correct? If so, how are these facts ascertained?

These figures are simply an estimate, based on partial statistics from various sources, but undoubtedly near enough to the truth to give a tolerably correct impression of the magnitude of the drink evil, as measured by the number of its immediate victims

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I have a pupil who, in singing the scale, passes at F or G from a chest to a head tone. She is about fourteen, and her voice is not in other respects discouraging, though her ear is not faultless. Our organist tells me that some of the younger members of his choir have the same fault. He tells me, too, that all this can be corrected, but he does not know how Neither do I know how, and hence my questions: 1. Ought this pupil of mine to go on endeavoring to master the intervals and to learn to sing, and no notice taken of this peculiarity? 2. Will the fault disappear if unnoticed? 3. If it should be corrected, what steps are necessary? X. Y. Z.

1. No. 2. No. 3. Lessons in voice-building should never be given to persons of either sex of the age mentioned; nor should they be given to younger pupils except with the understanding that the work done in vocal training will be of only temporary value, and will all require to be done again after the vocal organs have come to maturity. How immaturity of the vocal organs will manifest itself must, of course, depend upon the individual, as will also the time of reaching maturity. As a rule, it may be said that sixteen years is the youngest age at which vocal culture, intended to be permanent, should begin, and that such training between the ages of twelve and sixteen is more likely than not to result in harm. The methods of making a voice smooth and even throughout its scale can hardly be taught on paper, certainly not in a paragraph, and a teacher who does not know what they are ought not to risk the ruin of the voices intrusted to him.

To help your inquirer who asks (March 15) whether it is honorable for a believer in the new theology to remain in the Methodist ministry, allow me to suggest that the roots of that theology (as represented in such works as "Progressive Orthodoxy") are all found in Dr. William P. Pope's "Theology," which is the best manual of systematic theology extant (this in answer to "S. H. R."). Dr. Pope is Professor in the Methodist College at Didsbury, near Manchester, England, is a man of profound and varied learning, and happily combines those constructive and intuitional habits of thought which go to make a good theologian. The central idea of the New Theology, that of the absoluteness and universality of Christianity, is stated by him with great clearness, and its corollary, a Christian probation for all men, is laid down with almost axiomatic force and precision. He is also the first Methodist theologian who has placed the intermediate state in its right relation in the doctrine of the future life. Yet his work is of conservative tendency, and is also of quickening spiritual power. On the other hand, that any Methodist minister "should demolish orthodox opinions as to the authenticity of Scripture, the credibility of miracles, the efficacy of prayer, and the value of the atonement," is a thing past belief The New Theology does not only not do that, but it places these opinions on impregnable foundations There is nothing inconsistent with the Methodist standards in the New Theology. A Methodist Minister.

Can you tell me where I can find a book treating on the domestic life and education of different classes or castes in India before the introduction of Christianity? M. E. K.

Taylor's and Trotter's histories of India are among the best. J. Garrett's Dictionary of Indian mythology, philosophy, literature, antiquities, customs, etc., would give you much information of the kind you want. See also A. Barth's "Religions of India" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), or Sir J. Caird's "India: The Land and the People."

Can you inform a subscriber what is the best History of the Bible for the ordinary uncritical reader? I want a book containing an account of the several books, date, authorship, contents, etc, something like Kitto's, only modern. R. C. F.

"Only modern"—there's the difficulty. Of course the "uncritical reader" desires the generally accepted results of modern criticism Bissell's "Historic Origin of the Bible" is—with serious faults in this respect—perhaps the best thing yet accessible (A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York; about $3). This, however, will not give you the "contents" of the several books. Barrow's "Companion to the Bible" (American Tract Society, New York; about $1), while quite antiquated as to the results of the last twenty years' study, is an excellent book in the particular just named

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Can you tell me where I can find articles or speeches on the subject of exile in Alaska; *i. e.*, sending our criminals into exile in Alaska, as is done in Siberia? F. N. J.

We believe the New York "Herald" published some articles discussing the feasibility of such a punishment some months ago.

L. M. T. asks in The Christian Union of March 8 for some quotations which I can answer.

1. "Near, or very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be," etc.,

is a hymn by Catesby Paget.

3 "O band in the pine wood, cease!"

is found in a poem called "The Band in the Pines," "heard after Pelham died," by John Esten Cooke; can be found in "Southern Songs of the War" and in "Bugle Echoes."

4. "They who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The tree of knowledge is not that of life,"

is from "Manfred," Act I., Scene 1, by Lord Byron.

5. "Brother Bartholomew, working time,
Would fall into musing and drop his tools.
Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
More than for theses of the schools,"

is the first stanza of a poem by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, called "Brother Bartholomew," published in the Boston "Courier" January 23, 1831, and in Detroit "Post and Tribune" March 20, 1881. E. E. L.

"Get your spindle and your distaff ready, and God will send thee flax." Your correspondent says this quotation may be found in "Titcomb's Letters to Young Men" We have hunted "Titcomb's Letters to Young Men" through and through, and fail to find said quotation therein. Will he inform us where it may be found (giving page of the book)?

Long Island Free Library.

S. R. Y. will find the words, "I have got my spindle and my distaff ready, never doubting for an instant that God will send me flax," in "Gold Foil," on page 14. Author, Timothy Titcomb. E. E. R.

Permit me to supplement your reply to "E. S." in issue of February 16 by saying that Ginn & Co., Boston and New York, publish Hudson's admirable "Shakespeare for Schools," a thoroughly expurgated edition. Chambers (Edinburgh) also publish an expurgated edition which is good, but not as good as Hudson's, which my daughters are permitted to use freely.

Frederic Condit.

"E. D. P." asks concerning the song of the Shepherd Boy in "Pilgrim's Progress" This song was set to music by the late Mrs. Augusta Browne Garrett, of Washington, for Frank Leslie's "Sunday Magazine," and published in the number for October, 1881. That number is now out of print, but as the plate is still preserved, copies yet may be had if required I inclose a page of the magazine, which you can send to E. D. P.

D. E. Hervey,
Associate Editor "Sunday Magazine."

If "E. D. P." will send full address, we shall be pleased to forward it.

Who can tell me where to get a little book or pamphlet for the use of sewing schools, giving names of stitches, etc.? I saw such a one in use at Louisville, Ky., but have not the address. Would like to know as soon as possible If some one has an extra copy, and would send it to me right away, I would send the money immediately on receipt of same. Address Mrs. A. G. McMeen, Danville, Ill.

A few years ago I saw in some paper a poem on Jesus Christ as a carpenter. It was a short poem, was in couplets I believe, and was supposed to be written by a carpenter. I would like to see it again. M. W. J.

Will you please tell me where I can purchase a photographic outfit for a lady's use (an amateur), and about what price?

Write to E. & H. T. Anthony, of this city, or to the Scovill Manufacturing Company, also of this city, or to any one of the several other large dealers, for catalogues and prices.

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

Among the nest-building fishes which inhabit German waters, the most interesting is the tiny "stickleback," whose life-history has been carefully studied. The home of this little animal is sometimes found in ditches, hanging among branches and twigs of plants; the nest is about the size of the average hand, and in structure and material bears a marked resemblance to the round nest of the titmouse. It is a peculiar and remarkable fact that among the sticklebacks the hatching is done by the male and not by the female fish. The building of the nest, a task to which the male also attends, is an interesting event. For many days in succession the little animal, whose energy and perseverance are truly worthy of admiration, collects its material, which consists of loose stalks, plant shreds, root-fibers, and grass. These it assorts carefully, discarding all material that proves too light. It often drags along pieces exceeding its body in length, and sometimes with great exertion strips growing plants. All this material is worked up into a tangled mass, and layers of sand are scattered in between. The nest is rendered firm by a glue-like juice, which the little mason excretes after the completion of each layer, gliding slowly over the structure; this causes the separate parts of the nest to adhere closely together. The whole, when completed, has the appearance of a sandhill, and is detected with much difficulty. While at work the fish rarely partakes of any food; it seems that during this blissful period of its existence it finds no pleasure in such every-day events; but with intense animosity it drives back any jealous rivals, larvæ, salamanders, or water-bugs, which cross its path, sometimes with evil, sometimes with harmless, intentions. After the troublesome hatching-time is over, the anxious papa still continues to care for his numerous offspring; by day and by night he watches over them, and drives away all creatures whose approach seems dangerous. This unremitting watchfulness ceases only when his young are able to raise their weapons of defense and have become somewhat acquainted with their surroundings. Any inquisitive little one venturing too far away is quickly sent home, and it actually happens that those who are very disobedient are imprisoned in the nest. The home-life of these little animals really presents an abundance of interesting and touching traits.—[Karl Hennings, in Popular Science Monthly.

SIR HENRY MAINE'S LOST MS.

The sorry fate which befell the manuscript of Carlyle's "French Revolution" has become historical, and one is reminded of it by the death of Sir Henry Maine, who was himself a victim of a somewhat similar loss to that which the author of "Sartor Resartus" suffered when Mr. John Stuart Mill's housemaid lighted the fire with the sheets of his great work. Before Maine went to India in 1862, as a member of the Supreme Council of our Eastern Empire, he had well-nigh completed a work on international law, and the manuscript of the volume he left behind him in this country, with other property. It was not until 1870 that he returned to England, on his appointment as Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford; and one of his first thoughts was naturally directed to his precious manuscript, the contents of which he knew would furnish him with subject matter for the series of lectures with which he proposed to inaugurate his professorship. Imagine, then, his disappointment and dismay when he was unable, even after the most exhaustive search, to discover any trace of the packet he had left behind him. It was gone, completely and irrevocably as it turned out, for up to the day of his death Sir Henry never heard of, or saw, one of the missing slips of manuscript. Nor did he ever fathom the mystery of its disappearance, which will probably remain one of those literary mysteries that are numerous enough to make another volume of "The Curiosities of Literature."—[London Figaro.

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THE FACTS CONCERNING LEIF ERIKSON AND COLUMBUS.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

"G. B. B," in your issue of March 1, so earnestly entreats me to produce "the mass of evidence" in regard to the discovery of America referred to by Mr. J. C Pumpelly, who kindly sent a report of my lecture before the Genealogical Society to The Christian Union, that to resist such an appeal would evince either an unwillingness to make manifest the truth I claim to have gained or a mournful consciousness that I do not have any mass of evidence in my possession to draw upon. Mr. Pumpelly made the following bold assertion: "So far as we know, no one has placed the subject before us in so clear a light as Miss Brown. From the mass of evidence which she brought up one could not but be convinced that Columbus obtained his knowledge of the New World from Iceland, and that much of this knowledge so obtained from Icelanders has been kept secret by Rome for centuries." It is this assertion that I am prepared to verify, and although your columns cannot contain the mass of evidence, any fragment that I chip off from this solid mountain will be equally convincing to good analysts. "G. B B" remarks, almost as if this threw doubt upon it, "that Columbus visited Iceland is recorded by himself." I am well aware of that, for I own a reprint of the Italian work "Vita dell' admiraglia Christophoro Columbo," written by his son Fernando, in which Columbus's admission of the fact occurs. But in his next words "G. B B." errs most grievously: "Beyond this bare fact nothing is known of the visit—at least the writer of this letter has no knowledge of the existence of any record giving details of the visit; if any such information is extant it ought, in the interest of historic truth, to be published at once." I am happy to say that I have done my full duty in this regard, for in my book "The Icelandic Discoverers of America; or, Honor to whom Honor is Due," I have quoted the testimony of Samuel Laing, N. L. Beamish, A. E Holmberg, Oscar Montelius, Arthur Helps, Toulmia Smith, Professor Rafu, and others, concerning that momentous visit to Iceland, not to speak of that given by Finn Magnusen, which was of such a nature as to lead to the following paragraph in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" under the heading "Vinland:" "Both Rafu and Finn Magnusen are excessively anxious to show that Columbus derived his first hints of a new world from the accounts of these old Icelandic expeditions. Their *amor patriæ* perhaps leads them too far, but, on the other hand, it is well to bear in mind that Finn Magnusen, in one of the early numbers of the 'Nordisk Tidsskrift for Oldkyndighet,' has conclusively established the fact that Columbus did visit Iceland in 1477, fifteen years before he undertook his great expedition across the Atlantic, and it is not at all improbable that he may have heard, while there, something of the long-abandoned Vinland, and so had his adventurous thoughts first turned in that direction." Samuel Laing sums it up thus: "A fixed date of a discovery of Vinland, recorded in writing one hundred years before Columbus's first voyage, and that record known to Columbus, or Columbus in a situation to know of it, a few years before he undertook that voyage."

"G.B.B." next urges that Columbus was unacquainted with the Icelandic language, and therefore concludes that the theory that Columbus obtained his knowledge of the New World from Iceland is "a theory only." Fortunately, the writers I have referred to are very explicit on this point. Finn Magnusen says: "If Columbus should have acquired a knowledge of the accounts transmitted to us of the discoveries of the Northmen, in conversations held in Latin with the Bishop of Skalholt and the learned men of Iceland—;" Beamish: "Nor should it be forgotten that Columbus visited Iceland in 1477, when, having had access to the archives of the island, and ample opportunity of conversing with the learned there through the medium of the Latin language—;" while the Roman Catholic author, Father P Oswald Moosmüller, in his work, "Europæer in Amerika vor Columbus," affirms that in the year 1475 Magnus, Abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Helgafell, in Iceland, was, through Archbishop Gauto, of Drontheim, consecrated Bishop of Skalholt; and that the Bishop met Columbus at Hvalfjardareyri, and that they conversed together in the Latin language.

The next hazardous statement of your correspondent was this: "The imaginary, possible, probable, or real discovery of America by gentlemen from Iceland was not known to the natives of Western, Central, or Southern Europe." It must be remembered that Iceland, during the period of her proud pre-eminence, was not an isolated island, and that the Icelanders, as Isaac I. Hayes so truly states, "were then, and continued to be for centuries afterwards, the most intellectual and refined people of the north of Europe," the Norse race being really the dominant race, by virtue of their enlightenment, their conquests, and their commerce, throughout just Western, Central, and Southern Europe. Northern vessels brought the news to southern ports, it was spread by every Viking expedition and invasion, narrated at every court of Europe by the Icelandic skalds, in those grand epics that were destined to become imperishable history, and made known to Rome by the Benedictine monks, that were first to accompany the Icelandic explorers to the shores of New England, and by the line of seventeen bishops appointed for Greenland and Vinland, all of whom sent reports to the Eternal City. Father Bodfish, of Boston, has made the public declaration that, "as it is the duty of a bishop so placed at a distance to report from time to time to the Pope, not only on ecclesiastical matters, but of the geography of the country and character of the people, it is probable that Columbus had the benefit of the knowledge possessed at Rome thus derived." He also cited the Catholic evidence from Church history, which said that missionaries accompanied Leif on his expeditions; Erik was the first Catholic bishop of America, a fact worthy of historical belief, and he sent word to Rome. Afterward Columbus obtained this knowledge at Rome, and inspired his sailors with accounts of maps of the places in the New World visited by the Northmen.

"Columbus certainly was no favorite with Ferdinand nor with Bishop Fonseca," alleges "G. B. B;" and asks, confident of a negative answer, "Did he stand higher in the graces of their holinesses the popes?" Columbus's Romish biographer, J. J. Barry, dashed this expectation, without knowing that it would ever arise, by declaring, apropos of the Bull of Pope Alexander VI.: "For the question is not concerning an international interest, or of an affair to regulate for Castile, but about interests of vital importance to Catholicity, to the salvation of souls, and to the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. . . . And here we see visibly the participation of the Church in the discovery, and where we perceive her agency, in the benediction given by Innocent III. to the enterprise of his countryman. . . . Rome comprehended Columbus. Now, to comprehend is, in a certain sense, to become equal to. All the sympathies of the Holy Fathers and of the Sacred College were in favor of Columbus." The other patrons of the Genoese navigator, sent out, on the strength of stolen information, to secure territorial aggrandizement for the Church, were the successor of the notorious Torquemada, Deza, the Grand Cardinal Mendoza, Suis de St. Angel, Juan Perez, and other men of the Church. These historical facts play sad havoc with "G. B. B's" rapturous belief that "when modern liberty had been born and was growing with the years; when the Reformation was about to be accomplished—then God raised up Christopher Columbus to reveal the hidden continent in order that religious and civil liberty might find a refuge. And to the fact that it was so we owe the existence of our Protestant republic." I beg "G. B. B." to refer me to any passage in Columbus's letters in which he reveals an intention of securing a refuge for civil and religious liberty. Does any account of Spanish colonization yield a basis for such an assumption? Was Columbus's kidnapping system, through which, as Washington Irving describes it, "the colony would be furnished with all kind of live stock free of expense," and—the main motive—"a vast number of souls would be snatched from perdition, and carried, as it were, by main force to heaven," an evidence that this much extolled man, styled by Arthur Helps "a practiced slave dealer," was working to extend civil and religious liberty? Were the consequences of his discovery (?) and colonization—the establishing of slavery; the establishing of three tribunals of the Inquisition in America, one at Lima, one at Mexico, and the other at Carthagena; ecclesiastical censorship, which required the registration of all books destined for the colonies, to certify that they were not prohibited, and which "decreed the punishments of death and confiscation for all those who should sell, buy, keep, or read the books prohibited by the Holy Office"—a further evidence that religious and civil liberty was Columbus's aim, and that Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V. and Philip II., with the assistance of the popes, carried it out to the best of their ability? *Some* colonists, undoubtedly, sought American shores to escape religious persecution—the Puritans, the Quakers, and others—but these were not Spaniards. The Swedes came in order to found an ideal republic on the banks of the Delaware; but as these were Gustaf Adolf's subjects, no Spanish proclivities could be suspected in *them*. Yes, "the accomplishment of the Reformation" did, indeed, render Columbus's discovery (?) necessary, but for very different reasons from those "G. B. B." sets forth!

MARIE A. BROWN.

Every man on the Kansas City police force is a church member. Two of the officers are elders in the church, and any number of them are deacons.—[Exchange.

PEW AND PULPIT.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Surely the pulpit ought to welcome such words from the pews as those of Mr. Taft, of Chicago. His questions are very searching and suggestive, and yet such an absence of the modern harsh and sneering "criticism"—so much, rather, of the spirit of Aquila and Priscilla; so kindly does he seem to take the preacher unto him, that he may expound the *way* of God more perfectly. If I had the good fortune to be Mr. Taft's pastor, I would say to him, Yes, *that* is believing in what Christ taught. Yes, "plainly and unqualifiedly." You *might* say, without sacrilege, "God and I were at one." And I would only add, in the words of the Master, If you remain steadfast in my word, you are truly my disciples.

Phillips Brooks answers his questions in this way: "I wish that I could speak to the Gamaliels here today—men not Christians, but men who are earnest, thoughtful, tolerant, and sure of God, pure and sincere, and ready for the light which God shall show them. Be sure that no man in this world can be earnest and sure of God without helping the world to faith, or without going on himself to a complete and completer faith, and certainly at last somewhere coming to the perfect faith himself." E. T. H.

A "TRUST" EXTERMINATOR.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

As your paper gives special attention to problems of labor and capital, may I suggest, for the consideration of your readers, as a practical remedy for "trusts," the enactment of a national law, which even those who oppose free trade in general would be likely to favor, empowering the President, or some national commission composed of such men as the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners, to proclaim instant free trade in any commodity whose producers unite to put up its price, such free trade to continue until *fair* trade is restored. Let the watchword be, "Fair trade or free trade."

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

"MERCY AND JUSTICE."

Suppose the little tangle between some of your correspondents—whether Mercy and Justice are one—be put into this shape: Is there any justice (or justness) into which no mercy enters? Is there any mercy which is not just? Tais will not make these two qualities absolutely one; but it will so inseparably blend them that neither without the other deserves its name. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder"—whether "orthodox" or otherwise. J. T. T.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

THE friends of The New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men are putting forth their best exertions in its behalf at the present time in order that the institution may be fully enabled to carry on its beneficent mission without the hindrances which attend a depleted exchequer. It is to be hoped that their endeavors will be crowned with success, and that those whom the Lord has blessed with means may prove themselves worthy stewards of his bounty by a generous support of this eminently Christian work.

To bring under the influence of the Gospel, and by the saving power of Jesus reclaim, those who have fallen victims to the alcoholic, morphine, or opium habits is the special field in which the Christian Home exerts itself. Necessarily there are many among the inmates who are reduced to poverty by the alcoholic demon they have so long served, and to support them while in the Home, effecting their release from sin, requires no small expenditure. Receiving no aid whatever from either municipal or State funds, the institution wholly depends for its support upon receipts for board from those who can pay, with such other positive income as is derivable from interest on bequests, and on the contributions of those who have sympathy with temperance reform, especially when inspired and governed by Christian influences.

The Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, D.D., is President of the Board of Directors, and contributions or donations of money or clothing will be gratefully appreciated by Charles A. Bunting, Resident Manager, 1,175 Madison Avenue. *

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.—A scholarship of $300 is offered by the New York Local Committee on Harvard Examinations for Women to the candidate who shall pass the examinations in New York with the highest credit, and who desires to use the money in pursuing her studies the coming year at any college chosen by her and approved of by the Committee. A fund for a second scholarship is being raised. The examinations will be held in New York, June 28, 29, and 30, 1888 For further information apply to the Secretary, No. 32 East Thirty-third Street, New York.

The last letter written by Louisa Alcott, after speaking of the numberless demands upon her, ended with the words: "Shall I ever find time to die?" Two days later her question was answered.—[Boston Gazette.

CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

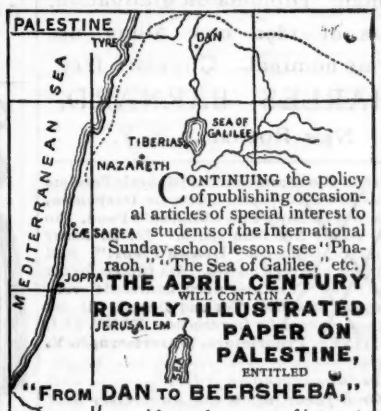
Those old days of deliberate shooting with a muzzle-loader and dogs were very pleasant, says an anonymous clergyman in the "Cornhill Magazine," though perhaps we were rather drowsy. But "repose" is the virtue to be preached and practiced now. I remember, however, one parson of my youth who somewhat overdid this combination of performance and doctrine, since, one Sunday, he went fast asleep while he was preaching. Fact. A friend of ours was present, and saw him do it. He was always slow, and on this occasion got slower and slower till he stopped altogether. This woke up those who nodded, and on looking toward the pulpit they saw him sleeping while he stood—like a horse. I forget the end of the story. But he passed from a sermon into a snore. So did another man. That was in Rutlandshire A parson there told me of it. The second sleeper had gone kindly to take the duty for a neighbor a few miles off, in August. He walked to the church, and, being well in time, looked into the vicarage. The kindly servant said: "You seem tired, sir; won't you have a glass of ale after your walk?' Yes, he would—and did, and felt refreshed. The day, however, was very hot, the afternoon was its hottest part, and the freshly dined rustic congregation (who had been reaping and binding all the week) mostly fell asleep. There was a (nasal) murmuring among the people. The doors, too, were wide open, and bumble-bees sailed slowly down the aisle, adding to the hum. Thus when the preacher went into the pulpit he caught the sentiment of the congregation, and, after putting his face reverently between his hands for a few seconds, remained in the same attitude, fast asleep. There was no record (at least I remember none) on this occasion either of the awakening of anybody. My friend learned of the incident from the rustic clerk.

How irresistibly, imperatively importunate is the demand of the god of dreams when he bids us slumber in the midst of worship! and how very mistaken those are who blame the sleeper severely! Of course, you may carry the thing too far, as (in the well known story) when Mr. A was twitted by Mr. B with having sent a man to sleep with his sermon in his (Mr. B's) church. On the next Sunday Mr. A sat in the congregation, and B preached. He was maliciously pleased at seeing on this occasion, too, one of the audience in a nap. Presently he called B's notice to it. "Yes," replied Mr. B, "he is asleep. But he is the same man. We have not been able to wake him."

Though the religious attitude in my young days was far from eager, there was much steady "pastoral" work in which the parson was helped by the farmers of the parish. Our Sunday-school, I recollect, was assiduously taught, and some of the boys performed prodigies of Scriptural repetition. One of the most distinguished of these reciters soon took to the reading of Tom, Paine," and finally (though there is no inevitable connection between these phases of departure from a Christian conversation) to drink. He became apparently the most conspicuously dilapidated personage in our small rustic circle. How well as a child I remember the boast of his teacher that he had said the longest Gospel in the Prayer-Book without a mistake!

The poorer sort of people used to attend divine service well. Clergy, including all ranks, were not so bustling as they now are. Indeed, some bishops seemed to take their duties with an equanimity for which they did not in any wise deem it necessary to apologize. There was one who held a confirmation near my home years ago, and a judicious clergyman who had been present told me afterwards that he had heard such a charge given to the candidates as they all attended to, and would be sure to remember always. He said it contained words of one syllable only; that these were well chosen, and such as the young people, however ignorant, were able perfectly to understand. "And then," he added, "the charge contained excellent advice, worthy to be acted on throughout life." In fact, the only words uttered by the Bishop (beyond those printed in the service book itself) were "Stand up." He might have done worse. . . .

I have been very fortunate in my colleagues, but sometimes an advertisement for a "curate" has brought comical replies. On one occasion the good qualities of the first gentleman I interviewed were tempered by an exceedingly obtrusive cork leg which he didn't manage well. While I listened in my study to the approach of the second who had been asked to favor me with a call, a heavy stumping in the passage made me say, "Surely there cannot be another such a one?" But there was. So in the letter of invitation to the third on my list, I expressed a hope (with many apologies) that he was not "lame." The reply which came was very satisfactory, till I reached the postscript. There my correspondent wrote, "You ask if I am lame. It is unfortunately too true that I have lately lost my right leg, but I am assured that an artificial substitute . . ." The most pathetic application I ever had was from a sort of Dominie Sampson who had been from his youth chaplain and librarian to some rich man whose heir had turned him adrift. He was much older than myself, and carried a tin snuff box. While I beat about the bush thinking how to decline his offer without offense, he (supposing that I hesitated in regard to the stipend of the post) tapped his box, took an emphatic pinch, and, looking hard at me, said: "Sir, I am prepared to come for thirty-six pounds a year." I represented his case to Archbishop Tait, who took pains to find a nook into which to place this learned and modest gentleman. There may be as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, but occasionally one brought up in the net of an advertisement is clearly bad—or mad. Once a man in a shovel hat and a waistcoat like a large black dish cover (he had sent in his card with "Jehovah Jireh" upon it) called, and almost insisted on my securing him as a colleague. All know the story of the Irishman who, finding himself obliged to address a negro congregation, said, by way of prefatory self-commendation, "My friends, I may have a white skin, but I have a black heart." Nevertheless there is a clerical—well, say "gray"—which the parson who fishes for help by advertisements should be always able to spot.



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The summer term in this Institution will commence April 5th, 1888. For circular send to MISS A. E. STANTON, Principal, Norton, Mass.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

THE NEBRASKA LAW.—A SYMPOSIUM.[1]

At the request of the New York Citizens' Committee on High License, Mr. T. H. Leavitt, of Lincoln, Nebraska, sent a circular letter to prominent citizens of that State—men of widely differing positions in life, representing all shades of political opinions—asking their opinions regarding the workings of the High License law in diminishing the consumption of liquor and lessening crime, drunkenness, and pauperism. Mr. Leavitt executed his task in a manner remarkably fair-minded. Unable to get any responses from the liquor dealers, he republishes their former utterances. His own introductory comment upon the effect of the revenue features of the law is decidedly to the point, and evinces the temper of the man. It is as follows:

"Undoubtedly the fact that our license fees are productive of a large revenue, which virtually reduces taxation just so much, has had not a little to do with giving favor to the matter of high license with many, while the added fact that provision is made that the revenue so raised shall be applied as a *school fund* has operated with a very large class of well-meaning, conscientious, but not very far-seeing people, to so far 'take the cuss off' that they go for high license as an aid to education, considering that as an essential part of the 'operation' of high license."

As is indicated by some of the letters which follow, the Nebraska law is by no means exclusively a revenue measure. It contains a local option clause and various other restrictive features. These the temperance people are unanimous in supporting. The great majority of the letters heartily indorse the law. Of these indorsements the following will serve as an example:

EX-GOVERNOR SAUNDERS'S VIEW.

"In Omaha we have better order and a more quiet city under the high license system than we had when the tax was only $100 each. Then we had more saloons than we now have, and the city was not half as large as it now is."

But letters expressing general approval are of less interest than those which throw light upon the peculiar features of the law or criticise its workings.

THE LAW AN EDUCATOR

The Hon O P. Mason, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, writes:

"There are no saloons at cross roads in the country, and many thriving and prosperous villages are without them. And those in the cities and larger villages are of a better character than they were or would be under a less stringent law. But the fact must not be overlooked that the greatest virtue of our liquor law is not in the 'high license,' but in those provisions which give civil damages against the saloon-keeper and his bondsmen for damages resulting to the family or others caused by the traffic, and the vigor and spirit of juries and courts in enforcing these provisions. This is the mainstay of the law in preventing drunkenness. The law is an educator, and it is believed that it is gradually educating the people up to that point where prohibition will not only be possible but practical, and the time is not far distant when the saloon in this State will be a thing of the past."

WHY THE WHOLESALE DEALERS FAVOR IT

Secretary of State Laws writes:

"In the cities and villages of my acquaintance the number of saloons has been somewhat reduced under high license, but not very greatly, though the character and responsibility of the 'keepers' have been raised Under the present law responsible men go on the bonds of saloon-keepers with greater reluctance, and in some instances it has been found very difficult, if not impossible, for men of questionable character and responsibility to get bondsmen; because, to the extent that the number of saloons is reduced, the responsibility is the more easily determined in case of damage. This fact also causes saloon men to use greater care in selling, and in some degree reduces the quantity drank as a beverage. Wholesale liquor dealers find collections more easily made and suffer fewer losses, and, though sales are not quite as large, net profits are as great, if not greater, than under a low or no license system, and the high license system under our law is preferred by wholesale men in general to any other system."

VIEWS OF PROHIBITIONISTS

Ex Mayor Hardy, of Lincoln, writes:

"The few saloons sell as much liquor as the many would. . . . The distillers, brewers, and saloon-keepers are now all for high license. Prohibition has been postponed five years. The best way to rid ourselves of a curse is to go straight for what we want in place of it. To license the liquor traffic, thinking by so doing to get rid of it, is like putting out fire with oil. As well might a man marry a woman to get rid of her. You probably know that I am dubbed the 'Father of high license.' (The law and the courts had forbid our passing a prohibitory ordinance.) I honestly thought it a step in the right direction when we passed that ordinance in our city ten years ago last July, but I have found it was a step the other way. No father was ever more ashamed of his offspring than I of what I did for high license in Lincoln. We would have been rid of the saloon now had it not been for that mistake. The number of saloons has increased since 1880, 85 per cent. faster than the population. The population in 1880 was 452,402; the number of saloons 1,024, or one saloon to 451 population. In 1885 the population was 740,645, and the number of saloons 2,535, or one to every 292 population."

VIEWS OF THE LIQUOR INTERESTS.

Distiller Gier, of Omaha, recently wrote as follows:

"High license has not hurt our business, but, on the contrary, has been a great benefit to it. I believe high license acts as a bar against prohibition. I do not think that high license lessens the quantity of liquor used. I believe that high license is one of the grandest laws for the liquor traffic there is."

Metz Brothers, an Omaha brewing firm, write:

"High license has been no injury to our business. We think it bars prohibition. We are positively certain that were it not for our present high license law, Nebraska today would have prohibition. High license does not lessen the consumption of liquor. If left to us, the liquor dealers, we would never repeal the law."

CONCLUSION.

In view of all this evidence, it seems clear that in judging of the Nebraska laws the revenue features must be sharply distinguished from the restrictive feature. The restrictive features do restrict; the revenue feature does produce a revenue: but there seems to be much reason to question whether the revenue feature does not restrict restriction more than it restricts the consumption of liquor. The partial payment of the school tax appears to retard local option.

[1] Those who wish the complete correspondence should secure the Lincoln (Nebraska) "State Journal" of March 18.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As we have before reported, the new High License law in Pennsylvania has rigid restrictive features, and the Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia has surprised every one by the manner in which it is enforcing them. Of the 5,779 saloons in that city, but 3 427 have made applications for the renewal of their licenses. The Court heard the remonstrances, and last week rendered its decision as to the cases in the first seven of the thirty-one wards. Of 1,311 saloons at present in these wards, 727 applications had been filed, and 703 of these were acted upon Only 335 were granted, while 368 were refused. Only one saloon was allowed on a block, and this in the center of the city where there are now often five or six. Any applicant who had ever been convicted of violating any law and every one against whom there were a reasonable number of remonstrances was refused. A great proportion of the licenses granted are to restaurants.

At the meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association in New York last week Mrs. Bessie Star Keifer, of the Toronto "Globe," said that Mayor Howland's election and re election in Toronto was largely due to the provision of the Canadian law that single women having property or an income of $350 a year were permitted to vote. Almost unanimously they supported the temperance candidate.

Iowa's new Prohibition bill—iron clad and steel riveted—has been engrossed by a vote of 61 to 37. One provision not hitherto mentioned in The Christian Union requires a bond of $1 000 to be filed for the benefit of any person injured by violations of the law. Suit may be brought by wife, child, guardian, or employer ——Congressman A. V. Parker, of New York, member of Judiciary Committee of the House, submits a minority report in favor of the Constitutional Amendment resolution forbidding "the manufacture, importation," exportation, transportation, and sale of alcoholic liquor as a beverage."

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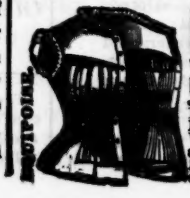

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HUMOR AND SATIRE.

The most delightful sense of humor is entirely unaccompanied by any shock to another. When the physician recommended Sydney Smith "to take a walk on an empty stomach," and Sydney Smith immediately asked, "On whose?' the humor involved no one's pain and humiliation, and would have been much diminished if had involved either. When Dickens made Mrs. Gamp ask if any lady or gentleman would like some thin bread and butter "without the crust, by reason of tender teeth, which 'Gamp,' being in liquor, knocked out four at a blow," and thus humorously indicates that she was cutting it, not for anybody else, but for herself, while breaking her purpose to the company in the form of generous solicitude for another's welfare, we laugh inwardly, not because we feel our superiority to Mrs. Gamp, but because we recognise the subtlety of the insight into the natural selfishness of the human heart, though we might be too shrewd to betray it to the world with Mrs. Gamp's unintentional simplicity. We do not believe that humor of the true kind was ever yet heightened by that delight in our own eminency which Hobbes treats as the essential cause of laughter. Doubtless it is the cause of some laughter, for laughter is often excited by the sense of triumph in men who have no humor at all. "Let those laugh who win," says the proverb, and it cannot be denied that laughter is not uncommon in persons who win, just as tears are not uncommon in persons who lose. But to argue that because those laugh who win, while those also laugh whose sense of humor is gratified, therefore all sense of humor is to be traced to the sense of winning, is about as wise as to argue that because men weep when they lose, and also weep when their pity is excited, therefore all sense of pity is due to the sense of loss. Of course, neither of these hasty generalizations is true. Humor originally meant something which was opposed to dryness, and, in our belief, humor always meant, and still means, that rapid power of passing from one mood of feeling to another, of which dry men seem quite incapable. It is true that there is such a thing as dry humor, just as there is such a thing as dry wine. But dry humor means humor which passes so quietly from one mood to another that the transition is imperceptible to the multitude, while rich humor is the sort of humor which, like Sydney Smith's or Charles Lamb's, passes from one mood to the other with something of joyful exuberance.

Mr. Traill treats satire and humor as if they were nearly identical, though to us they seem very different, in spite of the various intermediate shades by which the difference between the two is graduated. Nobody would called Pope a humorist. Nobody would called the satire on Addison in the epistle to Mr Arbuthnot, admirable as it is, a work of humor. And though Thackeray was a considerable humorist and a great satirist, it is easy, we think, to see that when his satirical mood was uppermost, as in Barry Lyndon, his humor was not at its highest; while, when his humor was at its highest, as in "The Newcomes," his satirical power was to some extent waning. We should say that the difference between satire and humor is this: that satire is written in the same plane of feeling from beginning to end, though it may put on the mere appearance of a different plane of feeling in order to enhance the effect; while humor flashes from one mood to another, and is essentially irridescent in its lights, filling one with the feeling that one does not know in which plane of feeling one is. Swift, for instance, was a satirist—a satirist only—though the greatest of satirists. Charles Lamb was a humorist, and one of the greatest of humorists, though now and then his humor had something of the effect of satire. Now satire, doubtless, is closely connected with the triumphant mood of laughter; while humor, as such, has no connection of the kind. Humor, whether in the days of Aristophanes or in our own, delights in flashing from one deep vein of human nature to another, with a flight as swift and as brilliant as that of a king-fisher when it plunges from the air into the stream. The charm it exercises is the charm of realizing for us vividly in how many planes of life we really live; but the essence of satire is scorn, and in the attitude of scorn it begins and ends.—[Spectator.

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The character of the aboriginal, when studied, shows traits that his white oppressor might be proud to possess. His faithfulness is remarkable, and he has been known to stay with his sick master on the desert plains of interior Australia till death had taken them both, though his own safety might have been secured with ease. Their power of endurance is such that they have been known to travel over one hundred and twenty-five miles in twenty-four hours, and be ready to move on if required. Their keen power of scent and observation is now appreciated by the police, and woe be to the criminal whose track they are upon! Not a disturbed leaf nor an overturned stone will escape their keen eyes.

Last December three desperate bush-rangers escaped from the jail at Perth, Western Australia. They were familiar with the bush, and had hours' start, yet with the assistance of "black trackers," the escapes were in the hands of the police within twenty-four hours.

But the "blackfellow" will not work; if any duty is required of him, and the idea is impressed upon him that it is only play, he is ready and willing to do it, no matter how arduous the task may be. He will ride horseback all day after cattle, and stay awake all night to watch them, if he thinks it is fun; but let him find it is work he is doing, and he will take to the bush at short notice, nor will he return to the same master. He asks no pay; clothes he does not need; a bite to eat, and his satisfaction is complete.

It is the fashion of the Queensland ladies to have a little black boy for a pet. Tricked out in gaudy clothes, the little fellows take the place of the pet poodle of European society. These boys are usually taken from the "Gins" by force, but as it is nobody's business, the crime is never noticed.—[San Francisco Alta.

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JANUARY 1st, 1888
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Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36

Surplus to Policy Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard, $420,240 87
Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.
T. W. RUSSELL, Pres't.
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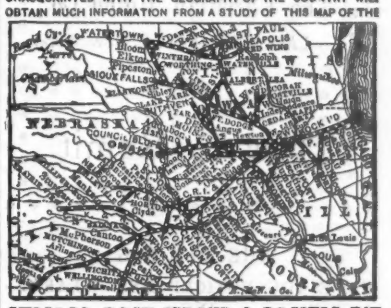
A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY WEAKENING?

Inclosed find draft renewing my subscription for another year. I am a Bourbon in politics and religion, one who never forgets and never learns anything; but I admire the breezy independence of The Christian Union, and it is the only paper I read through—advertisements and all. I regret sincerely, however, that Dr, Abbott has accepted his present relation to Plymouth Church. I am as jealous as a lover of anything that may even tend to weaken his ardent devotion to The Christian Union.

Truly yours, W. R. W.

KEOSAUQUA, Iowa.

GLAD TO DO IT.

I am very anxious to get The Christian Union into as many homes in my parish as possible, as one of the *most efficient aids in my work*. Do you send out specimen numbers to induce subscriptions? If so, I should be glad to send you a list of names. Perhaps you can send me a list of those who already take it here, and then I will give you a further list of such as occur to me. I believe there is no religious paper that compares with the Union in bringing Christian help and inspiration to all classes of people

Very cordially yours, S P. W.

JANESVILLE, Wis.

A QUEER BUT PLEASANT LETTER.

Last week I wrote you refusing to renew my subscription, for which I humbly beg pardon. I inclose $3 (three dollars) for next year.

I told a friend, who spoke slightingly of Alcott and called him "queer," I liked queer people I subscribed for The Christian Union because it was queer, and stopped it because it was not queer enough. But your remarks on Christian Science in your last suited me, and I can't get along without you. I rely on you in politics, but you are not my doctor of divinity or medicine alway; but please forgive me and continue to come to

MRS L W. M.

CINCINNATI, O.

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

To say how much I value my Union would be to tell you a story so often repeated that I suppose a vigorous kick or annihilating "Stop my paper" is welcomed as a refreshing novelty. E C. W. M.

MIDDLEVILLE, Lanark County, Ont.

BEWARE OF THE FIRST "READ."

It seems to be impossible for me to quit The Christian Union; I have made several efforts, but failed every time; so I yield to fate. Truly yours, M. T.

JAMESTOWN, Ohio.

MOTTOES

[To be continued.]

We want nine new ones for use during the year. We will give a three years' subscription for what is in our opinion the best; for the second best, a two years' subscription; and for the third best, a one year's subscription. We, of course, in this matter, must be "judge and jury." The motto we have is good, but we want to give our subscribers a new one just as good for each month in the year, if we can find them.

PUBLISHER C. U.

Inclosed please find one dollar to keep alive The Christian Union in our home.

"The Union must and shall be preserved," or "The Union forever." How are these for mottoes? Yours truly, J. R.

DUNLAP, Iowa.

"Above thy former self, erect thyself."

BOSTON, Mass. W.

"Government and co-operation are in all things the laws of life" F K. G

MORRISVILLE, Vt.

"The highest good to the greatest number."

NORWAY, Me. B. S. R.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize all foreign of that name.—[Herbert.

Our piety needs a stiff breeze of common sense blowing through it.—[Gail Hamilton.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—[Carlyle.

With pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.
—[Pope

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day were the truths of long ago.—[Whittier.

Be not simply good—be good for something.—[Thoreau. H. M. A.

PEACHAM, Vt.

"Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within."

Very truly yours, S. A. H. M.

HANCOCK, Minn.

"The dream of to-day is the battle of to-morrow, and the victory of the day following"

Yours, (Rev.) W. S.

OMAHA, Neb.

Hopeful despite all evil, through faith in God and faith in man. J. H. D.

BROOKLYN.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—[Thomas Jefferson.

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free.—[Cowper.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill.—[Burke.

METHUEN, Mass. G. & O

THE MISSIONARY FUND.

The readers of last week's "Desk" will be pleased to learn that the names of "M.," of Hamilton, Mo., and "S. W.," of Holden, Me., have, through the kindness of a friend of The Christian Union, been added to the list of home missionaries who receive the paper free. The Publisher believes so thoroughly in helping on the work which this fund is doing, that he offers the paper at reduced rates to those who would like to put it into the hands of the workers on the frontier. If you can lend a hand, address Publisher Christian Union for terms.

TO ALL CONTRIBUTORS.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay—
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way:
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lastly long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—Boil it down.

—[The (Scottish) Farming World.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

At Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time,
An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:

"The new moon is a horseshoe, wought of God'
Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be shod."

On hearing this his Highness smiled and gave
The man a gold piece. Sing again, O slave!

Above his lute the happy singer bent,
And turned another graceful compliment.

And, as before, the smiling Sultan gave
The man a shekah. Sing again, O slave!

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill
That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan listened, nodded as before,
Still gave the gold, and still demanded more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high
Grew weary with its climbing by and by;

Strange discords rose, the sense went quite amiss;
The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss;

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung,
And twice he sang the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute and said:
"O Musta, straightway whip me off his head!"

Poets! not in Arabia alone
You get beheaded when your skill is gone.
—[T. B. Aldrich.

FOR BUSINESS BOYS.

[*From the American Grocer.*]

HOW TO BECOME A GENIUS.

"I knew an entry clerk," said the Rev. W. S. Crowe, in his lecture before the students of Eastman College, "who would sit at his desk while the salesmen filed past him and read their items—not the amounts, but the items: 14¼ yards of cloth at 78¾ cents a yard; 22⅛ pounds of lard at 11⅞ cents per pound—reading right along with rapid voice; and when the last item was announced he would have the total, and when the last salesman announced the final item he would have the grand total; and would put on his hat and go home with the rest. I asked him how he did it; if it was a gift. "Not much!" said he; "at least I paid very dearly for that gift;" then he told me how he came to be a genius. "Once," he said, "I could tell that in a group of men, or a pile of boxes, there were three or five, without counting them Now I can just as readily tell that there are nineteen or twenty-six or thirty-five without counting. I have acquired this ability by persistently counting thousands upon thousands of groups of objects, and associating the correct number with the size and appearance of each group. I learned addition in the same way, by infinite practice, until now I can sum up four or five columns at a time as readily and accurately as one column. I learned fractions the same way, by ceaseless persistence and care. For many years I have dwelt in a world of figures, till all their combinations are as familiar to me as the keys of his instrument to a skilled pianist."

Yes, this is a great country. American citizens were picking icicles in Minnesota and oranges in California on the same day. They were tobogganing in Maine and having a picnic in Pensacola.—[Alta Californian.

RANDOM NOTES.

HAD HIS OWN SALARY REDUCED.

General James E Pittman was given the Police Superintendency a couple of years ago and the attendent emoluments of $4 000 per annum. There was a lot of work about the position for one man to attend to, and even after Mr. Pittman got fairly into the harness he found the place anything but a sinecure. He asked for a deputy, and one was appointed. As the deputy grew accustomed to the workings of criminal government Mr. Pittman found his own duties much lighter. "I have always endeavored to conduct the department," he said yesterday, "just as I would a business concern. When I saw a man was getting more money than his work and duties merited, I have said so, and *vice versa*. The rules that applied to them should apply to me, for justice, like charity, begins at home. When my deputy relieved me of many of my duties I realized that the taxpayers were paying me more than I was earning, and I told the Commissioners so. They were rather amused at the idea, but I felt that I had been relieved at least $1,000 a year in responsibility, and, when the estimates were compiled this year, insisted on a reduction of my salary to $3,000. I had hoped this matter would not be paraded in the papers. It is simply a matter of equity and common sense, that's all."—[Detroit Tribune.

How many who read this believe they are overpaid?

FOR PENNY LETTER POSTAGE.

We take the ground that the post-office business of the country need not be made self-supporting. There are branches of the Government at Washington which do not earn a dollar for their own support. They live on money collected through the Treasury and Interior Departments. We do not ask that the post-office shall be maintained exclusively by funds gathered from other sources than the sale of postage stamps. A great deal might be said in favor of free postage, as one of the best of popular educators and effectual means of breaking down these sectional barriers which still exist. But we here confine ourselves to the renewal of the appeal for one-cent letter postage. Its concession would not in the slightest degree lessen the chances of tax reduction. There will be a day of reckoning with the men who seek to obstruct this truly popular reform, and offer no better reason for it than the shallow one we have exposed.—[New York Journal of Commerce.

DON'T MIND ALARMISTS.

Several years ago economic writers and domestic alarmists agreed that the year 1887 would witness the final extinction of the American flour trade with Europe. The year 1887 has come and gone, and the American flour trade has grown larger instead of being extinguished. There is no superfluous prosperity in the milling industry of any country on earth at the beginning of 1888, but if any one country can claim that its milling industry is in better condition than that of any other, certainly that country is the United States.—[Milling Journal.

To try to cure poverty by street charity is like trying to stop a hole in your roof by mopping up the puddles that gather on your floor.—[Senator Stanford.

"THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN."

BY H. H.

"THE MORAL USES OF LUXURY AND BEAUTY."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We have a limited number of above reprints from The Christian Union in pamphlet form, which we will send to any of our subscribers who will send us stamp for return postage.

SCOTT'S CATALOGUE OF FLOWERS.

The annual catalogue of Robert Scott & Son, Philadelphia, Pa, for 1888, contains the most complete assortment of roses, as well as many other specialties in flowers, it is profusely illustrated with engravings and colored plates of the latest novelties, and is sent free to any reader of this paper upon application.

IT COSTS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

to gild the dome of the Boston State House. But it will cost very much less than that to restore a dyspeptic stomach to health by means of Perfected Oxygen. You want to know what this safe and natural remedy has done. Write for free and full information to Walter C. Browning, M.D., 1,225 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

TRANSFIGURATION.[1]

By Louisa May Alcott.

[*In Memory of her Mother.*]

Mysterious Death! who in a single hour
Life's gold can so refine;
And by thy art divine
Change mortal weakness to immortal power!

Bending beneath the weight of eighty years,
Spent with the noble strife
Of a victorious life,
We watched her fading heavenward, through our tears.

But, ere the sense of loss our hearts had wrung,
A miracle was wrought,
And swift as happy thought
She lived again, brave, beautiful, and young.

Age, Pain, and Sorrow dropped the veils they wore,
And showed the tender eyes
Of angels in disguise,
Whose discipline so patiently she bore.

The past years brought their harvests rich and fair,
While Memory and Love
Together fondly wove
A golden garland for the silver hair.

How could we mourn like those who are bereft,
When every pang of grief
Found balm for its relief
In counting up the treasure she had left?

Faith that withstood the shocks of toil and time,
Hope that defied despair,
Patience that conquered care,
And loyalty, whose courage was sublime;

The great, deep heart that was a home for all;
Just, eloquent, and strong
In protest against wrong;
Wide charity that knew no sin, no fall;

The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
Mating poor daily needs
With high, heroic deeds,
That wrested happiness from Fate's hard hand.

We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
Full of grateful peace
That followed her release;
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

O noble woman! never more a queen
Than in the laying down
Of scepter and of crown
To win a greater kingdom yet unseen;

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal,
To earn the true success,
To live, to love, to bless,
And make death proud to take a royal soul!

DEACON BITTERS.

By James Russell Lowell.

Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the store,
The richest man for many a mile of shore;
In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting-houses to a chest of tea;
So dextrous therewithal a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin;
In business strict, to bring the balance true
He had been known to bite a fig in two,
And change a board-nail for a shingle-nail.
All that he had he ready held for sale,
His house, his tomb, whate'er the law allows,
And he had gladly parted from his spouse.
His one ambition still to get and get,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.
His store looked righteous, should the parson come,
But in a dark back room he peddled rum,
And eased Ma'am Conscience, if she e'er would scold,
By christening it with water ere he sold.
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,
And one white neckcloth all the week days through—
On Monday white, by Saturday as dun
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son.
—[Fitz Adam's Story.

"THE SNOWING OF THE PINES."

By Colonel T. W. Higginson.

Softer than silence, stiller than still air,
Float down from high pine boughs the slender leaves,
The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their way;
High up the crows are gathering for the night;
The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
Takes through their golden mist his radiant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snowflakes drop as lightly—snows on snows.
—[Scribner's Magazine.

[1] Read at Miss Alcott's funeral. Published here at the request of several subscribers.

THE FROST-ELVES.

All night the Frost-Elves in the starlight go;
Their wings are white on meadow-land and vale,
Their feet on mountain-tops and lakes below
Dance to the icy music of the hail.
They make the voice of hive and river fall,
They rob the forests of their golden glow,
And round about the moon of vapor frail
They wind a gloriola, white as snow.
Their eyes are glittering in the freezing dew—
Keen, radiant spirits are they; but not glad—
Their kisses kill the flowers they press them to;
They could not find in all their straying sad
So much exuberance of green and blue
As April in a single violet had!—[Exchange.

The Stubborn Juryman in a New Light.—A case was being tried in the West of England, and at its termination the judge charged the jury and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed and no verdict was brought in. The judge's dinner hour arrived, and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry he learned that one obstinate juryman was holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that in his charge to them he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of eleven men of wisdom was unfit and disqualified ever again to act in the capacity of juryman. At the end of this excited harangue a little squeaky voice came from one of the jury. He said: "Will your lordship allow me to say a word?" Permission being given he added: "May it please your lordship, I am the only man on your side."—[Singapore Review.

HEARTS

Until within a few years the diseases of the heart and of the system were in nearly all cases reached through the stomach, for the doctors said, "*We cannot, of course, reach the heart directly. How can we?*"

This question, asked twenty-five years ago, was only partially answered—it was only guessed at—until the discovery of "Compound Oxygen." Drs. Starkey & Palen, the physicians who have been so successfully administering this remedy, answer the question by telling of their experience. They call attention to the fact that *on the completion of the circuit of the system, all the blood which has been thrown out by the heart comes back to the heart by the way of the lungs. Here it finds a great field for aeration, exceeding in area the entire outer surface of the body; here, with the air, the oxygen reaches the blood. The returning blood entering the heart invigorated, adds new vigor to that organ, and, with less effort, a greater volume is sent forward, carrying vigor and comfort through all the arteries and veins in its circuit.* This is a very brief statement of the method of cure by Oxygen. But a reading of the letters of patients who speak of the comfort the Treatment gave them, of the relief of heart trouble, and of the ability to sleep, after being for months or years deprived of it by palpitation or flattering of the heart, will be the best evidence that could be produced that the right method of cure for disease has been found in "Compound Oxygen." And the value of the statement will not be decreased by its brevity.

The curiosity as to what Compound Oxygen is may be gratified by any one who will take the trouble to write a postal card or letter of request to Drs. Starkey & Palen, at 1 529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They publish a brochure of two hundred pages, entitled *Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results*, which will be sent free.

LACTATED FOOD

For Young Infants a perfect substitute for mother's milk, often saving life; for the Invalid, or Dyspeptic, it is of great value. Thousands who have used it say it is the

FINEST BABY FOOD,
BEST INVALID FOOD,
MOST PALATABLE FOOD,
MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD,
MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD.

A valuable pamphlet on the Care of Infants and Invalids sent on application.

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are the Purest, Cheapest, Strongest, and most Durable Dyes ever made. One 10c. package will color 1 to 4 pounds of Dress Goods, Garments, Yarns, Rags, etc. Unequalled for *Feathers, Ribbons*, and all *Fancy Dyeing*. Also Diamond Paints, for Gilding, Bronzing, etc. Any color Dye or Paint, with full instructions and sample card mailed for 10 cents. At all Druggists

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"A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome. It renders the patient liable to the rupture of a blood vessel or to other serious injury of throat and lungs. To allay bronchial irritation and give immediate relief, the best medicine is **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.**

"I was recently troubled with a dry cough which seemed to be caused by an irritation in the throat. My physician prescribed for me, but no relief was obtained. A little over a week ago, my attention being called to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I concluded to try it, and purchased a bottle. After taking this medicine only one day, I could see a change for the better, and, by the time I had used it a week, my cough had entirely disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin square, Worcester, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all other medicines as a sure, safe, and speedy cure of throat and lung troubles."—W. H. Graff & Co., Druggists, Carson, Iowa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Madam Porter's

COUGH BALSAM

PLEASANT.
RELIABLE,
EFFECTUAL

Successfully used for more than fifty years.

TRY IT.

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

These goods are perfect fitting and unexcelled for beauty of finish and elegance of style.

Unrivaled for cheapness, as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.

Both standing and turn-down collars in all desirable sizes and styles.

Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. (Name size.) Illustrated catalogue free.

Ten Collars, or five pairs of Cuffs, sold at stores for 25 cents.

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EXTRACT OF MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it. N. B.—Genuine only with fac simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

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A NATURAL STONE for a Filtering Medium.

Fitted with separate Patent Ice Chambers to cool the water.

As easily cleaned as a Water Pitcher.

All water is filled with impurities during the rainy season.

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Open Out shows Filter Disc used in our Filters and Separate Patent Ice Chamber

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Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

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AUTUMN, WINTER AND SPRING—ALL PURE WOOLEN GOODS,

Complete for Every Article of Clothing for the Complete Outfit of Men, Women, and Children.

There is no intelligent dissent from the doctrine that animal fiber, unmixed with cotton, linen, or any vegetable product, in a word, "all wool," is the "normal" clothing for the human body

The full development and practical application of this truth, by DR. JAEGER, is his complete "system of Sanatory Woolen Clothing and Bedding."

The Underwear is of the first consequence, being next to that all-important, health-regulating organ, the human skin, upon which it exerts a constantly beneficial influence, and through it promotes the healthful action of all the vital functions.

This Underwear consists of Shirts, Drawers, Night-shirts, and Combination Suits, in natural gray and white—all free from dyes. They are manufactured of pure wool, of the finest quality; are very soft, smooth, and elastic; fitting closely, without pressure or annoying folds; and, upon almost every one, exert a soothing influence, and induce a positive sense of comfort and pleasure by their contact with the body. The combination of the dark (so-called black) and white wools produces the beautiful gray mixture of which these "natural-color" goods are manufactured.

The re-enforcement over the chest and abdomen, is an especially valuable feature of all these garments, greatly lessening the liability to pneumonia, bronchitis, laryngitis, and other affections of the throat and lungs.

Every article of clothing necessary for men, women, and children, all constructed on sanitary principles, is furnished under the JAEGER System.

All these materials are free from noxious dyes, and especially designed with reference to grace, comfort, beauty, and convenience, in all which respects the guaranteed JAEGER garments are pronounced, by the highest medical authorities, to be greatly superior to those made of any other fabrics.

BRANCH HOUSES, { 199 BROADWAY (Western Union Building), NEW YORK; No. 366 FULTON STREET, - - - - BROOKLYN.

OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887	1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums	$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,672,231 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,466 95
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$784,846 86

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,859,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474,429 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,362,986 07
Cash in Bank	218,192 40
Amount	$12,287,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

J. D. JONES,	CHARLES P. BURDETT
W. H. H. MOORE,	HENRY E. HAWLEY,
A. A. RAVEN,	CHARLES H. MARSHALL,
JAMES LOW,	JAMES G. DE FOREST,
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BENJAMIN H. FIELD,	JOHN L. RIKER,
JOSIAH O. LOW,	GEORGE BLISS,
EDMUND W. CORLIES,	ANSON W. HARD,
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